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by THEODORE DREISER

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by UPTON SINCLAIR

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by JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Other Contributors

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KEITH PRESTON
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JOHN FARRAR
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SEPTEMBER, 1927 VOL. LXVI, NO. 1

The BOOKMAN

Burton Rascoe, *Editor*

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IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE BOOKMAN

Edited by BURTON RASCOE

✓ ✓ ✓

1909: Fragments from an Adolescent Diary
of HALCYON VON MOERE

Our discovery of this poem among the daily batch of manuscripts received by mail has been the most exciting event in the office under the new editorship.

It is a poetic narrative, in symphonic form, of the emotional life of a young woman, magical in its lyric intensity.

We confidently predict that this poem will arouse more discussion than any long poem since T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land".

Concerning the real authorship of the poem we have been greatly mystified, especially since the author's work bears no resemblance to that of any other living poet.

Other Features:

Portrait of a Man About Town by ERNEST BOYD

A sardonic analysis of a species.

Elsie Dinsmore by RUTH SUCKOW

A Study in Perfection: or How Fundamentalism Came to Dixie.

The Literary Awakening in the South by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

Showing how the "Sahara of the Bozart" has become a land of plenty.

The Real Broadway by WALTER WINCHELL

America's most spectacular street described by a chronicler of its ways.

Commercialism in the Southern Denominational Colleges
by EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

How scholarship is neglected in the competition for endowments.

(*See Next Page*)

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NEXT MONTH OR LATER IN THE BOOKMAN

Uneasy Americans by Howard Vincent O'Brien

Not the usual type of article on Americans abroad.

An Irritating Archangel by Thomas Beer

The author of "The Mauve Decade" turns the spotlight on a revered figure in American literary history.

Emotions on Being Suppressed by Shane Leslie

A novelist recounts the psychological terror he experienced on learning that what he had written in innocent honesty had been suppressed as "lewd, lascivious, indecent and obscene".

The Sagas and Iceland Today by E. R. Eddison

The author of "The Worm Ouroboros", who is an Icelandic scholar, tells how the sagas originated and how they are retold today.

Nellie Bloom by Margery Latimer

One of the most powerful studies of jealousy in modern literature, by a newcomer in the literary field.

Articles by	*Poetry by*	*Fiction by*
VALENTINE WILLIAMS	WITTER BYNNER	HUGH WALPOLE
DONALD PEATTIE	HELENE MULLINS	LIAM O'FLAHERTY
VINCENT STARRETT	AUDREY WURDEMANN	GERALD BULLETT

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Bookman, now under new ownership and editorship, will increase its subscription rate from $4 to $5 on January 1, to make the rate uniform with that of all other fifty cent magazines.

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In the BOOKMAN OFFICE

WILLIAM A. COTTON is a painter of portraits and murals, who does caricatures as a hobby. We hope to reproduce other caricatures by Mr. Cotton in later numbers. It seems a pity that the delightful color effects which enliven the originals are lost in the black and white reproduction.

THEODORE DREISER has been spending the summer on a farm he recently bought near Mt. Kisco, New York.

KEITH PRESTON'S article on Martial was the last thing he wrote before his tragic death on July 7. An account of him appears on page 49 of this issue.

AUDREY WURDEMANN lives in Seattle, Washington. She has had verse published in a number of magazines, and Harold Vinal, Ltd., recently published a volume of her poems called "The House of Silk". Having been immensely impressed by several poems she sent us, we were amazed to find, when she visited the BOOKMAN office, that she was only sixteen years old and had just graduated from high school.

Old readers of THE BOOKMAN will be especially interested in the account of the early history of the magazine which ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE contributes to this issue. Mr. Maurice joined the staff of THE BOOKMAN in 1899, and did not leave it until war service called him in 1916. At first Harry Thurston Peck's assistant, he was the editor for the last ten years of his long stay with the magazine. Later he became literary editor of The New York Herald.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK is a poet and playwright, and a frequent contributor to magazines. Her home is at Hubbard Woods, Illinois.

JEFFERSON MACHAMER, who illustrates Mrs. Frank's account of the ordeal of husbands whose wives insist on "independence", contributes sketches to Judge and other magazines.

UPTON SINCLAIR moved recently from Pasadena to Long Beach, California. The suppression of his novel, "Oil", in Boston, brought him east for a short trip early in the summer. He is working on a book in which he deals with American literature as he dealt with journalism in "The Brass Check", with education in "The Goose-Step" and "The Goslings", with art in "Mammonart", and with religion in "The Profits of Religion".

Since making a name as humorist and satirist in the pages of Vanity Fair several years ago DOROTHY PARKER has become known as a poet, playwright and story writer of distinction. Her book of poems, "Enough Rope", published by Boni and Liveright last winter, has had a remarkable sale for a first volume of verse.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL has just finished his novel "Something About Eve", to be published this fall. His publishers, the house of McBride, will soon issue the first three volumes of a limited edition of his collected works.

EDWARD B. MCDONALD is Professor of English at The University of Pennsylvania. The Centaur Press in Philadelphia published last year his bibliography of the works of Norman Douglas.

E. E. CUMMINGS, author of the novel, "The Enormous Room", and of several volumes of verse, has been spending the summer at Silver Lake, New Hampshire.

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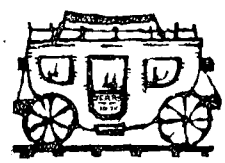

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A letter from ELIZABETH COATSWORTH tells us that she is now in California.

Formerly a reporter on The New York Daily Mirror, JOSEPH MCELLIOTT is now a motion-picture critic on the same paper. But in this age of specialization the movie critic's job is not so simple as it used to be, and its various functions are delegated: Mr. McElliott criticizes prologues.

JOHN FARRAR, who needs no description to BOOKMAN readers, is at present at Breadloaf, Vermont, officiating at the annual conference of literary aspirants held there.

WITTER BYNNER, who dashed into New York recently to see the dentist and peddle some verses, tells us that he has just built himself a house with his own hands out of adobe mud from his back yard, and that he has fitted out the interior of the house with Chinese carvings acquired in his ramblings through the Orient. After we had accepted it, he told us how the "Blues" poem we published in this issue happened to be written. Arthur Davison Ficke and Louise Bogan were talking about Langston Hughes' poems in "The Weary Blues", in Bynner's presence. Ficke offered it as his opinion that writing "blues" was difficult. Miss Bogan said it was easy. Bynner agreed with her, whereupon Ficke challenged Bynner to prove his contention by writing one on the spot. "Arthur and Louise" is the result. That THE BOOKMAN selected it first among a sheaf of poems submitted by Bynner, seems to clinch Bynner's argument, that, even if writing "blues" is difficult, it is easy for Bynner.

The rumor persists that GILBERT SELDES, who writes on recent detective stories in this issue, is himself the author of one or more. But Mr. Seldes assures us that this is not the case. Nevertheless, we should think that his island retreat at Saranac, New York, would be an ideal place to confect the best of thrillers.

FOSTER RHEA DULLES followed a year in China and newspaper work in New York with a position on Foreign Affairs and

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then several years in the Paris office of the New York Herald-Tribune.

MIRIAM COLGATE, a recent Wellesley graduate, is now doing library work in Boston. She is working on an historical study of the eighteenth century and writes that she has this summer been doing some stories laid in that period.

ISABEL PATERSON is crowding a trip to Vancouver and other places in Canada into her brief vacation from the New York Herald-Tribune's Sunday section "Books".

FREDERICK H. MARTENS is literary editor of G. Schirmer's, the music publishers. He has done considerable research work in history, particularly in the field of music.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT, who reviews six of the Notable British Trials series in this issue, is the author of several plays, and of a critical biography, "Dunsany, the Dramatist".

The new cover of THE BOOKMAN, both as to the color scheme and design, is the work of Miller Sherman of the Johns-Manville Co. Mr. Sherman also designed and drew the various department headings.

Illness prevented THOMAS BEER from finishing his essay "An Irritating Archangel" (on Bronson Allcott) for this issue as announced. He is recuperating at The Braes, Siasconset, Mass.

* * *

Letters of comment, congratulation and suggestion come to the BOOKMAN office in every mail. One writer says: "Please go back to the old BOOKMAN of Dodd, Mead days. Don't publish stories — anyone can do that. Cut out the Bookman's Guide to Fiction, which tells nothing, and review the worth while books in a worth while way." But Hester Bonham, librarian at the Winter Haven, Florida, Public Library writes: "I sincerely hope you will continue the department The Bookman's Guide to Fiction, also A Shelf of Recent Books". Perhaps "Bookman Selections" will meet both tastes.

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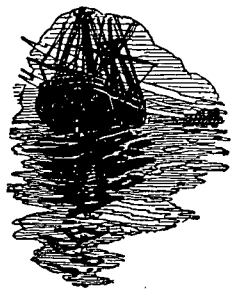

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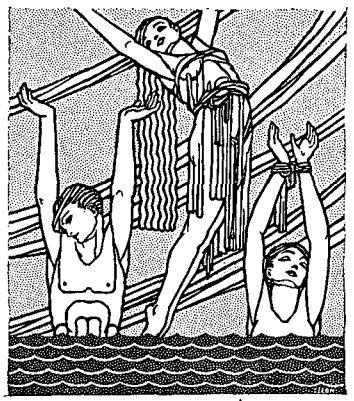

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

ON the Appleton list of immediate publications there is a new novel by Joseph C. Lincoln, the well-beloved writer of Cape Cod stories. It is a novel called, *The Aristocratic Miss Brewster*, and it is about a young woman from one of the first families of a small New England town who decided to brave public opinion and enter a business career. Zona Gale also graces the Appleton list for early autumn with a collection of short stories, *Yellow Gentians and Blue;* and George Gibbs offers an unusual detective story, *The Castle Rock Mystery.*

Boni & Liveright are adding to their "Black and Gold Library" series: *Il Pentamerone* by Giambattista Basile, translated by Sir Richard Burton; *The Satyricon* of Petronius, translated by W. C. Firebaugh; *The Golden Ass of Apuleius, The Confessions of St. Augustine, Fair and Gallant Ladies* by Brantôme; *The Book of the Courtier* by Castiglione; *The Complete Works of Baron Munchausen; The Quest of the Holy Grail; The Comedies of Terence; Greek Romances; The Comedies of Aristophanes;* and *The Complete Poems of Catullus and His Contemporaries.*

Brentano's offer in September: *Napoleon and His Family*, a story of the Corsican clan, by Walter Geer; and what promises to be an interesting treatment of the life of *Julius Caesar* by Victor Thaddeus. Two novels on the Brentano list that sounded interesting but which were not ready as we went to press were: *The Secret Fool* by Victor MacClure and *A Servant of the Mighty* by Mrs. Alfred Wingate. Mr. MacClure's novel is concerned with the difficulties an idealist encounters in adjusting himself to reality, and Mrs. Wingate's novel has for hero the magnificent Genghis Khan.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company offer *Tapestry*, a new novel by J. D. Beresford; and *Hands Up!*, a book about the famous six-gun fighters of the Old West, by Fred E. Sutton.

Unquestionably one of the big events of the season will be the publication by the Century Company of William Ellery Leonard's autobiography, *The Locomotive God.* Another item on the "Century" list will appeal to many readers and that is *Bugles in the Night*, a new collection of short stories by Barry Benefield.

The John Day Company will have ready this month a novel by Signe Toksvig, wife of Francis Hackett. It is to be called *The Last Devil* and is a romance of black magic in the Basque country. That firm also announces for early October a collection of the essays and studies of Elmer Davis, *Show Window*, which will contain "Portrait of a Cleric", which caused so much comment when it appeared in Harper's Magazine.

Among the imminent publications of the Doran Company are *Solemn Boy*, a novel by Hector Bolitho; *Flowering Quince*, a new novel by Dorothy Van Doren; and *Henry Ward Beecher*, the first authoritative biography of the great preacher, by Paxton Hibben.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon have ready a new novel by Ben Ames Williams, *Splendor*, his first novel to appear in book form without previous publication as a serial; and *The Old and the Young*, a two volume novel of Sicilian life, by Luigi Pirandello.

Dodd, Mead & Co. offer *The Thunderer*, by E. Barrington, a romance of the love of Napoleon and Josephine; *The Mad Carews*, a new novel by Martha Ostenso (ready in October); and *The Kingdom of Theophilus*, by that novelist of perennial charm, William J. Locke.

Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz have written a biography of Alfred E. Smith, called *Up From The City Streets*, which Harcourt, Brace & Co. will publish shortly. It is a study of contemporary politics as well

(*Continued on page XXVI*)

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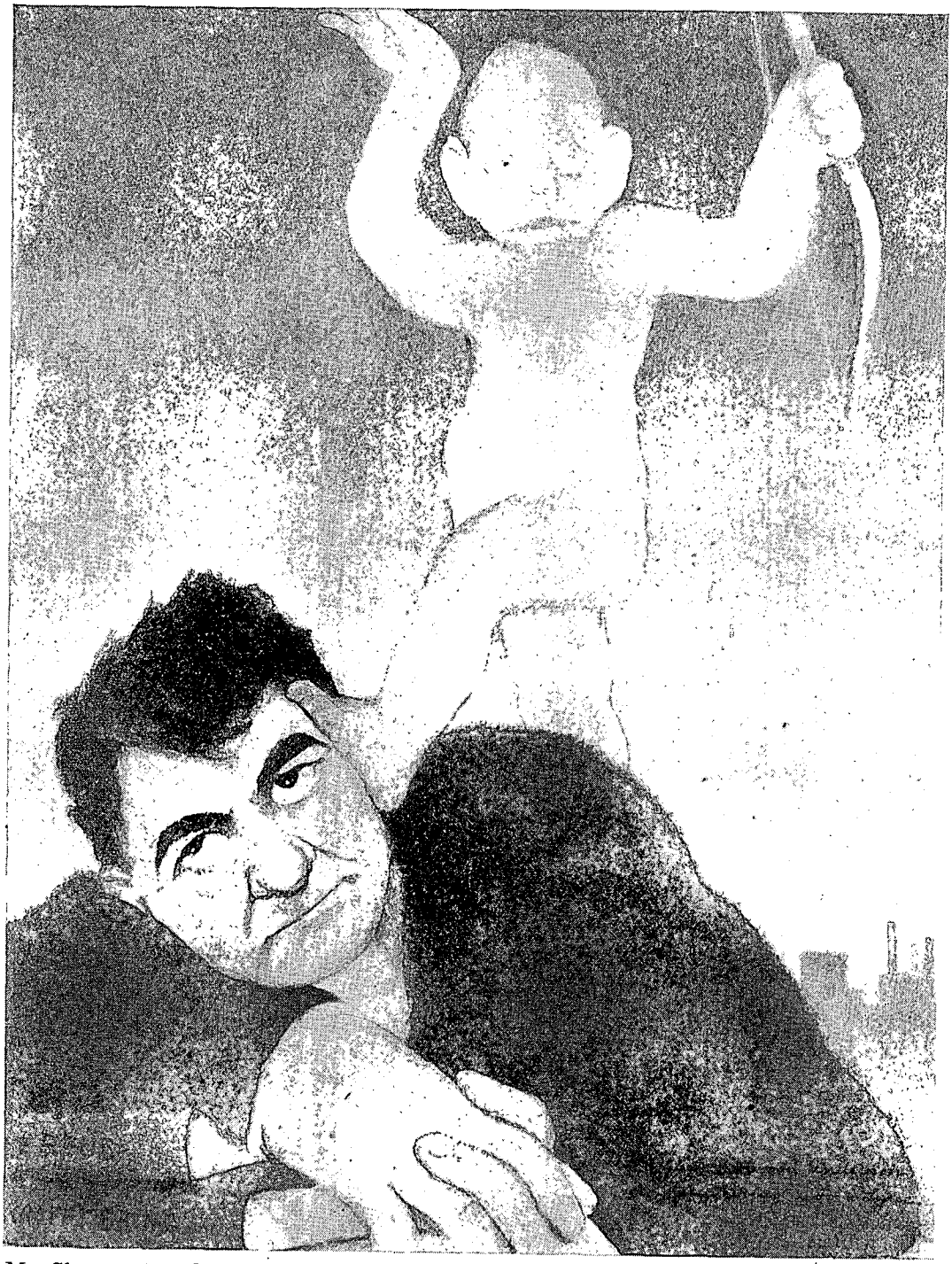

Mr. Sherwood Anderson Conceiving a Love Lyric.

Caricature and Text by William H. Cotton.

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SEPTEMBER, 1927 VOLUME LXVI, NO. 1

The BOOKMAN

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP

WITH this issue The Bookman makes its first appearance under the new management which recently purchased it from the George H. Doran Company. Henceforth The Bookman will be an independent publication, not connected with any book-publishing house.

In receiving The Bookman into our hands we are moved to refer in gratitude and admiration to those whose abilities and devotion have made for The Bookman a unique place among America's magazines. Under its first publishers, Dodd, Mead, and Company, the brilliant and lamented Harry Thurston Peck laid down the magazine's outlines and poured his many talents into it during its first dozen years. He was assisted by the late Frank Moore Colby, by Frank Crowninshield, and by Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Mr. Maurice, who became Peck's able successor, tells of the early days in this issue. In recent years, under the ownership of Mr. George H. Doran, The Bookman has had, in succession, the editorial guidance of Robert Cortes Holliday and John Farrar. In his seven-year occupancy of the editorial chair Mr. Farrar has steadily reclaimed The Bookman from a war-time slump and raised it to a position of strength and authority unsurpassed in the annals of American literary journals.

To Mr. Doran, to Mr. Farrar, to Miss Amy Flashner and to the members of the business staff, Mr. Stanley Rinehart and Mr. Henry T. Downey, we wish particularly to express our thanks for the great assistance they have rendered in turning over to us the magazine they have conducted with such distinction and success.

Old readers of The Bookman we salute in a new friendship which we hope to make a lasting one. It will be our first aim to give them a magazine of the quality which has attracted them to The Bookman in the past. They will, as before, be provided with all the important literary news in as interesting a way as it can be done. At the same time, the increased size of the magazine will allow us to include more material of a general and non-literary nature.

The Bookman in nature will be two-fold: a literary review, and a general magazine limited in scope only by the interests of discriminating readers. We do not doubt that those who know the work of the new editor, Mr. Burton Rascoe, as critic and editor will feel assured that under him The Bookman will preserve its highest traditions, and go on to a wider audience and a greater influence in the service of American life and letters.

The PUBLISHERS OF THE BOOKMAN

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The BOOKMAN

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

By Theodore Dreiser

I THINK that the conclusions that troubled her most, and finally decided her upon her eventual step, were, first, that she had in some way mismanaged the opportunities that had been hers, and next, that life itself was a confusing gamble in which the cards were frequently marked and the dice weighted. She was, I am sure, a little confused and saddened by her eventual realization that the field which she had espoused was engineered by men and women without real intelligence, or decency, or understanding, and with scarcely any traces of the stabilities upon which we must lean at times if we are to live at all. Also, I think that toward the last she failed to find in herself enough of those stabilities to warrant her continuing. She was too much inclined, possibly, to look for worth in others — too little to compel it in herself.

If I were less convinced that life itself is nothing more than a game, arranged, very often, for the greedy, the arrogant, the lecherous, and the heartless, with dullards and beggars and nincompoops at the bottom as their tools and pawns, I would be prepared to assail the members of the joyous profession of which she was a part. There is little that is sharp or uncomplimentary, I assure you, that might not be said of them — mercenary, venal, covetous, sycophantic, lax, brutal, dissolute, malevolent — But why go on? You may find lists that apply in Trent and Walker. And having said all this, I am still compelled to ask myself wherein they are so much worse than the members of the other professions that open the door of opportunity to the general. If anyone or anything is to be indicted, life itself should be, I think.

But to the tale itself.

The first time I saw her she was coming down the steps of the Sixth Avenue elevated station, at Eighth Street. She was very young, not more than eighteen or nineteen, and disturbingly beautiful and magnetic. With her was an aspiring theatrical manager I knew, of the type that begins with a "little theater". He was showing her the Village, I presume, and his air was that of the impresario. Hers was that of a very young, and not very sophisticated, person, who condescends to take notice of a domain offered for her inspection. There was a moment's pause, while he introduced us, and then they were off. And yet, brief as was the contact, I could not but know that she was exceptional. The litheness and vigor of movement, which half denied a languishment which yet smote one! The health, and gayety, and poetry, and love of beauty! Something about her suggested two of the lines to be found in one of a group of poems once addressed to her by a writer and publisher who was for a time enormously taken with her:

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"I never taste the sweet exceeding thought
That you might love me, though I loved
you not."

She was at this time interpreting something on the legitimate stage, and her true habitat was the white light region between 42nd and 59th Streets. But her flutterings over the surface of the Greenwich Village art sector of New York evoked not a little admiration and enthusiasm. The young artists and playwrights of the Village were, after a fashion, agog. She was quite wonderful, or so they said. One ought to see her. Even the women of the Village admitted, if a little grudgingly, that she had looks and a decided appeal, for men anyhow.

At a party later I was a witness to this marked appeal and the fever of passion and yearning which she evoked. Escorted by the same aspiring producer, she had entered and immediately the attention of the men was centered upon her. Not that she was so remarkably intelligent or artistically forceful as that she had that indescribable something which all women fear and envy — sex appeal. Her beauty was focal, and she knew it. Even while some of the women were inclined to find fault with her for one reason and another, they kept studying her, while throughout she remained cool and beaming — too cool, I thought at times, and too vain.

A famous critic of international repute — a student of types and personalities — was so impressed by her as to enter on a long discussion of her type and American girls in general. "Now there is this Ernestine De Jongh," he said to me. "These American girls are astonishing, really. They are not always so well equipped mentally, but they have astounding sensual and imaginative appeal as well as beauty and are able to meet the exigencies of life in a quite satisfactory manner, regardless of what Europe thinks; and that is more than can be said for many of the women of the other countries with which I happen to be familiar. By that I mean that your American girl of this type thinks and reasons as a woman, not as a man, viewing the problems that confront her as a woman, studying life from a woman's viewpoint and solving them as only a woman can. She seems to realize, more than do her sisters of almost any other country today, that her business is to captivate and later dominate the male, with all his special forces and intelligence, and having done that, she knows that she has bagged the game. Now, I do not count that as being inferior or stupid. To me it is being effective."

While I was interested by this bit of philosophy, which struck me as true, I was more interested by the fact that this particular girl, at her age, should have inspired it. For, distinctly, she was not intellectual, in the best sense at least, and the critic in question was all but impervious to the befuddling force of beauty. His opinion confirmed my impression that after her fashion she was a personage, not a mere chemical assault upon the sexual hormones of the male.

About this time I began to learn something of her history. She was from the American northwest. Her father was a well-to-do dairyman in that region from which the Tillamook cheese comes. There was an elder sister in Seattle who had taken this younger one to live with her, after she had been so fortunate as to marry a man of means herself. There Ernestine had come in contact with, and aspired to, the stage, as represented by private theatricals, in which her sister happened to be interested at the time. And there she had eventually come to identify herself with a "little theater" movement. But, as she told me later, her father and mother were "old-fashioned" and religious and very much opposed to the theater, and in order to avoid anger and ill-will on their part she had for a long time concealed her interest in it. Finally, deciding to follow it as a profession, she had joined a touring company and changed her name — which was Swedish, I believe. There was the usual history connected with that venture, yet of not sufficient interest, or at least not sufficiently different, to merit a recital here.

I suspect that by then she had been in love more than once. Her manner was that of one who had learned to breast the stream

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of life with some little assurance. Plainly, she had come to realize the value and effect of her beauty, of which, as I say, she was markedly conscious.

It was perhaps six months or a year after I first met her that I began to hear of her as the mistress of a man of considerable reputation in the critical and liberal thought of the time. He was a poet, although of no great importance in that field. Personally he interested me, not only as a character but as a man of force and appeal. For a period of years, beginning with his college days in New York, he had managed not only to sustain himself but others as well in the business of furthering one and another liberal or charitable cause — woman's suffrage, child labor, a liberal, semi-radical paper, which he, or rather his patrons, financed. Also he had found time to write various books and essays full of fairly readable thoughts on poetry and reforms of various kinds. Incidentally, he was a handsome fellow, pleasingly cultivated in his ways and moods and without a trace of that aggressive, pushing, self-seeking need which too often one finds motivating those who are professedly interested in reforms.

That Ernestine understood him I doubt. I think she liked him as a man and as a public character — a man connected with the arts and with intellectual matters. As she saw it, I think, it was rather exceptional for a man to be a writer and a critic and a poet all at once — one who could get his name into the papers and be looked up to by a number of beginners as a personage. In addition, he was really good-looking and decidedly vital. Apart from that, I doubt that she was able to share his finer moods. And yet she had a kind of crude reverence for them, as time was to show — a reverence, indeed, for everything connected with the arts and those who achieved in them, without quite knowing why. That she was obtuse to all phases of his character I do not mean to imply. She understood him well in some ways, as was made plain by the manner in which she could set forth his methods and his own attitude toward himself — descriptions, in the main, very penetrating and illuminating.

Once she said to me: "I never saw such a person as Varn". (Varn Kinsey was his name.) "When he wants to be nice I think he can be the nicest person in the world. He has such an air. And he thinks so well of himself — not in a silly way but in a kind of reverential way, as though he felt himself called by God or someone to fulfill a great duty of some kind. You know the sort of person I mean, perhaps. He looks upon everything he thinks, or says, or does, as important. What other people think and say and do does not appeal to him so much. And he never looks upon anyone else, whoever he may be, as more than an equal, if as much. For that reason, perhaps, he is always able to get money out of rich people for any cause in which he actually believes. I never saw such a person for finding people interested in the things he is, and then playing up to them. I wouldn't say that he is a toady, exactly, but he can always manage to talk to them, especially rich women, in a way that makes them willing to help him. Once he gets the money for any cause, though, he usually leaves to other people the work for which the money has been secured, resting and taking the largest salary for his pains. He used to say that he had done enough when he raised the money.

"And of course he is always surrounded by a lot of minor people who look up to him as a leader and who do the things he feels he hasn't time for. As for himself, he reads, and writes essays and poetry, and gets himself interviewed from time to time in connection with the things he is supposed to be doing. I suppose he actually does render some kind of intellectual service to the causes he is supposed to further. He used to argue that the mere use of his name and the way he looked after it enabled him to get the money for the things he did. He used to say that it was necessary for him to live well and keep up appearances in order to help the causes he was interested in."

This is one of those interpretations she could freely provide, after she had known Varn for four years, which caused me to think of her as intelligent. She analyzed

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him then as from time to time afterwards she was able to analyze others.

When Ernestine came into Kinsey's life he was fifteen years her senior and married to a woman of ability and charm who was a painter and illustrator. But shortly after this meeting there came rumors of trouble between him and his wife. They were no longer so much together as they had been. They were quarrelsome. Where formerly Varn had been an arresting figure at Mrs. Kinsey's teas and affairs, now he was absent. Meanwhile he was being seen with Ernestine. I myself was once a witness of a happy dinner they took together. It was in one of those many-roomed, semi-theatrical cafés which abound north of Forty-second Street and it was the crowded hour between seven and eight. They came in while I was dining with a friend, and found a corner near us, but without noting that I or any one else was near them. They were too engrossed in each other. Once seated, and before ordering, they fell into a deep and plainly affectionate conversation. So impressed was he by her beauty that he seemed to devour her with his eyes. And she, conscious of the spell that her charm had cast, sat back and allowed him to gaze upon her, bestowing upon him from time to time the most ravishing of smiles. And once he seized both her hands in his and held them while he gazed into her eyes.

"There is a man," commented my companion, "who most certainly is in love. It is charming, don't you think? He seems to view her poetically. He is obsessed with her beauty."

I agreed. Also, as I observed, more than one of those dining there glanced at them interestedly.

I should add that time proved that this infatuation was genuine, for he divorced his wife. And though he never married Ernestine there was a live and close and seemingly happy relationship between them. He became conspicuously devoted to her, and for several years thereafter one scarcely saw the one without the other. And yet I gathered from many sources at the time, and later, that she was by no means an affectional slave. Rather, it was he who could scarcely sleep because of her.

Kinsey and myself, having little in common, rarely met; nor, except on rare occasions, did I encounter Ernestine. She was always busy with her stage work. But of her life and moods in connection with him and herself I heard not a little from many who were close to them. While they were happy for the first year or so, (and that was the period in which the series of poems exalting her were written by him; they are still extant) afterwards there had begun to appear difficulties in connection with her work, or rather her interest in a new form of it. For just at that time a new type of opportunity, the motion picture, was coming into public favor, and with it newer and sharper conditions governing the rise of stars in that particular field. One had to be the mistress of somebody — director, producer, owner or backer — or so it was said. Nevertheless the opportunity for the concomitant enormous financial returns was being grasped and responded to by attractive and ambitious girlhood the country over.

I heard a great deal at the time of the interest a certain picture producer of great wealth and notoriety was taking in Ernestine, and the interest that she was taking — not so much in him either as a man or a possible lover as in the power he possessed of rapidly furthering the career of anyone in whom he chanced to be interested, in the new field which he represented (the Arabian lure of the movies in those days). And much against Kinsey's will and wish, as it now appeared, Ernestine had already ventured upon several screen tests in one and another of the new studios in New York, which were then mere floors or lofts in ordinary loft buildings. A new director of rumored ability, who was then operating in a loft in Union Square, had cast her for several minor rôles, which proved to her own satisfaction that she might shine in this new field if she applied herself and if opportunity favored her.

But there was the rub. For Varn Kinsey would none of it — that is, not with himself as a factor in her life. A bachelor of arts, and inclined by education and training to look to the more serious productions of the stage for anything histrionically worthy,

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he was not in the least interested by the pretentions of those who were destined to feed the multitude with what it could grasp. In fact, he disliked motion pictures, and above all he was opposed to the conditions of advancement as those conditions were now being revealed to him. Any talk of the fat and powerful masters in that world who were holding tempting morsels of fame and wealth before such aspirants as Ernestine was likely to inflame and enrage him. As long as she was connected with the legitimate stage in New York, where nightly he could find her, — well, that was different. As for sharing her time at all hours and in all places with motion picture directors who had "locations" and such to propose, — that was something else again. He would leave her if she attempted it.

Came finally a certain picture producer, part owner of one of the great film companies, who was much impressed by what he had seen and heard of Ernestine. Because of what he could do for her if he chose, (I heard this from herself, later) he expected her to take a great personal interest in him, and in spite of the crudity of his approach, and because of the great power he represented, Ernestine was interested, because, as she said later, she was almost abnormally ambitious. A craze for fame was driving her — fame and applause, and so, while evading him as gracefully as possible, still, because of what he might do for her, she sought to cultivate his friendship. But when intimation of this reached Kinsey's ears there was more trouble. At the time — and not from her later — I heard of a storm which caused him to depart from his studio and take quarters in a hotel; also that at three o'clock of another morning, later, she had followed him there and was all but beaten for her pains. After that came heartaches and reunions and separations, until finally there came a last separation. For a long time neither was to be seen about their old haunts. Ernestine, as I heard, had departed for studio work somewhere. Then, alone, Kinsey returned to the quiet and studious world that had known him. Obviously, he was too vigorous and interesting a man to share the favors of any woman, however attractive, with another and that was what success in this work for Ernestine appeared to mean.

Some six or eight months later I was interested to see posted about New York, on the billboards, an announcement of a new screen drama, or romance, (one of the earliest of the six-reel productions), and with the name of Ernestine De Jongh as the star. In relatively modest type, as producer, appeared the name of the man who had been so engrossed in her the year before. Curiously enough, I had meanwhile met this man. He was one of those persons who think that the answer to everything — quite everything — lies in wealth and power. He was blonde, red-blooded, dynamic, of the merchant and organizing type, contemptuous of rivals and of the pretensions of others. Trade, the plastering of his name here and there as owner or producer of this, that and the other, the possession of pretty women — such were his ambitions. How Ernestine De Jongh, fresh from the allurements of such a poetically-minded person as Kinsey, could have turned to a man of this type, was, from one point of view and yet from another not so much, difficult to understand. While she admired Varn Kinsey's intellectual reputation, still more did she love finery and fame, and these the newcomer had to offer. So, I thought at the time, when I heard of this, she has succumbed after all. Kinsey was not strong enough to hold her. There must be, I decided, a coarse streak there after all. The lure of fame! The hope of distinction!

A week or two later I stopped in to see the picture, because I was interested to see the type of thing she was doing and whether her ambition in this direction was as justly grounded as her stage work, or whether this was a case of a medium purchased to flatter the vanity of one not legitimately suited to the work in hand. To my surprise and interest, the picture was entirely satisfactory, as such things go, and she also. The story? Oh, well, it was movie-esque but very well suited to a girl of her beauty and charm, and was really built around just such a girl as herself. Its *premier pas* was in such a world as she must have come from — an old farm

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home. And she was pictured as a simple country maid, dreaming of love and some impossible earthly supremacy. There was the customary country lover, whom she favored, and the city magnate who eventually realized her worth and gave her her chance. There was the usual romantic ending — a return to the old home, only to find that the one time love had fled also and had scored a success scarcely less exceptional than her own. Whether they were brought together after the approved movie pattern I do not recall.

But what interested me was that from a technical point of view the thing was very well done, and the support given her all that could be expected of those who labor in that very artificial field. Indeed the whole thing seemed to suggest a sincere effort to provide her with a proper medium. What was more, it seemed to me that she bade fair to prove acceptable to a large public. She was beautiful, and no expense had been spared to make her costumes and settings as striking as possible. After all, I thought, she may have chosen wisely, from a practical point of view, anyhow. This man appeared to be sufficiently interested in her to do as well by her as could be expected.

A year or two after this an actor I knew who had been to the west coast in connection with a screen contract returned to report a fascinating development in that part of the world. Los Angeles itself was not so much of a city — rather a Methodist settlement where formerly had been sand and cactus; — but one of its suburbs, Hollywood, was certainly a new kind of thing. Pepper and palm trees and flowers had made it over into a kind of paradise. And there were marvelous skies and mountains, and automobile roads splendidly laid, to say nothing of a coast line dotted with beaches. A new and different kind of cottage — the California bungalow — modeled very much on Japanese lines — abounded, and in them dwelt the most startling and reckless and extravagant of a new type of Thespian, the motion picture star, with a salary which made the salaries of the most successful of the "legitimate" workers seem low and small. A world of swagger, and bluff, and fine feathers, was to be seen in surroundings which would inspire a poet.

Apropos of all this he suddenly added: "Did you ever meet Ernestine De Jongh who used to live here in New York?"

"Sure."

"Well, you should see her place out there. She has one of the most charming little homes I ever saw. Not large, but different, and suited to that climate. She has a walled court, with flowers and a fountain in it at the back, and the most delightfully furnished rooms in the house proper. They are Japanesy, with windows and doors that slide sidewise into the wall and open level with porches and walks. And she has a Japanese cook and maid, as well as a gardener. She was working on a new picture while I was there."

Well done, I thought. That shows how easily beauty united with a little practical sense triumphs in this world.

And then the conversation turned to the movie magnate whose interest had proved Ernestine's opportunity.

"He's a grandee of sorts in the movie world out there, you know. He recently built himself a gorgeous residence in a place called Beverly Hills, which is just west of Hollywood. He's married, you know, and has a child."

"Is he?" I inquired, wondering, for I had thought that possibly . . .

Then he gave me the name of the actress whom he had married some six or seven years before.

"Well, what about Ernestine?" I asked.

"Oh, you know how it is," he replied. "Those fellows at the top in the game take their women rather lightly. I haven't a doubt that he cared for her at first. At least he gave her her start in pictures, and she has done fairly well. But those things never last, you know. A fellow like that meets too many beautiful aspirants all the time. And as things are now, it isn't very hard to launch one or two of them now and then. If she makes good, very well. If she doesn't make good, in the course of time she has to fall in behind those who do. The slate is wiped clean when they give a girl an opportunity. I think, all told, that Ernes-

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tine has nothing to complain of. She's been in three pictures, and is doing another now. He's out of it, however. I hear he's interested in . . . ," and he gave me another current name.

Recalling the individual as I knew him and recalling also the nature of her attitude toward him at first, I could not help but feel that apart from financial or practical considerations the loss could not have been so much. She had probably never cared for him in an emotional sense at all. On the other hand, I could not help but feel that the relationship with Kinsey must have been of a different character. There are orders and orders of men and women. Some of them have a sensitiveness, a refinement, which takes and retains impressions deeply. Others are adamantine, incapable of a scratch. And others are water, incapable of retaining any impression.

The thing dwelt with me. I still saw Kinsey about, alone, as a rule, a book or two under his arm and always busy with those "reforms" which seemed to afford him such a good living. And then, three years later, I journeyed to the West coast, and under circumstances which tended to bring me in contact with the very element about which my actor friend had been discoursing. Not that I was personally connected with the film industry in any way — it was from contact with others that I heard and saw a great deal. In truth, I had occasion to study the thing at first hand, but this is no place to record my impressions. In the main they would not be fit to print anyhow. The tinsel! The arrogance! The vainglory! The asininity! The waste! The fol-de-rol! The rush of a little temporary prosperity to the head! Vulgarians, mental lightweights posing as geniuses, creators, heirs to the Bard of Avon himself! And surrounding and overflowing all this, downright, gross, and savage, and defiant, immorality!

In my youth, as a schoolboy, I used to read and vaguely wonder at the nature of the pagan orgy. Stray bits concerning the florid passions and satiations of Sidon and Tyre and Greece and Rome and Antioch had blown my way, and I had wondered about them. Plainly, I argued then, in my innocence and ignorance, such things were gone forever. The like of them would never come again. The world would not tolerate even a trace of such things as had been in those olden days. Yet, in the flower-covered bungalows of Hollywood and its environs, at that time, behind closed doors, and with obsequious assistant-directors, camera men, masters and mistresses of wardrobe, alleged scenarists, and actors all pandering to the elect as represented by directors and stars and managers generally, what nights representative of an older, and presumably, a concluded world! I doubt if either novelist or historian has ever painted scenes more suggestive of what the ancients are supposed to have known than were here visible to the living eye. Drunkenness, lechery, and gluttony were the order of the night — and the following morning, for that matter. Gestures and dances and erotically-worded appeals, calculated to urge the lagging or to hearten the half-hearted. Promiscuous pawing. Indiscriminate and public caressing. Actors, directors, stars and stockholders all unite in an orgy of self-satiation, and without the danger of publicity. And on the part of those anxious to succeed in pictures at almost any price, a desire not to offend. And over it all a kind of compulsion arising from not only the power but the will of those in authority to bring about just such effects as were here being achieved.

This may sound like an exaggerated picture, but it is not. And it is entirely probable that power and affluence, wherever these same chance to be achieved, ever tend to license after the manner here indicated. You are to remember that commercial power and affluence to a fantastic degree have descended upon many who had never previously known either.

And of this world was this girl, now something of a personage. I will not say that she was an enthusiastic member of it, because I do not know. Nevertheless, she was distinctly of the mind or mood to countenance all that she saw here for the sake of the advantage it might bring her financially. Then, more than now, the grandees and magnificoes of this realm, — the male

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portion at least to say nothing of a heavy percentage of the women themselves, — were determined to satiate themselves at any cost. Rules were even made that no young married woman of any shade of loyalty to her vows need apply for advancement in this field, and no unmarried woman of great beauty or physical appeal need apply unless she were willing to submit herself, harem-wise, to the managers and directors, and even principals. For in nearly all cases at this time the principals were able to say with whom, or without whom, they would work. And if a girl were young and attractive she had to be hail-fellow-well-met, with every Tom, Dick and Harry from prop-boy and office scullion to director, casting-director, and president. She had to "troop", be "a regular fellow". The fact that Ernestine for several years was a figure in this local scene would — so it seemed to me at the time — indicate that in part at least she did as the Romans did. Still, one may seem at times and yet not actually be, — though I met her at one of these bungalow parties at the "home" of a famous director one evening and was a witness to much that I have just described.

The entertainment had already been in progress for several hours when the party of which I was one entered. Plainly, there had been a steady flow of liquors. Quite all of those present were the worse for what they had already consumed. Girls and men — orchids and fashion plates — were here in number, dancing, singing, talking, or rallying one another about things with which they were familiar. Occasionally they disappeared. Pair by pair, into one of the numerous minor rooms, only to reappear after a time smiling and defiant. Amazingly frank and frankly insulting questions were asked and answered. "If it isn't little . . . ! And only three months ago she was so shy!" "Come and see, fellows! Look in here! And drunk, too!" "Is it your idea, Clarice, that wearing so little will make you more enticing?" "Who's the beauty D —— has brought with her to-night?" (This from a girl star of national, and later international fame.) "Bring your girl friend over, D ——, and introduce me, will you? We'll put sawdust on the floor and liquor on the table." "Say, Willard, you're needed in here. You're the only one will do, it seems". . . . Assort and arrange and apply such things for yourself. Your fancy cannot go very far amiss.

But, as I say, Ernestine De Jongh was there, and before her was one of those large, bull-like heroes of the film world, in *de rigueur* evening clothes but very much the worse for liquor. He was taking such frank liberties with her as I would never have dreamed possible in her case, and she was passing the same off with a half-intoxicated smile, protecting herself as best she could, but not very forcefully at that. Thinking she might recognize me and not wishing to embarrass her, I turned away, and after a time left without actually speaking to her

But having seen her again I was interested to learn of her state after these several years. She had looked about as attractive as ever, though not quite so young, with a way and air and a ready humor that was pleasing enough. On inquiry I learned that financially she was about as well placed as ever, having a car and the bungalow and considerable work as leading female support to one star and another, male and female. Yet she herself was no longer starred. A competent interpreter of such rôles as were assigned her, still she was placed second to one or another movie queen or king of probably no greater acting ability than herself. Why? By more than one casting director I was told that while she was a competent actress, still her coloring, which was dark, and her height, about five feet seven inches, were not in the mode just at the moment. Besides, she was looked upon as rather serious, more so than most of the stars then shining, and directors desired and required types which were all that youth and beauty meant but without much brains. They liked to provide the thought. "They say that when they think too much, or even a little, they lose that girlish something which is very much in demand at this time," one casting director explained. I am convinced that he spoke the truth. The annual movie output of that period should attest the soundness of his observation, I think.

Yet from time to time she was appearing in

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current successes, such as they were, and at a salary of three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars a week. There was a film comedian of some standing and considerable intelligence who was considered to be one of her best friends. In fact, there was a small circle of semi-intellectuals in that region who paid no little attention to her and with whom she was engaged socially when she was not working.

During all of a year after my arrival, just one incident brought her to mind again. That was the sight of Kinsey one spring evening strolling along Hollywood Boulevard. He was dressed correctly for Hollywood — white flannel trousers, light silk shirt, a short, belted, gray coat, and no hat. Under his arm were a couple of books and a light overcoat. (The evenings are always cool in Hollywood, winter and summer.) The thought came to me that there must have been a reunion, else why his presence here? I hoped so.

And then one day, perhaps as much as a month or six weeks later, I received a letter from her. It was an artfully worded invitation to meet someone who was most anxious to see me and who was presuming upon her ancient and brief contact with me for the opportunity. I could read or feel that there was something she wanted at this time. But what? The comparatively recent glimpse of Kinsey caused me to go back in thought to him. Psychically I caught something — the thought that maybe there had been an attempt on her part toward a reconciliation and that possibly, the thing having come to nothing, she had decided to use me in some way, possibly as a flag or a rag of a provoking shade to wave in his face. Could that be? I wondered.

Curious as to the import of this, I looked her up and found her in her very charming bungalow. It was a lovely place, really a tasteful and colorful thing, and suggestive of a genuine love of beauty in her. After my one sight of her at the party I was prepared to find her sensibilities hardened, but this was not the case. She was gracious, tactful, artful, not unlike her old self, and yet more interesting because more experienced. She told me much concerning the lives of movie celebrities, their interests, relative positions, moods, successes, failures. I was interested, but struck by a subtle undercurrent in her talk which seemed to suggest, if not actually blazon, a certain dissatisfaction with herself and the world in which she found herself. After a little while she began talking earnestly of Kinsey and the old life. In fact, she outlined rather carefully just why she had left him. He was too dictatorial, or tended to become so, in connection with what she did, her work especially. All the while she manifested the keenest interest in him without seeming to wish to. He had been out here, she said, in connection with a great folk-drama which was being planned, and for which — the money-raising and staging ends of it, at least, — she had ventured to suggest his name. Not that she wished to re-establish the old relationship — she distinctly hinted the reverse of this — but rather because he was so well fitted for the task and she could be of service to this enterprise and to him also. He had come and gone and she had not seen him more than two or three times. He was as interesting as ever, but of course. . . . And then she gave me to understand that the old relation was done for, and that she had definitely willed it to be so. I wondered.

As for the picture magnate, there was never a word which could be construed as an admission that there had ever been anything but a strictly business arrangement between them. He, or rather some members of the organization he controlled, had seen her in some of the plays in which she had appeared in the East and had been interested in her possibilities on the screen. Later he had sent for her and had offered her the title rôle in one of his productions. "I know that some people think differently," she emphasized, "but that was all there was to it. During the first two years I starred in four of his productions, then another company sent for me and I did some work for them. Since then I have been free-lancing, as most of the people in this work are." And she gave me an interesting account of the drawbacks that attend a five- or a ten-year contract, assuming that one were so foolish as to make one at the opening of one's career.

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The one point that remained a point was that by these varying organizations, and since those first days, she had never been starred. I could see and feel that she felt that she had sold herself for "a mess of potash", as one of Thackeray's characters used to say.

And during the course of a number of meetings that followed she gave me my first keen insight into the type of woman who was pressing to success in so many of the "sweet sixteen" romances of the hour. There was but one answer, of course, in quite every such case, though she never said so in so many words. Making due allowance for such few celebrities as came to their positions because of a tremendous ability manifested before ever they were called to the screen, they were mostly female adventurers, if not libertines, and, to a very marked extent, wasters. They had to sell themselves to the highest bidders or fail, and quite uniformly they sold themselves. They had no essential refinement; they were suffering from complexes relating to dress, beauty, and screen recognition, to say nothing of the personal approval of men they considered marvelous accomplishers of this, that, and the other, yet who, in the main, were bounders and dubs and wasters like themselves. The substance of her observations is to be found in a series of articles published by me in one of the screen publications of the time. All that she reported could not be published, of course, owing to the censorship limitations.

But it was not these things, irritating and discouraging and disgusting as they were, but herself in relation to them and to such ideals as at any time she may have possessed, that interested me. She knew all this and resented, I presume, its worst phases, and yet she clung to it. Her bungalow, her clothes, her car, her friendships in this world, depended upon her accepting the conditions as she found them and pretending to like them, if actually she did not. I suspected, and am sure that I am right, that for some time she did like them, captivated by the flare and the show and the animal spirits of this realm. Her appearance at the party I attended indicated as much. Later, like the prodigal son, having had her fill of this particular kind of thing, her mood tended to revert, for a time, anyhow, to that other world of which Kinsey was a fair representative. She was overawed, if not actually captivated, by the mental and artistic prestige which Kinsey and that world had represented to her and which this present world of hers did not.

And after a very little time, by the uses to which she attempted to put these contacts with me, I could see that such was the case. Despite all she had to say about the characters and methods of one and another of these seekers and beginners, to say nothing of those who were already successful, still, like every other person in that decidedly weedy field, she was endeavoring to get ahead herself as best she might. I began to see that one of her principal aims was to overawe some of these celebrities with her connections and contacts in the Kinsey realm. Now, one need not be either a cad or a snob to resent being used as a stalking horse or decoy for another. Yet that she sought to use me more than another, or as much as some, I doubt. Like nearly every ambitious and clever woman in that world, I think she was inclined, almost unconsciously, to turn every person to account. The thing interested me as an illustration of a viewpoint and method, but it made friendship with her a precarious and difficult business. She could scarcely suggest a walk, or a drive, or a dinner, or a quiet hour's chat anywhere, without having as an ulterior purpose an ending-up at some café, or club, or bungalow, or apartment, where one was likely to meet one or another of the "big wigs", and under such circumstances as were most certain to reflect credit upon her. And, on such occasions she was almost insistent upon introductions and "Who's Who" explanations which could for the most part only prove disagreeable. More than once I was compelled to make it plain that I abhorred promiscuous introductions, especially in this field. I had no stomach for such manoeuvring as she was indulging in. Our friendship must rest upon simpler and less conspicuous things if it was to endure. This, as one hears it phrased in these days, she accepted in principle but not in fact. And yet, in spite of all her faults, I liked her as a type and example, and

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made strenuous efforts not to prove too irritable or inconvenient.

But it was not to be. In spite of all hints, and even definite objections, there was this tendency on nearly every occasion that we met. Irritated one afternoon by the sudden descent of a group when it had been plainly understood that there was to be none, I left, and that in the face of the suddenly assembled company. Thereafter, our contacts were not so numerous — accidental mostly, in the streets or restaurants.

But during the time that I was with her I was really fascinated by the picture she presented of one who keenly realized the defects of the world in which she found herself and because of that I was troubled at the thought of an ideal implanted in her by Kinsey which she was unwilling to relinquish. Yet, at the same time, as I could see, she was still anxious to unite the two fields in some way, to make herself something in both. Once she brought out the book of poems written by Kinsey and showed me those she most liked. They were obviously about her and it was easy to see that she was still fascinated by the tribute. She spoke of his genius, his essential culture and superiority — so different from those with whom she was now associated. In the room also was a portrait of her by an artist friend of Kinsey's, made at the time that they were still together. The painter had caught not a little of that remarkable appeal that was hers then. By contrast I was forced to note that after a lapse of about six years she had coarsened and hardened to some extent, and yet not so much as to make it disturbingly apparent. There was still about her at times, especially when she was made up to go out, that seeming freshness and youthfulness and inexperience which had characterized her when I first saw her, and which no doubt she consciously sought to retain. When she inquired if I thought she had changed any, I lied gallantly.

At the same time I was compelled to note that in so far as her speech, manners, and thoughts were concerned, especially when she was seriously engaged in conversation and not posing, many of the marks of her later sophistication were apt to become apparent. Little things like an expression, verbal or facial, or a word of reference to a place or person (such as the rooms of a wretched director of whom I knew and who was subsequently debarred from any connection with studios anywhere), threw an all but searing light upon her. I could see that in spite of anything she might say or do, she had drunk deep at this well, and now, curiously enough, was ashamed of the meaner aspects of it all. In so far as one might guess from her conversations, she had never been to any such party as the one described. (She never knew, of course, that I had actually seen her at one.) She wanted to be the woman whom Kinsey had idealized. That finer poetic something which was in him, and which she had once known and recognized, she now craved far more than anything else that could have come to her. At times there was something poignant in her references to him and the life they had known together.

About that time there came the first and most serious slump in the motion picture industry. For one or another of the various reasons assigned at the time — overproduction, importation of foreign films, extravagance on the part of those engaged in production, the determination of Wall Street to force a reduction of expenses and smaller salaries upon all principals, a falling off in the attendance at movie theaters — production all but ceased for something over a year. Such salaries as were paid were cut to one-half or less. Perhaps as many as forty thousand workers of all sorts and descriptions were most disastrously affected for more than a year. Literally scores of directors, who posed as dictators and masters, and had built for themselves imposing homes and strutted about with the air of princes, were compelled to close, or dispose of these, either permanently or temporarily. Stars, starlesses, and starettes, of much or little repute, to say nothing of actors and actresses of the second lead, "heavies", "vamps", assistant leads, ingénues, cameramen, assistant directors, scenarists and so on, were compelled to abandon, for the time being anyhow, their almost luxurious fields of employment, and wait, making the best of a dreary period during which their incomes

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ceased. Literally hundreds of the most artistically fashioned and luxuriously furnished bungalows and homes of those connected with this industry were either offered for rent, or, after a time, the leases and contents sold outright. The fifty or more once humming studios of that western metropolis stood silent and idle. Toward the end of the year absolute panic seemed to seize upon nearly all who had been waiting so patiently for some signs of resumption, and by degrees they moved into other fields — vaudeville, the legitimate stage, designing, dressmaking, millinery, beauty parlors, — in fact, anything and everything that offered. By the beginning of the second year nearly all had returned to the east, hoping to sustain themselves in some way there until better times should come again. Indeed, a year and a half had passed before there was even a shadow of change in this very depressed field.

During this time I saw very little of the woman whose career had thus far interested me. Once, in front of one of the larger studios, which was practically inoperative, I chanced, in passing, to see her and another actress just leaving the place. But there was no motor car in sight. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the absence of a car in her case at that time struck me as odd. During the days of her prosperity I know that she never ventured anywhere unless in her own or another's car or a taxi. Later, meeting her upon the principal thoroughfare, I was told by her that she had been compelled to give up her home and her car because of the conditions in the business. She had, however, she said, taken a rather charming apartment elsewhere, which I was to come and see. She was living much more simply now — everyone was. It had not been possible for her to maintain the old scale of living for some time past. No one knew when things would be better.

I did stop at her new place one day, and found it pleasing enough as to location, though far from being as attractive as her bungalow. The latter had represented an outlay of perhaps seven or eight thousand a year. This might have cost as much as fifteen hundred, furnished, — no more. She seemed to be anything but happy under the new conditions. From a brief talk with her I gathered that she was dubious as to her future. She was apparently alone and at the time not interested in any one, unless, perchance, it was Kinsey, who was no longer interested in her. The tendency of those who planned and directed pictures, she complained, was ever away from those who were proficient, if aging, however slightly, and toward those who were young and inexperienced. Inexperience, where joined with youth and charm, though not necessarily ability, was at a premium with most of the dominant directors because they could use and mold these aspirants to their will and mood, taking all the credit for the result. Besides, here was this amazing slump, or cessation, the end of which no one could foresee. She hinted that she, too, might sell the furnishings of her house, (which all this time had been carried on a lease), and return east, where, of course, the legitimate stage was her only hope. Nevertheless, she still continued to carry a certain air of optimism and make-believe security such as is affected by most in that world.

Just about this time — a week or ten days before, I think — the papers had reported the death by suicide of a girl we both knew, and who had been one of the pleasing figures of the world of which Ernestine and Kinsey had been a part. The life and experiences of this girl are too long and too complicated to inject here; they would make a novel, and a powerful one. The thing that interested me, and that I foolishly commented upon at the time, was that particular atom's very courageous outlook on life and death. More than once I had heard her say, and this I now idly related, that she counted the years from sixteen to twenty-eight as the very best of those granted to women. After them came, more than likely, the doldrums. Come what might, her purpose was to spend these years as she chose. At the end . . . well. . . . And it was so, at twenty-nine, that she had ended herself — with a sleeping potion — after an almost fantastic career.

Ernestine appeared to be intensely interested. She drummed on the table with

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her fingers as we talked, and after we had concluded seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I think she was right," she said, after a time. "I believe in that. I despise age myself. Anyone who has been really beautiful and knows what it means will understand."

I looked at her curiously. There was something intense and, I might say, predetermined in the way she spoke.

I saw nothing more of her. The next time I passed that way a "For Rent" sign posted in one of the windows of the apartment stared at me. So she has gone, I thought, and stopped to see if her name was still on the plate. But it had been removed. Later, I heard that she had sold all her furniture and had moved to New York. Three months later, the series of articles the data for which she had largely furnished having begun in one of the magazines, and the newspapers having reprinted some of the most startling and disturbing facts detailed therein, I received a laconic "Thanks" by wire, and so I understood that she had been reading them and approved. But after that I heard nothing until one morning all of the Los Angeles daily papers carried an extended dispatch from New York covering the suspected suicide in Greenwich Village of one Ernestine De Jongh, quondam screen star, who, in an apartment which formerly she had occupied while connected with the legitimate stage in New York, had turned on the gas. No data as to a probable cause was available. It was true that she had been connected with pictures and that these were now in the doldrums, but it was not believed that she was in need of money. Her family, so it was said, was well-to-do, and had been notified. No letters or least scrap of writing had been found. It was not known that she was in love with anybody, though it had been rumored recently that she was engaged to a certain famous star. Subsequently he denied this, insisting that they had been friends merely.

But I thought I understood. Somehow also, I thought I understood why she had returned to the scene of her older, and possibly happier, days with Kinsey. Or did I? At any rate, there she went, and there they found her. I never learned what, if any, part he played in that latest development. No one seemed to know that he had played any. It was said that he was very sad.

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MARTIAL: A ROMAN JOURNALIST

By Keith Preston

FACILE and journalistic are two of the most contemptuous epithets in the entire critical kit. They carry some sting for any writer who employs a light touch to report the passing show, but the effect need not be utterly devastating. Consider the Roman wise-cracker and light versifier Marcus Valerius Martialis. Martial was nothing if not facile and he was a journalist in the worst as well as the best senses of the word. Yet he has survived every serious poet of his day.

The lot of a born journalist some sixteen hundred years before newspapers was not a happy one. Martial came to Rome from the provinces under Nero. His birthplace was Bilbilis, a little town in Spain whose name rang as quaintly on urban ears as Keokuk or Kokomo today. The bright young man from Bilbilis found a few wealthy Spaniards who would dole out dinners and denarii to a needy countryman who could tell an amusing story, but no steady patron to endow him as Horace was endowed by Maecenas or Vergil by Pollio. The public was his regular meal-ticket and he was the first Roman writer to depend largely on the actual sales of his work. He had his public to please and no scruples about doing so.

Martial lived by his wits for some years before his wit became the sensation of Rome. He was in his early twenties when he came to the capital and close to forty before he emerged as a literary figure under Titus and Domitian. During these days he learned his Rome, high and low, front door and back door, slum and palace. There is no locality, no phase of life or type of character in the world's capital that does not pass before the reader of Martial. His epigrams are a "Rome Day by Day" spiced with wit, satire, cynicism, and a generous helping of scandal.

Police reporting began and ended, for the long interval known as the dark ages, with Martial. The comic and tragic accidents of city life which make odd news stories today inspired timely epigrams for Martial. A boy was killed by a falling icicle as he looked up at the aqueduct which fed the baths of Agrippa. Martial reports the tragic oddity, tacking on a Brisbanian moral:

What may not happen when cruel Fortune wills?
Where are we safe when aqua pura kills?

Regulus, the prominent shyster lawyer, was driving out to his country place. As his car passed under a jerry-built portico, the masonry came crashing down, missing him by a hair. Martial uses this near-catastrophe to prove that lawyers bear a charmed life, which nobody will deny. Modern headlines leap out at you from accident cases like these. Others of the epigrams would be humorous news stories today. Martial covered the courts and auction rooms and rewrote the snappy comebacks of lawyers and auctioneers.

We have already called Martial a journalist in the worst as well as the best senses of the word. He was the first press agent and professional panegyrist with a long list of fairly profitable accounts. The rewards of panegyric then of course were pathetic compared with the pickings in these enlightened days. When Martial needed a new toga, he turned a graceful compliment to some wealthy friend. Sometimes he got the toga, sometimes not. If not he wrote another and a more fulsome epigram. A presentable toga was essential for dining out with possible patrons, a duty which the needy poet confessed but deplored as follows:

How can I stand it? How can people wish
My output cramped so, just for soup and fish?
Gosh! It's a month now since I wrote a line —
That comes of asking poets out to dine!

Some of Martial's press-agenting was on a larger and more profitable scale. A well deserved tribute to that artistic and philanthropic millionaire, the younger Pliny,

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earned the poet travelling money back to Bilbilis. A whole book of epigrams, the "Liber Spectaculorum", consists of publicity for the imperial circuses. We read here of Caesar's unparalleled generosity in providing these magnificent spectacles, of Caesar's unerring decisions in favor of the popular gladiator, of the discriminating elephant that picked Caesar out of a crowd that packed the Colosseum and bowed down before him, of the noble lion, inspired to clemency by Caesar's example, who let a rabbit run in and out of his formidable jaws, and how a cruel and ungrateful lion which turned and mangled his trainer was properly punished by Caesar to teach kindness and gratitude to the populus Romanus in circus assembled. These and other tributes to the Flavian emperors as men and impresarios got Martial, a confirmed bachelor, the legal privileges accruing to a father of three children, and the honorary title of military tribune. The poet has been criticised for his crass flatteries to the egregious Domitian but it should be remembered that Domitian was the first gentleman and magistrate of the Roman people and the office dignified the man as it does today.

Another duty of Martial's hard driven Pegasus was writing what corresponds to modern greeting-card verse and advertising jingles. In two books called "Xenia" and "Apophoreta" he collects his couplets written to go with gifts sent at the Saturnalia or Roman Christmas. Among these are positively the first book blurbs in publishing history. We submit a few specimens:

VERGIL'S "GNAT"

"Arms and the man" we read till dinner;
Full fed a man wants something thinner,
Light verse is then extremely pat,
So, reader, here is Vergil's "Gnat".

TITUS LIVY (VEST-POCKET EDITION)

This book we warrant to condense
All Titus Livy, the immense!
So small a berth perhaps may strain him,
But else no bookcase could contain him.

CALVUS' "THE USE OF COLD WATER"

This tells of springs and wells the use;
Well, let it stew in its own juice!

LUCAN'S "PHARSALIA"

Some say that I no poet be;
My sales speak loud enough for me.

The best selling argument which Martial applies to his friend Lucan he constantly uses of his own work. He helped out his publisher and bookseller by writing his own "jacket blurbs" and circular advertising. The appended poem was written to introduce a vest pocket or "sheepskin" edition of the epigrams:

Brother, you like to have my wheezes ready
Upon the road and travel with 'em steady?
Buy these, in parchment, book is a misnomer;
I fit your fist, so keep your case for Homer.
Lest you, not wise to where I'm sold should chase
All over Rome, I'm tipping off the place.
Try Second's book store in the Temple block:
He never fails to keep my stuff in stock.

To balance Martial's commercial activities we may mention that he anticipated and opposed the halitosis motif in modern advertising. An epigram addressed to a man who took patent medicine to cover bad breath assures him that the remedy is more flagrant than the disease.

Like modern columnists Martial has much to say against prudes and censors whom he urges to "stay out of my little theater unless you come to see the show". His attitude toward such "stern Catos" is more apologetic, however, than that of modern journalists, and with good reason. No tabloid goes so far in meeting the popular taste for pornography as Martial did, and in contradiction to the modern belief that the lid was off among the dear old pagans, he was often and severely criticised for immoral verse. In reply he rather weakly pleads that although his muse is naughty his life is beyond reproach, and that his writings are not intended *virginibus puerisque*. Considering that Martial's epigrams were on the atrium table in every fashionable Roman home it is to be feared that they often reached a public for whom they were not intended. At their worst the epigrams hardly exceed the license allowed in mixed company today but that perhaps is little to their credit. In late Roman times a polite edition of Martial *in usum elegantiorum* was made. Of this Prof. Lindsay says "It replaces by suitable euphemisms some of the grosser words in Martial's vocabulary, words more fit for the *graffiti* of Pompeii than for a Roman gentleman's library". The contacts between

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Pompeian wall-scribblings and Martial's epigrams show that he unflinchingly carried out his theory of writing the living Latin language for the man on the Appian way.

The tradition of ancient epigram sufficiently excused the license Martial allowed himself but he would not have flaunted our taboos or decried popular standards. It is amusing to speculate how the worthies of antiquity would behave today. Would Plato be doing "ghost writing" for some modern illiterate as he did for Socrates or would Socrates himself be adapting his famous question method to an "Ask Me Another" book or syndicating his popular philosophies? We doubt it. But we feel certain that Martial would be conducting a polite if racy column of pithy verse and prose. His fertile wit, his pleasing but shallow sentiment, his infinite facility in verse, his knowledge of the five and twenty standard jokes with all their variations, point to this conclusion. His love of city life, his sense of news values, his eager ear for the talk of the town, point the same way. Martial is perhaps the most modern of the ancients and his genius has always seemed to me essentially journalistic.

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THE CHANGELING

By Audrey Wurdemann

I

When Mary quit the cottage that bright October morning
She left a tiny baby wrapped in a woolen shawl.
Then the faeries crept in lightly, without a hint or warning,
And stole the child, and left an elf that wasn't hers at all.
When Mary came from marketing, the changeling was a-wailing
In such a thin and eerie voice she dropped her salt and tea
And hurried to the cribside to find out what was ailing.
There she found a little baby wrapped just as it should be.
She thought his eyes were greener and his little body thinner
Than she had ever seen or guessed before,
But she stopped his fretful crying, and went on getting dinner,
And set his peaked looks down to a shadow from the door.

II

Strange that Seumas
Stayed so small
When other lads
Grew broad and tall!
Strange that Seumas
Was so thin,
With clear green eyes
And pointed chin!
Mary's kinsfolk
Were tall and stout.
They shook wise heads
And looked with doubt
On the narrow body
Of Mary's lad,
And the look in his eyes,
—Always sad,
As if he sought
To find, on earth,
The wondrous land
He'd left at birth.

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III

Seumas slept under a hazel tree
A night and a day together,
With a bribe of meal for the Wandering Shee,
While a grey hawk circled the hazel tree,
And plucked its breast of feather.

IV

Seumas saw past human sight.
The grey sleek silk of a forest mouse
Running a moss-grown log to his house
Brought him delight.
Not even Mary could understand
When he said that stars looked down at night
To watch the small moon-clouds in flight,
White moths new-freed in faeryland.

V

He followed a shadow from stone to stone
Adown the narrow boreen,
And a little woman with white-edged cap
Halted him soon with a gentle tap
From her staff of leafing green.
He asked her the way to faeryland,
And she replied in a strange old tongue.
Then he knew forgotten things,
With a rush like that of thrushes' wings
He knew old songs once sung.
He followed small moon-clouds in flight
Where the boreen vanished out of sight,
And Mary found the house-door wide,
With a bit of thorn-bush just inside.

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OLD BOOKMAN DAYS

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

IN a scrapbook containing many letters I find two in particular that bring back the thrill of the morning of life. To reread the faded typing of the one and the faded handwriting of the other is to recall lost youth and the days when the world was very young. These letters are "the wharves and the slips, and the sea tides tossing free, and the Spanish sailors with bearded lips, and the beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea".

The first letter bears the date of November 3, 1898. It came in place of the expected bulky envelope, and was opened with trembling fingers and to the accompaniment of a tremendous pounding of the heart. It was signed "James MacArthur", who informed me that he had read and accepted for THE BOOKMAN my submitted article on "Kipling's Men". Anyone who has known extreme youth and the thrill that comes with the first material recognition of the ambition to write will understand that by the time that letter was pasted in a scrapbook it was in a sadly mutilated state. The four typed lines, reread again and again, danced before the eyes. The sheet was exhibited not only to friends but to strangers; literally forced from hand to hand. The name, "James MacArthur", stirred the imagination. It suggested an aged scholar, given to tugging at a long white beard.

Ten months elapsed between the two letters particularly in mind and in those months much had happened. The second letter bears the date of September 12, 1899. It was from Mr. Frank H. Dodd, head of Dodd, Mead and Company, who had established THE BOOKMAN in 1895, and who owned it for almost twenty-five years. It read: "Can you make it convenient to see me here tomorrow or next day? I wish to talk to you over a matter of importance". I had more than an inkling of what that matter of importance was. I knew that James MacArthur was going to the Harpers. As I had hoped, Mr. Dodd offered me the Junior Editorship of the magazine. It was the beginning of an association that lasted for seventeen very happy years.

The opportunity was unexpected, but the selection was logical. In the months from November 1898 to September 1899, my relations with THE BOOKMAN had become very close. The success of that first arrow, shot into the air as it were, acted as a spur. "Kipling's Men" was followed by "Kipling's Women", "Kipling's Children", and "Kipling's Verse People". All were accepted. "Kipling's Men" appeared in the issue for December, "Kipling's Women" in January, and "Kipling's Verse People" in March. "Kipling's Children" never appeared, and that is a very pretty story. The article was in the original make-up of the April issue. In March 1899 the Kipling family was staying in the Hotel Grenoble, New York. Mr. Kipling and his daughter Josephine were taken seriously ill. The magazine containing "Kipling's Children" was on the press and several thousand copies had already been printed when the news came that Josephine had died. The presses were stopped, the copies destroyed, and a magazine containing a substitute article in place of the one which might have been regarded as an indelicacy appeared a few days after the scheduled date of publication.

The formal acceptance of my second submitted article was accompanied by an informal invitation to call at the BOOKMAN office. The day when I first made my way up to the seventh floor of the building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street was one of the red-letter days of life. I recall that with the pompous innocence of youth I had donned my frock coat and purchased a new top hat for the momentous occasion. In place of the gray-bearded James MacArthur of my imagination I found a

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young man not ten years older than myself, with the richest of Glasgow burrs, a warmth of greeting, and a capacity for immediate friendship. At once I was made to feel at home and to enjoy from that hour the freedom of the Barrie chair — the deep-seated, wicker bit of furniture from which James A. Barrie, not yet Sir James, had surveyed America. At least it was curled up in that chair that he had spent most of the waking hours of his New York visit. Puffing at his black pipe he studied the activity of the street below, while the work of the office went on regardless of the presence of the distinguished visitor.

Perhaps it is partly the memory of the glamorous days of youth, but there seems to have been a friendly spirit of informality in the magazine offices of a quarter of a century ago that is entirely absent in these years of specialization and systemized efficiency. For example there was the old spiral iron staircase by which one climbed to the editorial sanctum of Henry Mills Alden of Harper's. In climbing that staircase one liked to think that the worn steps had been hallowed by the tread of Thackeray and Dickens. In the old BOOKMAN office there was a steady stream of visitors. English authors visiting this country were brought in, or dropped in of their own accord. It was there that I first met Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night", which she sold outright for twenty pounds, and which sold many hundreds of copies. She impressed me as being what Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre would have been in later years, a shy, little, austere woman, whose austerity was softened by a keen sense of humor. Her bobbed hair made her conspicuous in days when bobbed hair was a rarity.

Another English visitor of those years was Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren). As in the case of Miss Harraden his associations with Mr. Dodd were personal as well as professional. In the late eighteen-nineties the Kailyard school of fiction was at the height of its popularity, and Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" was the book that was conspicuously riding the crest of that popularity. Dr. Watson's was a buoyant and vigorous personality. A third English literary visitor was Dr. (later Sir William) Robertson-Nicoll, who was Dr. Watson's literary discoverer; he had urged the writing of the tales that made up "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush", and had published them in the British Weekly before they appeared in book form. Probably most American readers have forgotten Robertson-Nicoll, but for a generation he was the greatest single force in England in the making or breaking of a new book. The editor of the British Weekly, with its enormous circulation among the Non-Conformists of the United Kingdom, literally hundreds of thousands of readers waited for his verdict before deciding what books to buy and what to ignore.

Later I was to spend profitable hours in the library of his house in the north of London. It was the most amazing of rooms, with thousands of books scattered about the floor, and in the clearing in the center the host in his frogged, highly ornamental smoking jacket, biting his pipe and sipping his "whusky". He was, and no disparagement is meant, a professional Scotchman. He capitalized the fact of having been born north of the Tweed. He delighted in the eccentricities of dialect. No Highland gillie was ever more broadly Scotch than that widely-read scholar. The house was always emphatically the "hoose", and every third word was a "ken" or an "aye" or a "wee". And what a delightful repository of literary gossip! Not a scrap of the London scandal of fifty years involving men and women of letters had escaped him. "Did ye ken that Thackeray was a verra immor-r-al mon? Aye." Similar lights upon Stevenson, Keats, and many another.

Several months had elapsed since I had sent my first submitted article, and I had paid a score of visits to the office before I first met Professor Harry Thurston Peck, then, and for six or seven years after, the Senior Editor of THE BOOKMAN. Today the tragedy of his death and of his last shattered years are remembered: his brilliant achievement seems to have been forgotten. Very few men ever knew the personal Harry Thurston Peck. I can think of only four who passed the barrier that he held between

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himself and other men — Brander Matthews, Robert Arrowsmith, Frank Moore Colby, and myself. Our friendship was long and undisturbed until those last sad years when he was slipping into the shadows and the fine brain had given way under the pounding of misfortune, and his fevered imagination builded a world in which those who had been closest to him were engaged in conspiring against him.

It began auspiciously. At our first meeting in the old BOOKMAN office he chanced to be in one of his happy moods, that is he was not suffering from one of his frequent and painful shynesses. Today it would be called his "inferiority complex". What many persons regarded and resented in him as superciliousness was really a diffidence that at times amounted to positive agony. I have seen his hand shake like a leaf when he was forced to greet a stranger whom he found unsympathetic. Also there was the matter of his vision. When he passed an acquaintance or a friend without a sign of recognition it was because he did not see him. He was the most near-sighted human being I have ever known. Often I wondered if he did not wear his eyeglasses while he was asleep. In addition to his near-sightedness there was an inability to focus properly. There were times when meeting him face to face I had to turn him by the arms to a certain position before he knew me. In more than one way that defective vision had an influence on his life. Ostrich-like, seeing no one else, he was serenely confident that no one saw him.

It was the easy moment of our first meeting that paved the way to almost immediate intimacy. In two minutes' talk we found topics of common interest. I had chanced to prowl about corners of France, away from the beaten path, with which he was familiar. When he learned that, he decided to forget an engagement elsewhere and make an afternoon of it. It was a fitting beginning to the long friendship. Although there was approximately twenty years' difference in our ages, and there was never any departure from strict formality in address — the one occasion when he referred to me as "the kid" being swiftly followed by an elaborate letter of apology — the intimacy had something of the quality of an intimacy between men both very young. Paradoxically, he who gave the impression of never having been young actually never outgrew his boyishness.

Once I sought him in the offices of The New International Encyclopaedia, of which he was one of the editors. To reach him I was obliged to argue with those guarding the inner sanctum, who were vastly impressed with the importance of the labor in which he was engaged. When we were alone and he had carefully closed the door, he resumed his occupation. He was spinning a top. He would spend hours rereading his scrap books of clippings, roaring with laughter when he found some particularly savage bit of vituperation directed at himself. The stronger the vituperation the more he liked it. There was gloating triumph in his comment: "Got a rise out of him".

Yet with his prematurely white side-whiskers he looked old. When I first knew him he was in his very early forties. To extreme youth that used to seem an appalling old age, and in the days when the world was young, men were more inclined to accept the forties as a decade of ripe maturity. Once I mentioned my determination some day to write "my novel"; that is a delusion of youth's. I asked him if he had planned writing his. Rather sadly he shook his head and said: "Wait till you come to forty year". There was a grim finality in that "forty year".

Those were the years of H. T. P's blooming. Until he was well on in his thirties his life had been one of hard study and prodigious reading. His ability to write so much was not due to mere facility, though he possessed that to a superlative degree, but to the fact that he had so long been storing up impressions and making notes. No wonder that he was derisively called "the literary centipede". At one time, while holding the Anthon Chair at Columbia, he was also the Senior Editor of THE BOOKMAN, one of the three editors of that monumental undertaking The New International Encyclopaedia, and the literary editor of the old daily Commercial Advertiser. Somewhat later he added a

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regular connection with one of the Munsey publications.

In his troubled years some one called him an "ink maniac". He had always been that. In addition to the vast amount of "copy" that he produced, he found time for many long personal letters. We were in the habit of exchanging verses in what Du Maurier, in "Peter Ibbetson", called Frankingle or Inglefrank, a mingling of English and French in which one changes at will, selecting the word most suitable to metre and rhyme. When he was not writing letters he was sending telegrams. In a scrap-book I find a series of these telegrams revolving about one event. I was giving a small Christmas dinner. At the last minute H. T. P. found that he could not be present. But every little while in the course of the dinner a message would arrive from him, bristling with allusion to some joke that we had in common. "*Réussi à merveille, mille remerciements*" (signed) "Dumas." "*Hommages et salutations affectueux*" (signed) "Dumas de Balzac." Finally, "Search turkey for blue carbuncle or other retained object" (signed) "Sherlock Holmes."

There was a world of meaning in that last telegram. The allusion of course is to the Conan Doyle story "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle", in which a stolen jewel of great value is concealed in the crop of a goose. No school boy ever found greater delight in the Sherlock Holmes stories than did H. T. P. He read them over and over until he knew them almost by heart. The use of the retained object was one of his aversions, second only to his aversion for the split infinitive. He was a man of many dislikes, but I think that in his normal life his only genuine hatreds were for the split infinitive, the retained object, the misuse of "shall" and "will", what he called "Fonetik Refawm", the cult of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the person who represented himself as a true Sherlockian without possessing the qualifications to justify the claim.

"R. L. S." and "shall" and "will" suggest some of the other familiars of the old BOOKMAN days. One afternoon there appeared in the office a large man. The information was unnecessary, hut he explained that his name was Davis — Richard Harding Davis. Professor Peck had written a review of one of his stories emphasizing Mr. Davis' misuse of "shall" and "will" and saying that if Mr. Davis would call at the office he would be presented with a book that might help him to correct the fault. "Being next door in Scribner's," said Mr. Davis, "I thought I would drop in and get the book." A few years before I had gazed with the awed eyes of a freshman at Richard Harding Davis when he visited Princeton, staying at James Barnes' rooms in old red University. But it was from this meeting in the BOOKMAN office that a friendship dated which was never intimate, but which lasted until his death in 1916.

Years later he gave me a glimpse of the early nineties. It was a day in 1912 that I was spending with him in his home near Mt. Kisco. We were talking of the old days. "They were," he said, "what I call the velvet jacket days of our literary activity. Do you remember the velvet jacket of Robert Louis Stevenson?" I did not. Stevenson had been before my time. He went on to explain.

"We had our own men then — Mr. Howells, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Aldrich and the rest — but Stevenson was the magnetic, the romantic figure. Just as he himself had played the 'sedulous ape' to others, so it was the fashion of young writers of those years to imitate him. He came to us and he brought with him his velvet jacket. It was a famous jacket, and became a kind of oriflamme of the literary calling."

"Something like Balzac's white monk's robe in the eighteen-thirties," I suggested.

"Only Stevenson's jacket was destined to become the father of an illustrious line of jackets. We were young then, and we had ideals. The day of commercialism had not arrived. We did not think and talk of how much we had been paid for a story. It was enough that we had a story in Harper's, or Scribner's, or The Century. With elation we told our friends about it and they read it and liked it or criticized it. Sometimes we insisted on reading it to them ourselves. But there was danger in that method.

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"A great many of the stories of those days could be traced to the velvet jacket. The young man sitting down at his writing table to construct a masterpiece had his pen, his pad, his bottle of ink. Also sometimes an idea. But to achieve the proper inspiration, to rouse himself to heights of creative frenzy, he needed the jacket — just like that of R. L. S. Sacrifices were made in Bohemia in those days for that jacket; privations were endured. I never would wear one. That was regarded as an eccentricity. It placed me beyond the pale and is perhaps one of the reasons why some people still think me odd. For all that," he concluded, "I too once believed in Bohemia."

Yes, and we believed in Bohemia when the nineteenth century was tick-tocking into the twentieth. Or at least in looking backwards we think that we did, for Bohemia is always just beyond the horizon of yesterday. There was then in New York no Greenwich Village in the modern sense, no "Pink Parrots" and "Purple Pups", and no Algonquin Coterie uptown. There was a Bohemian flavor to three sides of Washington Square. Writing men and women lived in the Judson on the south, or in the Benedick on the east. On West Tenth Street, behind the residence of Maitland Armstrong, was the New York home of Colonel Carter of Cartersville, just as F. Hopkinson Smith had described it in his story. The Tile Club gathered about the fire that had been the Colonel's friend. When seeking Bohemian diversion we dined at Little Hungary in East Houston Street, where the wines were potent and varied and the food atrocious, or at the Café Boulevard in lower Second Avenue.

Then there was the much frequented Hotel Griffou on West Ninth Street. It was a Franco-American, Latin-American establishment. Thomas Janvier had lived there for a time and had written a book of short stories about the hotel. In the book the Griffou was called the Casa Napoleon. W. D. Howells dined there from time to time. Other regular habitués were Charles G. D. Roberts, who on one occasion was overwhelmed by attention on the part of the management in the mistaken belief that he was Rudyard Kipling; James Huneker, Lincoln Steffens, the Hapgood brothers, Norman and Hutchins, Jesse Lynch Williams, Vance Thompson, monocled and trying to pass for a Parisian *flâneur*, and Roland Hinton Perry, the sculptor. It was Josiah Flynt Willard, alias "Weary", the writer of "Tramping With Tramps", and other books of the hobo world, who was responsible for the mistake about Charles G. D. Roberts. "Weary" lived regularly at the Griffou for several years.

One of the visitors to the BOOKMAN office in my early days was Stephen Crane. Many of his poems appeared in the magazine's pages in 1899 and 1900. He was a strange, moody creature. At the time he was in a tangle with the New York police as a result of a chivalrous though not worldly-wise attempt to champion a woman of the streets. Every few days one of the brothers, Paul and Vaughan Kester, would drop in. The home of the Kesters, a great, rambling wooden structure overlooking Riverside Drive, known as "the Big White House", was a center of New York literary life about 1900. Paul's childlike appearance suggested prenatal knowledge. Although he was better known as a playwright, he wrote some very good verse. Vaughan Kester's story resembled that of Edward Westcott, the author of "David Harum", the most talked-about book of its hour. Building patiently and sparing no labor, Vaughan wrote "The Prodigal Judge". It was a fine book and led the list of "best-sellers" through a season. But like Westcott, Vaughan Kester died before tasting the sweets of popularity.

Richard Hovey, another BOOKMAN visitor of those years who, like Vaughan Kester, Stephen Crane, and Frank Norris, died young, was an impressive figure. With his great black mane and beard, his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling", his soft hat and flowing tie, no one could mistake his *métier*. Poets dressed the part then. Another bard, also a frequent caller, the late Joel Benton, robed himself into a resemblance to Tennyson. Hovey was already a bright star among the younger poets. In collaboration with Bliss Carman he had written "Songs from Vagabondia", and the two were then planning a new volume to be called "More Songs from

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Vagabondia". Some days Richard Hovey's calls were social; on others they were strictly professional. The latter days he had on his person a poem or two for immediate sale. As part of the salesmanship he would produce the poems and recite them in a deep, rumbling voice, to the accompaniment of much dramatic gesture. That was a practice tolerated in him, but severely discouraged when attempted by less gifted versifiers.

In the late summer or early autumn of 1900 Frank Norris came in two or three times to talk of his "Trilogy of the Wheat", a subject of which he was full. He was living at the Judson on Washington Square. Of the Trilogy "The Octopus" and "The Pit" had been written, and "The Wolf" was in the writing. His iron-gray hair gave an almost sternly mature look to the strong, finely chiselled face. Yet when he died, a year or so later, he was only thirty-two. In addition to his Trilogy of the Wheat he had written "McTeague", "Moran of the Lady Letty", and one or two volumes of short stories. Also he left the manuscript of a novel that was not published until many years after his death.

With Frank Norris on one of his calls was Edwin Lefèvre, whose Wall Street story, "The Woman and Her Bonds", deserves a ranking among the best short stories of the present century. The two were close friends, and the agreement was that when Norris began writing "The Pit" Lefèvre should revise the novel in all the chapters relating to the wheat market, receiving due credit in the preface for his share of the work.

The arrangement was never carried out, but frequently, at Norris' request, Lefèvre explained the intricacies of the stock market, speculations and corners, and one night in the old Judson he found himself launched on the description of a panic. He described the pandemonium on the floor of the Exchange, the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of the men to whom the next change of a point meant ruin. Then he followed one man in particular through the events of a day, and pictured him groping his way blindly out from the gallery, a broken, ruined man. So far Lefèvre had told only what he had often seen with his own eyes.

But at that point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to "fake" a dramatic conclusion, and he told how the man was striding restlessly, aimlessly, along the corridor, when the elevator shot past and someone shouted "Down!" and the ruined man, his mind still bent on the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, "Down! down! down!" "There you are," interrupted Norris. "That is one of those events that no novelist could invent." "And yet," said Lefèvre, "it was the one bit of fake in the whole description."

A few doors down the street from the Judson, on Washington Square South, David Graham Phillips had been living in a house that was closely associated with his first novel, "The Great God Success". The book was written there and the house was the scene of much of the story. Phillips was then going through his "sedulous ape" period; his model was Balzac, and his particular favorite among Balzac's works "Le Père Goriot". Of that novel "The Great God Success" was, in many respects, an echo. The Sands boarding-house was closely modelled upon the Balzacian construction which Henry James has called "the most portentous setting of the scene in all the literature of fiction". One aspect of "The Great God Success" was rather too startlingly similar: in the Pension Sands, as in the Pension Vauquer, a new lodger usually began by taking the best rooms; then slowly or swiftly came the social or financial disintegration, marked by ascending steps from story to story until the cubby-hole under the eaves was reached.

Though flagrant, the imitation was legitimate, because the story was almost autobiographical. There was a time when Phillips feared that was to be his own fate. Much has been told of his remarkable capacity for work; of his habit of writing through the night at a tall desk, standing. He was always a hard worker. He had to work, for he lacked natural facility. The story is that after being graduated from Princeton he went about applying unsuccessfully for a place as a reporter. Finally he was taken on when he offered to work for

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nothing. Even that would not do. Once in the dog days the owner of the paper entered the room where Phillips was toiling. "Who is that young man?" he asked the city editor. The latter explained. "Get rid of him at once," was the curt order. "But we are getting him for nothing." "I don't care if he is paying for the privilege. Get rid of him at once. I can't bear to see any human being work so hard. It breaks my heart." Years in journalism were needed before Phillips made good. Then he announced his intention of giving it up and turning to fiction. His friends did their best to dissuade him. They said it was "spoiling a good newspaper man to make a poor novelist". When he went to live at the Pension Sands his immediate expectations were two magazine articles that had been accepted at $75 each and not yet paid for.

Edward W. Townsend and Booth Tarkington are two other familiar memories of those days. For seven years after his graduation from Princeton with the class of 1893, Tarkington was figuratively, like the John Harkless of his "Gentleman from Indiana", sitting on a rail fence in Indiana, the laughing stock of the people of his own home town, who asked why he did not stop "fussing with literature" and go to work. Then, almost simultaneously, "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" were accepted. The latter story had met with repeated rejection. On one occasion when submitting the manuscript "Tark" added two drawings, hoping that they might make up for the deficiencies of the text.

The present generation has probably forgotten Edward W. Townsend. Yet the three outstanding figures of the lighter American fiction of the "golden nineties" were Finley Peter Dunne's Martin Dooley, R. H. Davis's Van Bibber, and Townsend's Chimmie Fadden. It was an age of comparative innocence, and the flappers of those days shocked an older generation by quoting Chimmie's familiar expression "Wot t' ell!" For a brief hour "Wot t' ell!" was the reigning expletive of the country.

Recollections of some of the older men mingle in these memories. Mr. Howells I visited in his apartment facing the south side of Central Park. I discussed Colonel Carter of Cartersville in the library of F. Hopkinson Smith's house in East Thirty-fourth Street. To meet Richard Henry Stoddard in the Authors' Club seemed a tremendous link with the remote past. Here, in the dawn of the twentieth century, I was conversing with a man who had rowed with Edgar Allan Poe in the office of the Broadway Journal. In the workshop that he maintained in a house on Fifth Avenue, immediately adjoining the premises of his publishers, the Macmillan Company, I heard strange tales from F. Marion Crawford.

They are all gone, now, the older men; and most of the younger men are gone too. But in thinking of them, and of the old BOOKMAN days, I recall Thackeray's summing up in "The Newcomes" of the morning of life, when the sun used to shine brighter than it does now, and the zest of existence was certainly keener, and when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life perfectly to be well remembered.

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THE HIGH COST OF ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

By Florence Kiper Frank

THE price one has to pay these days to be Early American would disquiet even the signers of the Constitution. Dorothy was amazed herself when the bill came through for the Savery high-boy. Dorothy has just bought half of one of those smart little shops on Madison Avenue, the windows of which delightfully and deceptively exploit the pewter stage of our culture. That is, James has invested for Dorothy. Dorothy made her investment in marrying James and until recently she has been satisfied with the dividends. Until the time that she got in with Margaret. But from the moment that Margaret told Dorothy that just being a female gave her no ethical right to James' support — and that she might as well be called his mistress — the Early American shop could have been foreseen as the logical result. Margaret now owns the other half of the shop. So far, James tells me, the shop has cost him twelve thousand. This besides the three thousand fifty that he lent Margaret to pay off some debts on the last enterprise. Happily, James can afford it. James was accounted affluent even before the days of Dorothy's economic independence.

If the price of the economic independence of woman had not risen concomitantly with the other costs of modern existence, many more American husbands and fathers would doubtless be friendly toward the project. For the American male is, by and large, a good egg and a gynocratically inclined species — a sociological fact that has not been without its comment. He wants to see his women happy and he wants peace. It is unfortunate that the economic independence of woman is, in many instances, a luxury which can be afforded only by those men whose income allows a surplus beyond the more rigorous demands of the daily existence.

Harold meant well from the beginning. Harold started out right from his college days as a feminist, and there is nothing in feminism more feminist than a male feminist. Jointly had he and Helen, in the Middle West college where they had taken Sociology 1 under Professor Anne Waters, subscribed to the doctrine that diaper-washing is monotonous. They had thought so much, in

HE WANTS TO SEE HIS WOMEN HAPPY AND HE WANTS PEACE — IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMAN IS A LUXURY —

fact, about the diapers that they had overlooked the baby. Helen found herself drifting into unworthy emotions on its arrival. She discovered that she liked being with it. Harold, wary of biologic traps, realized for her that this emotion would wear off and then how would she feel, immured in a three-room kitchenette while he had all the adventure of compiling sta-

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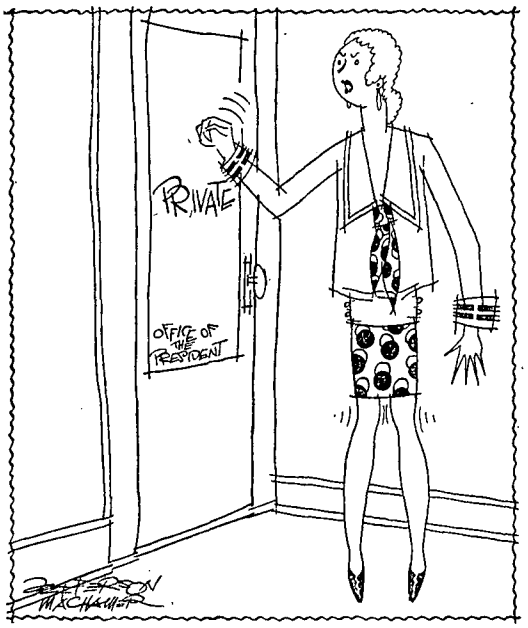
tistics from nine to five-thirty for Thornby and Company, manufacturers of underwear? Helen at once hired an Irish nurse whose weekly wage was several dollars less, even allowing for Helen's carfare, than the amount Helen herself received at a very business-like desk right in the same room with Harold's. But after a few weeks Helen and Harold began to worry about the pallor of the baby. The infant is now being taken care of by a young woman who went through The Application of Heat to Food Material at Simmons. If Helen gets the raise that she is working up the nerve to demand, Helen's economic independence is not going to cost Harold a cent.

Arthur is not in so enviable a situation — Arthur who was happy as long as Frances was happy with her prestige in the women's club cosmos. Indeed, when Frances was elected as delegate to the national convention it was Arthur who was the more jubilant of the two. Her address at the convention was a success. She proved that the women who were once economically self-sustaining on the farm and in the kitchen are now economically self-sustaining in the factory and the department store. Frances returned home triumphant and all was well. . . . It happened to be a badly-selected hour for Arthur — the hour that Frances took for the reading of a magazine article stating that the women's club era in America was on the wane. He needed just then all his available capital in the business. Yet it wasn't only the large amount he invested in Frances' candidacy for the legislature that put him into bankruptcy. It was also the Bendel models. Arthur knew vaguely that the frump stage of American feminism was no more, but he hadn't realized how completely it was no more. If Arthur comes back financially, and if Frances runs again and wins, she will be able easily to reimburse him for those campaign gowns.



IF HELEN GETS THE RAISE SHE IS WORKING UP THE NERVE TO DEMAND, HELEN'S ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE IS NOT GOING TO COST HAROLD A CENT-

The progress of feminism in America may be divided into three epochs. There was, roughly, that time when there was none. Eleanor's father, whose forbears are of the old South, tells me that his father has dim recollection of an age when the leisured woman was the leisured woman. Followed the period when this same leisured woman spent her time berating her husband for making a parasite of her. This propaganda phase is well within Eleanor's father's recollection. It was good propaganda and it yielded its results in the conspicuous success of the women who have been conspicuously successful. Eleanor's father, who is not an unadvanced man, realizes that we are living in what might be called a contemporary epoch and he doesn't blame Eleanor for wanting to be somebody too.

Eleanor is working with an experimental theater. It is just the right place for Eleanor, who was obviously wasting her time with contract bridge. Eleanor is not only personable but talented, and can design stage screens that, with the aid of a directed imagination and by the elimination alternately of the upper and the under halves, suggest either the palace of Cleopatra or the plains of the Dneiper. The director of the theater, who purposes to transform the American drama by the application of Moscow technique, is aided in the enterprise by an apprentice group who pay for the apprentice privilege what is, when one considers

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their predicted future, only a nominal fee. He deprecates, does M. Morensky, since he would prefer to be the minister of a democratic art, the interest of Eleanor's social set in her scenic set. Nevertheless when Eleanor, stimulated by the Russian screens, wrote her three-act tragedy of Arkansas farm-life, M. Morensky felt it but due the chic of her friends that he rent an uptown theater for its production. Eleanor's father now concedes that he ought not always to have taken Eleanor to Paris on their annual trip and that the slogan of America First has other than simply advertising value.

It was none other than Editha's husband who furnished what now appears to me cogent comment on the entire situation. . . . Editha's husband and Editha possess two daughters, Alma and Barbara. Alma, in a beautifully lighted studio, teaches modern dancing to those same ladies of forty whose individuality Barbara costumes in striking and selective garb. Editha herself, who doesn't appear more than two years younger than either of her progeny and who realizes now the mistakes that were made in their upbringing, runs a nursery school in habit training. Editha's husband, whose name is John, sets aside a definite amount each year for the three projects.

"It's expensive, but it pays!" was his cryptic comment.

John is notoriously hard-headed.

"It's Freud!" he answered my unspoken surprise.

I hurtled to the defense. "The Viennese school should in justice be held accountable for the main body of contemporary phenomena. But this — "

ELEANOR-STIMULATED BY THE RUSSIAN SCREENS, WROTE HER THREE ACT TRAGEDY OF ARKANSAS FARM-LIFE

"It is. It's Freud," he insisted. "The price of the economic independence of women may be high. But not, all things considered, extortionately high. Not," said John — and there was in his tone both fervor and experience — "not, my dear friend, when one has once budgeted the high cost of a modern nervous breakdown."

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MY FRIEND GEORGE STERLING

By Upton Sinclair

I WRITE here of the dearest friend I ever had among men. Since he is gone, there seems a large hole in the world.

It was Jack London who gave him to me, some twenty-five years ago, sending me a book of poems, "The Testimony of the Suns", by George Sterling. In the fly-leaf he wrote, "I have a friend, the dearest in the world". Since friendship is a thing without limits, I also took possession of this poet. We corresponded for some seven or eight years, and then I went to California to visit him, and stayed several months at Carmel. A year or two later the fates played a strange prank upon us — he lost his heart to the woman who not long after became my wife.

How much of that strange story will it be decent for me to tell? It is hard for me to judge, because what the world calls "tact" is not my strong point; I cannot ask my wife, because she is ill, and since our friend's dreadful death I do not mention him. Some day the story will be known, because he wrote her a hundred or so of sonnets, the most beautiful in the world. For sixteen years his attitude never changed: her marriage made no difference — when he came to visit us, he would follow her about with his eyes, and sit and murmur her name as if under a spell; our friends would look at us and smile, but George never cared what they thought.

When he first met her, and was bringing her a sonnet every day, they were walking on Riverside Drive one afternoon, and I chanced to come along. She was working on a book, and I, with my customary reformer's impulse, remarked, "You have been overworking; you are worn out". She answered, "This poet has just been telling me that I look like a star in alabaster". "Well, I think you look like a skull," I said, and went on, leaving the poet grinding his teeth in fury. "Some day I am going to kill that man!" he exclaimed; and his companion replied, "That is the first man that ever told me the truth in my life. I am going to marry him!"

She did so; and for a while there appeared a certain element of acerbity in the criticisms which George would pen upon the margins of my manuscripts. But tenderness and patience were the least contribution I could make to our friendship; so I would laugh, and presently George would grow remorseful, and tell me that maybe I was half right after all.

There were two men in him, and a strange duel forever going on in his soul. In his literary youth he had fallen under the spell of Ambrose Bierce, a great writer, a bitter black cynic, and a cruel, domineering old bigot. He stamped inerasably upon George's sensitive mind the heartless art-for-art's-sake formula, the notion of a poet as a superior being, aloof from the problems of men, and writing for the chosen few. On the other hand, George was a chum of Jack London and others of the young "reds", and became a Socialist and remained one to the end. Bierce quarreled with him on this account, and broke with him, as he did with everyone else. But in art the Bierce influence remained dominant, and George Sterling would write about the interstellar spaces and the writhing of oily waters in San Francisco harbor, and the white crests of the surf on Point Lobos, and the loves of ancient immoral queens.

After which he would go about the streets of New York on a winter night, and come back without his overcoat, because he had given it to some poor wretch on the breadline; he would be shivering, not with cold, but with horror and grief, and would break all the art-for-art's-sake rules, and pour out some lines of passionate indignation, which he refused to consider poetry, but which I assured him would outlive his fancy stuff.

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At the time of our "mourning pickets" on Broadway, during the Colorado coal strike of 1914, George was in New York, and his "Star in Alabaster" was walking up and down eight hours a day amid a mob of staring idlers, her husband in jail and only a few "wobblies" and Jewish "reds" from the East Side to keep her company. George appeared and offered her his arm. "Go away," she said; "this is no job for a poet!" But of course he would not go; he stuck by her side for two weeks, and up at the Lamb's Club, where he was staying, the art-snobs and wealthy loafers "joshed" him mercilessly —some even insulted him, and there was a fight or two. During these excitements George wandered down to the Battery, and looking out over the bay he wrote that shining poem, "To the Statue of Liberty":

Oh! is it bale-fire in thy brazen hand —
The traitor-light set on betraying coasts
To lure to doom the mariner? . . .

You will find that in my anthology, "The Cry for Justice". Also his song about Babylon, which really is New York, and San Francisco too:

In Babylon, high Babylon,
What gear is bought and sold?
All merchandise beneath the sun
That bartered is for gold;
Amber and oils from far beyond
The desert and the fen,
And wines whereof our throats are fond —
Yea! and the souls of men!

In Babylon, grey Babylon,
What goods are sold and bought?
Vesture of linen subtly spun,
And cups from agate wrought;
Raiment of many-colored silk
For some fair denizen,
And ivory more white than milk —
Yea! and the souls of men! . . .

Also I mention his tribute to the Episcopal church — and others — quoted in "The Profits of Religion":

Within the House of Mammon his priesthood stands alert
By mysteries attended, by dusk and splendors girt,
Knowing, for faiths departed, his own shall still endure,
And they be found his chosen, untroubled, solemn, sure.

Within the House of Mammon the golden altar lifts
Where dragon-lamps are shrouded as costly incense drifts —
A dust of old ideals, now fragrant from the coals,
To tell of hopes long-ended, to tell the death of souls.

After George's death my friend Mencken asked me to write about Sterling without mentioning alcohol. The first time I visited George I was to be the orator at a dinner of the Ruskin Club in Oakland, and George was to read a poem. We met at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, and George drank a couple of cocktails on an empty stomach, and we set out. On the ferry-boat I had difficulty in understanding his conversation; and finally the painful realization dawned over me that the great poet was drunk. My own father had been a drinking man, and several of my relatives in the South, so I was no stranger to the spectacle; but this was the first time I had ever seen an intellectual man in that condition; and the next day I wrote George a note, saying it was too painful, and I was not going to stay at Carmel. He came running over to my house, and with tears in his eyes vowed that he would never touch another drop while I was in California. Sometimes I have wished I might have stayed the rest of my life; it might be that is the greatest service I could have rendered to the future.

From that day on I never saw George with any sign of drink on him. He visited us at Croton, and went over the huge manuscript of "The Cry for Justice", and chopped down some dead chestnut trees and cut them up for our fireplace. He was an athlete, and beautiful to look at — a face like Dante's, grave and yet tender, and a tall, active body. We have a snapshot of him in bathing-trunks, standing upon the rocks of Point Lobos with an abalone hook in his hand, and nothing more graceful was ever planned by a Greek sculptor.

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George went back to San Francisco and lived at the Bohemian Club, where some admirer had bequeathed him a room for life. It is a place of satyrs, and the worst environment that could have been imagined under the circumstances. George had begun his drinking with Jack London and Ambrose Bierce, and then it was all gaiety and youth, the chanting of George's "Abalone Song", and the "grove play", and the Bohemian "jinks". But later on in life it becomes something different. Others may sing the romance and the charm of San Francisco; to me it is a plague-city, where all the lovely spirits drink poison — first Nora May French, and then Carrie Sterling, and then Jack London, and then my best of friends.

George had more admirers than any other man I ever knew, and he gave himself to them without limit. When they were drinking, he could not sit apart; and so tragedy closed upon him. He would come to visit us in Pasadena, and always then he was "on the wagon" and never going to drink again, but we could see his loneliness, and his despair — not about himself, for he was too proud to voice that, but for mankind, and for the universe. It may seem a strange statement, that a poet could be killed by the nebular hypothesis; but Mary Craig Sinclair declares that is what happened to George Sterling. I believe the leaders of science now reject the nebular hypothesis, and have a new one; but meantime, they had fixed firmly in George's mind the idea that the universe is running down like a clock, that in some millions of years the earth will be cold, and in some hundreds of millions of years the sun will be cold, and so what difference does it make what we poor insects do? You will find that at the beginning, in "The Testimony of the Suns", and at the end in the drama, "Truth". It is what one might call applied atheism.

Once, Mary Craig Sinclair tells me, George offered never to drink again, if she would ask him not to. But her notion of fair play did not permit her to do this. What could she give him in return? The cares of her own life were too many; she had a husband who refused to be afraid of his enemies, and so she had to be afraid for two, and there were long periods when she could not even answer George's letters. He stayed in San Francisco, and now and then he would say he was coming to see us, and when he did not come, we would know why.

Mencken was coming to visit George, and just before his coming George was drunk. He was fifty-six years old, and there was no longer any fun about it, but an agony of pain and humiliation; and so he took cyanide of potassium, as he had many times threatened to do. To me it is something so cruel that I would not talk about it, were it not for the next generation of poets and writers, who are parroting the art-for-art's-sake devilment, and dancing to hell with John Bootleg.

Consider my friend Mencken. The death of this beautiful and noble and generous-souled poet has taught him nothing whatsoever; he writes the same cheerfully flippant letters in celebration of the American saloon. "Liquor was George's only consolation in life, and the reason he quit was because he could no longer get the kick out of it." I say that more poisonous nonsense than this was never penned by an intellectual man. How many pleasures there are which do not pall with age, and do not destroy their devotees! The pleasures of knowledge, for example — of gaining it, and helping to spread it. The pleasures of sport; I play tennis, and it is just as much fun to me at forty-eight as it was at fourteen. The pleasures of music; I play the violin, after a fashion, and my friend Mencken plays it better, I hope — and does he find that every year he has to play more violently in order to bear it, and that after playing he suffers agonies of sickness, remorse and dread? I say for shame upon an intellectual man who cannot make such distinctions; for shame upon a teacher of youth who has no care whether he sets their feet upon the road to wisdom and happiness, or to misery and suicide!

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The Muse of Bucolic Poetry: "I was your first love, Thomas!"
The Wessex Novel (in the background): "Time was he devoted himself to me."

Caricature and Text by William H. Cotton.

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BRIC-A-BRAC

By Dorothy Parker

Little things that no one needs —
  Little things to joke about —
Little landscapes, done in beads,
  Little morals, woven out,
Little wreaths of gilded grass,
  Little brigs of whittled oak
Bottled painfully in glass —
  These are made by lonely folk.

Lonely folk have lines of days
  Long and faltering and thin;
Therefore — little wax bouquets,
  Prayers cut upon a pin,
Little maps of pinkish lands,
  Little charts of curly seas,
Little plats of linen strands,
  Little verses, such as these.

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CONFUSIONS OF THE GOLDEN TRAVEL

A Chapter from "Something About Eve"

By James Branch Cabell

(Gerald Musgrave, in his adventuring from his native Lichfield toward his appointed kingdom in Antan, passes through the land of Dersam, and in that country restores to the sacred Mirror of Caer Omn its vanished magic. He then observes this giant mirror to shine everywhere with a clear golden glowing, and in its depths he perceives a throng of living beings such as he had not known in Lichfield.)

BUT when three huge men beckoned to him, and Gerald had moved forward, he found, with wholly tolerant surprise, that this mirror was in reality a warmish golden mist, through which he entered into the power of these three giant blacksmiths, and into the shackles of adamant with which they bound him fast to a gray lichen-crusted crag, the topmost crag above a very wide ravine, among a desert waste of mountain tops; and he entered, too, into that noble indignation which now possessed Gerald utterly. For it was Heaven he was defying, he who was an apostate god, a god unfrightened by the animosity of his divine fellows. He had preserved, somehow, — in ways which he could not very clearly recall, but of which he stayed wholly proud, — all men and women from destruction by the harshness and injustice of Heaven. He only of the gods had pitied that futile, naked, cowering race which lived, because of their defencelessness among so many other stronger animals, in dark and shallow caverns, like ants in an ant-hill. He had made those timid, scatter-brained, two-legged animals human: he had taught them to build houses and boats; to make and to employ strong knives and far-smiting arrows against the fangs and claws with which Heaven had equipped the other animals; and to tame horses and dogs to serve them in their hunting for food. He had taught them to write and to figure and to compound salves and medicines for their hurts, and even to foresee the future more or less. All arts that were among the human race had come from Prometheus, and all these benefits were now preserved for his so inadequate, dear puppets, through the nineteen Books in which Prometheus had set down the secrets of all knowledge and all beauty and all contentment, — he who after he had discovered to mortals so many inventions had no invention to preserve himself. Prometheus, in brief, had created and had preserved men and women, in defiance of Heaven's fixed will. For that sacrilege Prometheus atoned, among the ends of earth, upon this lichen-crusted gray crag. He suffered for the eternal redemption of mankind, the first of all poets, of those makers who delight to shape and to play with puppets, and the first of men's Saviors. And his was a splendid martyrdom, for the winged daughters of old Ocean fluttered everywhere about him in the golden Scythian air, like wailing sea-gulls, and a grief-crazed woman with the horns of a cow emerging from her discolored yellow hair paused to cherish him, and then went toward the rising place of the sun to endure her allotted share of Heaven's injustice.

But he who was the first of poets burst Heaven's shackles like packthread, ridding himself of all ties save the little red band which yet clung about one finger, and rising, passed to his throne between the bronze lions which guarded each of its six steps, and so sat beneath a golden disk. All wisdom now belonged to the rebel against Heaven, and his was all earthly power: the fame of the fine poetry and the comeliness and the grandeur of Solomon was known in Assyria and Yamen, in both Egypts and in Persepolis, in Karnak

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and in Chalcedon, and among all the isles of the Mediterranean. He sported with genii and with monsters of the air and of the waters; the Elementals served King Solomon when he began to build, as a bribe to Heaven, a superb temple which was engraved and carved and inlaid everywhere with cherubim and lions and pineapples and oxen and the two triangles. There was no power like Solomon's: his ships returned to him three times each year with the tribute of Nineveh and Tyre and Parvaam and Mesopotamia and Katuar; the kings of all the world were the servants of King Solomon: the spirits of fire and the lords of the air brought tribute to him, too, from behind the Pleiades. His temple now was half completed. But upon his ring finger stayed always the band of blood-colored asteria upon which was written, "All things pass away". These glittering and soft and sweet-smelling things about him, as he knew always, were only loans which by and by would be taken away from him by Heaven. He turned from these transient things to drunkenness and to the embraces of women, he hunted forgetfulness upon the breasts of nine hundred women, he quested after oblivion among the most beautiful women of Judea and Israel, of Moab and of Ammon and of Bactria, of Baalbec and of Babylon. These madnesses enraptured the flesh of Solomon, but always the undrugged vision of his mind regarded the fixed will of Heaven, "These things shall pass away". The temple which he had been building lacked now only one log to be completed. He cast that gray and lichen-crusted cedar log into the Pool of Bethesda: it sank as though it had been a stone: and Solomon bade his Israelites set fire to the temple which all these years he had been building as a bribe to Heaven.

But when the temple burned, it became more than a temple, for not only the flanks of Mt. Moriah were ablaze, a whole city was burning there, and its name was Ilion. He aided in the pillaging of it: the golden armor of Achilles fell to his share. In such heroic gear, he, like a fox hidden in a slain lion's skin, took ship to Ismaurus, which city he treacherously laid waste and robbed: thence he passed to the land of the Lotophagi, where he viewed with mildly curious, cool scorn the men who fed upon oblivion. He was captured by a very bad smelling, one-eyed giant, from whom he through his wiles escaped. There was no one anywhere more quick in wiles than was Odysseus, Laertes' son. He toiled unhurt through a nightmare of pitfalls and buffetings, among never-tranquil seas, outwitting the murderous Laestrigonians, and hoodwinking Circe and the feathery-legged Sirens and fond Calypso: he evaded the man-eating ogress with six heads: he passed among the fluttering, gray, squeaking dead, and got the better of Hades' sullen overlords and ugly spectres, through his unfailing wiliness, — he who was still a poet, making the supreme poem of each man's journeying through an everywhere inimical and betraying world, he who was pursued by the wrath of Heaven which Poseidon had stirred up against Odysseus. But always the wiles of much enduring Odysseus evaded the full force of Heaven's buffetings, so that in the end he won home to Ithaca and to his meritorious wife; and then, when the suitors of Penelope had been killed, he went, as dead Tiresias had commanded, into a mountainous country carrying upon his shoulder an oar, and leading a tethered ram, for it was yet necessary to placate Heaven. Beyond Epirus, among the high hills of the Thesproteans, he sat the oar upright in the stony ground, and turning toward the ram which he now meant to sacrifice to Poseidon, he found Heaven's amiability to remain unpurchased, because the offering of Odysseus, who was a rebel against Heaven's will to destroy him, had been refused, and the ram had vanished.

But in his hand was still the rope with which he had led this ram, and in his other hand was a bag containing silver money, and in his heart, now that he had again turned northerly, to find in place of the oar an elder-tree in flower, now in his heart was the knowledge that no man could travel beyond him in hopelessness and in infamy. He remembered all that he had put away, all of which he had denied and betrayed, all the kindly wonders which he had witnessed between Galilee and Jerusalem, where the carpenters of the Sanhedrin were now fashioning, from a great lichen-crusted cedar log found float-

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ing in the pool of Bethesda, that cross which would be set up to-morrow morning upon Mt. Calvary. Then Judas flung down the accursed silver and the rope with which he had come thither to destroy himself, because an infamy so complete as his must first be expressed with fitting words. It was a supreme infamy, it was man's masterpiece in the way of iniquity, it was the reply of a very fine poet to Heaven's proffered truce after so many æons of tormenting men causelessly: it was a thing not to be spoken of but sung. He heaped great sheets of lead upon his chest, he slit the cord beneath his tongue, he tormented himself with clysters and with purges and in all other needful ways, so that his voice might be at its most effective when he sang toward Heaven about his infamy.

But when he sang of his offense against Heaven, he likened his hatefulness to that of very horrible offenders in yet elder times, he compared his sin to that of Œdipus who sinned inexpiably with his mother, and to that of Orestes whom Furies pursued forever because he had murdered his mother. But it was not of any Jocasta or of any Clytemnestra he was thinking, rather it was of his own mother, of that imperious, so beautiful Agrippina whom he had feared and had loved with a greater passion than anyone ought to arouse in an emperor, and whom he had murdered. Nothing could put Agrippina out of his thoughts. It availed no whit that he was lord of all known lands, and the owner of the one house in the world fit for so fine a poet to live in, a house entirely overlaid with gold and adorned everywhere with jewels and with mother of pearl, a house that quite dwarfed the tawdry little Oriental hovel which Solomon had builded as a bribe to Heaven, because this was a house so rich and ample that it had three-storied porticos a mile in length, and displayed upon its front portico not any such trumpery as an Ark of the Covenant but a colossal statue of that Nero Claudius Cæsar who was the supreme poet the world had ever known. Yet nothing could put Agrippina out of Nero's thoughts. From the satiating of no lust, howsoever delicate or brutal, and from the committing of no enormity, and from the loveliness of none of his poems, could he get happiness and real peace of mind. He hungered only for Agrippina, he wanted back her detested scoldings and intermeddlings, he reviled the will of Heaven which had thwarted the desires of a fine poet by making this so beautiful, proud woman his mother, and he practised those magical rites which would summon Agrippina from the dead.

But when she returned to him, incredibly beautiful, and pale and proud, then the divine Augusta drew him implacably downward among the dead, and so into the corridors of a hollow mountain. This place was thronged with all high-hearted worshippers of the frightening, discrowned, imperious, so beautiful woman who had drawn him thither resistlessly, and in this Hörselberg he lived in continued splendor and in a more dear lewdness, and he still made songs, only now it was as Tannhäuser that the damned acclaimed him as supreme among poets. But Heaven would not let him rest even among these folk who had put away all thought of Heaven. Heaven troubled Tannhäuser with doubts, with premonitions, even with repentance, Heaven with such instruments lured this fine poet from the scented Hörselberg into a bleak snow-wrapped world: and presently he shivered too under the cold wrath of Pope Urban, bells rang, a great book was cast down upon the pavement of white and blue slabs, and the candles were being snuffed out, as the now formally excommunicated poet fled westerly from Rome pursued by the ever-present malignity of Heaven.

But from afar he saw the sapless dry rod break miraculously into blossom, and he saw the messengers of a frightened Bishop of Rome (with whom also Heaven was having its malicious sport) riding every whither in search of him, bearing Heaven's pardon to the sinner whom they could not find. For the poet sat snug in a thieves' kitchen, regaling himself with its sour but very potent wines and with its frank, light-fingered girls. Yet a gibbet stood uncomfortably near to the place: upon bright days the shadow of this gallows fell across the threshold of the room in which they rather squalidly made merry. Death seemed to wait always within arm's reach, pilfering all, with fingers more

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light and nimble than those which a girl runs furtively through the pockets of the put-by clothing of her client in amour. Death nipped the throats of ragged poor fellows high in the air yonder, and death very lightly drew out of the sun's light and made at one with Charlemagne all the proud kings of Aragon and Cyprus and Bohemia, and death casually tossed aside the tender sweet flesh which had been as white as the snows of last winter, and was as little regarded now, of such famous tits as Héloïse and Thaïs and Queen Bertha Broadfoot. Time was a wind which carried all away. Time was preparing by and by (still at the instigation of ruthless Heaven) to make an end even to François Villon, who was still so fine a poet, for all that time had made of him a wine-soaked, rickety, hairless, lice-ridden and diseased sneakthief whose food was paid for by the professional earnings of a stale and flatulent harlot. For time ruined all: time was man's eternal strong ravager, time was the flail with which Heaven pursued all men whom Heaven had not yet destroyed, ruthlessly.

But time might yet be confounded: and it was about that task he set. For Mephistophilus had allotted him twenty-four years of wholly untrammeled living, and into that period might be heaped the spoilage of centuries. He took unto himself eagle's wings and strove to fathom all the causes of the misery which was upon earth and of the enviousness of Heaven. That which time had destroyed, Johan Faustus brought back into being: he was a poet who worked in necromancy, his puppets were the most admirable and lovely of the dead. Presently he was restoring through art magic even those lost nineteen books in which were the secrets of all beauty and all knowledge and all contentment, the secrets for which Prometheus had paid. But the professors at the university would have nothing to do with these nineteen books. It was feared that into these books restored by the devil's aid, the devil might slily have inserted something pernicious: and besides, the professors said, there were already enough books from which the students could learn Greek and Hebrew and Latin. So they let perish again all those secrets of beauty and knowledge and contentment which the world had long lost. Now Johan Faustus laughed at the ineradicable folly with which Heaven had smitten all men, a folly against which the clear-sighted poet fought in vain. But Johan Faustus at least was wise, and there had never been any other beauty like this which now stood before him within arm's reach (as surely as did death), now that with a yet stronger conjuration he had wrested from all-devouring time even the beauty of Argive Helen.

But when he would have touched the Swan's daughter, the delight of gods and men, she vanished, precisely as a touched bubble is shattered into innumerable sparkling bits, and over three thousand of them he pursued and captured in all quarters of the earth, for, as he said of himself, Don Juan Tenorio had the heart of a poet, which is big enough to be in love with the whole world, and like Alexander he could but wish for other spheres to which he might extend his conquests, and each one of these sparkling bits of womanhood glittered with something of that lost Helen's loveliness, yet, howsoever various and resistless were their charms, and howsoever gaily he pursued them, singing ever-new songs, and swaggeringly gallant, in his fair, curly wig and his gold-laced coat adorned with flame-colored ribbons, yet he, the eternal pursuer, was in turn pursued by the malevolence of Heaven, in, as it seemed, the shape of an avenging horseman who drew ever nearer unhurriedly, until at last the clash of rapiers and the pleasant strumming of mandolins were not any longer to be heard in that golden and oleander-scented twilight, — because of those ponderous, unhurried hoof beats, which had made every other noise inaudible, — and until at last he perceived that both the rider and the steed were of moving stone, of an unforgotten stone which was gray and lichen-crusted.

But when fearlessly he encountered the over-towering statue, and had grasped the horse about its round cold neck, he saw that the stone rider was lifeless, and was but the dumb and staring effigy of a big man in armour which was inset with tinsel and with bits of colored glass. It was the bungled copy and the parody of a magnanimous,

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great-hearted dream that he was grasping, and yet it was a part of him, who had been a poet once, but was now a battered old pawnbroker, for in some way, as he incommunicably knew, this parodied and not ever comprehended Redeemer and he were blended, and they were, somehow, laboring in unison to serve a shared purpose. He derided and he came too near to a mystery which he distrusted, and which yet (without his preference having been consulted in the affair) remained a part of him, as it was a part of all poets, even of a cashiered poet, and a part very vitally necessary to the existence of a Jurgen. A Jurgen had best not meddle with such matters one half-second sooner than that dimly foreseen, inevitable need arose for a Jurgen also to be utilized in the service of this mystery, without having his preference in the affair consulted. The aging pawnbroker was a little afraid. He climbed gingerly down from the tall pedestal of Manuel the Redeemer, he descended from that ambiguous tomb upon which he was trampling, he stepped rather hastily backward from that carved fragment of the crag of Prometheus. He stepped backward, treading beyond the confines of the golden mirror which was worshipped at Caer Omn; and he was thus released from its magic.

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MR. X

By E. E. Cummings

MR. X was one of those inscrutable people who do not exist.

But the reason Mr. X did not exist was as far from inscrutable as far can be. Had Mr. X (like certain martyrs of whom you and I have read) vigorously refused to exist, there might have been an element of inscrutability involved in his not existing (and then again, there might not). If, on the other hand, Mr. X, like Our Very Best People, had tacitly agreed to not exist, inscrutability would have jumped into a parenthesis and risen to the ^{n}th power of itself before anyone could murmur Q. E. D. Unfortunately, Mr. X was neither best nor a martyr. He was merely inscrutable. But to make matters worse, this inscrutable man did not exist for the very far from inscrutable, the in fact merely obvious, reason that he was always much too busy not existing to exist even a little. He was merely a man, in the first place. In the second place, he was merely the kind of man of whom the world will remember that one warm, still day in February a cold March wind was blowing as Mr. X did not walk down the street.

Having introduced my reader to Mr. X, I am now in a position to turn the tables by introducing Mr. X to my reader; which means nothing more nor less than introducing Mrs. X — and that suggests the good old proverb "it never rains but it pours", because Mrs. X was the sort of woman who needs no sort of introduction.

The Xs lived happily ever after in more than one and less than two rooms, accurately situated on the nonexistent or thirteenth floor of a model Workers' Home just outside Mekano City (if you know where that is). But they did not live alone or with each other or even by themselves. Quite the contrary. They lived with Flora and Fauna, their three children; Flora being twins.

And the Workers' Home being a model Workers' Home, the view from the Xs' front window was always different. Sometimes it consisted of Mr. X's underwear and it sometimes consisted of Mrs. X's underwear and it consisted sometimes of the children's underwear (and sometimes of Mr. and Mrs. X's and the children's and sometimes of Mr. and Mrs. X's and sometimes of Mr. X's and the children's and sometimes of the children's and Mrs. X's) but never, never, for any reason, under any circumstances, did it consist of nobody's. When Mr. X arose, of a twilight, he opened his eyes on underwear and when Mr. X retired, of a twilight, he shut his eyes on underwear. As Miss Gertrude Stein would say, there was somehow no escape from underwear. He had tried everything, but without success. So had Mrs. X. Being a woman, she had done more than try everything without success. She had put a flowering geranium on the windowsill; which made the underwear look a little more like underwear than it had previously looked like underwear.

Every morning, dark and early, when the last robberies were occurring among the First Families, Mr. X cursed the day he was born, swallowed a package of Lifesavers, bit Mrs. X, kicked Fauna, knocked down the twins and (breathing deeply) walked five miles to town to have his breath examined by the First Assistant Superintendent of Breaths in the great Wheel Mines at Mekano.

Like the Workers' Home, the Wheel Mines were model. And now I suppose you will ask me what model Wheel Mines are like. Well, they are like nothing. In the first place, they are model. That means, not underwear, as in the case of Mr. X's habitat, but shafts and efficiency and steam and elevators and silence and electricity and machines and discipline and (last but not least) people. In the second place, all the wheels of all the machines of model Wheel Mines mine nothing but wheels. That means bigger steam, and busier electricity, and

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better discipline and efficiency, and hundreds of silences, and thousands of elevators, and hundreds of thousands of shafts, and thousands of thousands of machines all mining wheels, and millions of billions of people all mining wheels, and (last but not least) trillions of quadrillions of septillions of nonillions of absolutely nothing but wheels.

If you can imagine wheels, and if you can imagine but, and if you can imagine nothing, then you certainly ought to be able to stand on your head and imagine nothing but wheels; and if you can do that, you can get some idea of what model Wheel Mines are like. In my opinion, they are like a novel by Mr. Dos Passos, only different.

The Mekano branch of the great Wheel Mines, in common with one billion, two hundred and thirty-four million, five hundred and sixty-seven thousand, eight hundred and ninety (and Heaven knows how many other) branches, was owned and operated by Drof, the greatest industrial genius of the twentieth century; and indirectly, of course, the richest man on earth. Drof, as you might expect, had started in a small town as a poor baby in a poor baby-carriage with a poor mother and a poor father. The poor father had died, leaving the poor baby in the poor baby-carriage with the poor mother, who was forced to sell the poor baby-carriage. It was nothing more nor less than this terrible catastrophe that inspired poor baby Drof with the extraordinary notion which I am on the verge of attempting to expound.

Deprived of its poor baby-carriage, this poor baby realised, in its tiny way, that what makes the world go round is wheels. Consequently, no sooner could it walk than (with characteristic Yankee ingenuity) it apprenticed itself to an old wheelwright, who taught it the secret of wheels from Z to A and vice versa or, in other words, backwards and forwards. Having thus learned whatever there is to learn about wheels, the boy Drof opened a tiny model Wheel Mine of his own and was soon mining all the wheels that were used in the neighborhood. A little later, at the tender age of eleven, Master Drof had paid off all his poor father's debts, had established his poor mother in a model Renaissance mansion, with running water, a pianola and everything, and was negotiating with a prominent junk man the purchase of the original and only poor Drof baby-carriage, for which the junk man (who was a Hebrew) wanted ten dollars.

At twenty-two, Drof had extended his business to include all the wheels used in the U. S. A.; which enabled him to sell the Renaissance mansion and buy a model Moorish palace with real fountains, in the strictly geometrical center whereof he caused to be erected a supremely magnificent tomb of imported Parian marble for his model mother, who immediately died. Meanwhile things were looking up. At thirty-three, this invincible and model man was mining all the wheels used all over the world with the sole exception of Greenland, and had purchased (in such parts of Europe, Asia and Africa as were known to be unthinkably rich in vitamines) three hundred thousand two-hundred-acre farms for the amusement of his rapidly disintegrating employees; most of whom enjoyed that particularly insidious form of epilepsy which, being characterised by violent delusions of grandeur coupled with an insatiable spinning of the vasculomotor centers, is affectionately known as "Drof's disease".

Of course, what made Drof a really great man was, not that he mined wheels from Zanzibar to Arizona, nor yet that he learned wheels from A to Z. Between you and me and the fencepost, it was the fact that he loved wheels. For since he loved wheels, Drof also loved the things that mined wheels; he loved machines. And since he loved machines, Drof also loved the things that run machines — that is to say (or as Dr. Frank Crane would remark) he loved people.

And now I am going to tell you something that will really astonish you. I am going to tell you that this contemporary Colossus of Rhodes, this nowadays Napoleon of industry, this tireless and momentous and many-sided personality, was at heart just a plain, honest, simple, normal, straightforward, natural, unaffected person with only one hobby: the collecting of *idées fixes*. This sounds incredible and I don't want you to believe it if you don't want to; because all I

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want you to believe is, that at the time our story opens the Drof model collection of imported and domestic *idées fixes* (comprising scientifically tabulated specimens of practically every known and unknown variety of *idée fixe* extant or obsolete) was already without a parallel in the whole course of human history. Needless to add, Drof's incomparable and model collection functioned solely for the benefit of Drof's innumerable and loving employes; all of whom familiarly called him "Papa Drof" and, in return, were forbidden to drink, flirt, play cards for money or on Sunday, marry foolishly, read light fiction, sing, lie, expectorate, or swear. Which brings us back to the inscrutable Mr. X.

Arriving, after his five mile stroll, at the grand portcullis of the Mekano branch of the Drof Wheel Mines, Mr. X surrendered himself unconditionally to the Second Assistant Superintendent of Breaths, who tested Mr. X's breath for traces of alcohol by the latest and most approved scientific methods, sparing neither the mah jong nor the litmus paper. Having failed to find any alcohol, the Second Assistant Superintendent of Breaths stamped OK in red ink (with the date) on Mr. X's left knee-cap and called for silence — whereupon the somewhat exhausted Mr. X was immediately handcuffed to a murderer, marched down a corridor by several policemen and locked in a pitchdark room with his vis-à-vis and the admonition to be "more careful next time". Ten minutes passed. A trapdoor in the ceiling then opened to admit the Third Superintendent of Minds; who, leaping to the floor, and paying no attention whatever to the murderer, thoroughly vacuum-cleaned Mr. X in the hope of finding telegrams from Moscow. But as no telegrams were forthcoming, the Third Assistant Superintendent of Minds OK'd Mr. X's right elbow in green ink (with the date) and called for silence — whereupon guards rushed in, unlocked the handcuffs, beat the murderer into insensibility and escorted Mr. X upsidedown as far as a vast chapel, presided over by the Fourth Assistant Superintendent of Souls. Here Mr. X was righted and immediately placed among such of his innumerable fellow-workers as had been lucky enough to get their OKs. The entire group then sang Catholic, Protestant, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Anabaptist, Mormon, Quaker, Lutheran, Holy Roller, Christian Scientist, Dutch Reform and Unitarian (but no Hebrew) hymns without interruption for twenty minutes, to the accompaniment of an electrically-controlled calliope (the Largest in the World); after which all were forcibly seated by a squad of plain-clothesmen. The radio was then turned on with great ceremony and silence reigned for an hour, while everybody enjoyed a Daily Good Will Lecture entitled "We Are All Just One Big Family" by Papa Drof, broadcasting in robin's-egg-blue pyjamas from his suite at the Hotel Ritz-Carlton, New York City.

But precisely as the mammoth automatic earth-inducted clock over the altar indicated 4:55 A.M., Papa Drof's voice ceased. Mr. X, along with his comrades, silently stood up, silently about-faced and silently marched to the door of the chapel; where he silently received in his open left hand a lollypop and on the strictly geometrical center of his silent forehead the OK of the Fourth Assistant Superintendent of Souls, in ultraviolet ink (with the date). These formalities accomplished, Mr. X silently entered elevator number ZA-AZ and (meditatively sucking his lollypop) dropped seventy stories in twelve seconds. He then silently quitted the elevator, silently checked his silent lollypop at the silent Lollypop Desk, silently stepped on an escalator, silently floated to machine number 0987654321, silently stepped off the escalator and silently began to silently mine silent wheels.

With which split infinitive, we will leave him.

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THE EARLY WORK OF NORMAN DOUGLAS

By Edward D. McDonald

THE literary career of Norman Douglas is a most curious one. Since 1917 this writer has become widely known as the author of "South Wind". But in spite of the unremitting popularity of this brilliant and diverting novel Mr. Douglas, after ten years, is still very largely a one-book man. Relatively few have read his "Old Calabria" or "Alone". Even fewer are acquainted with "Fountains in the Sand" or "Siren Land", which is surely one of the most remarkable "first books" in modern English literature. It was published in 1911, at which time Norman Douglas was forty-three years old. He was, therefore, forty-nine when he brought out "South Wind" — by no means the work of a sophisticated young man, which so many readers of this novel, with naïve but excusable ignorance, persist in believing it to be.

The quality of "Siren Land" was recognized by Joseph Conrad and Edward Garnett, both of whom were instrumental in finding a publisher for the book — but only after a long search, in which, as Mr. Douglas has recently said, the manuscript "was hawked about for more than a year without success". Actually, this is putting the matter very moderately; for it is evident from certain of Conrad's letters to Mr. Douglas that "Siren Land", at least in a first form, was in manuscript and in Conrad's hands as early as 1905, exactly six years before its publication. A few months after "Siren Land" had at long last become a book Conrad wrote to Mr. Douglas concerning it, this time to say that Cunninghame Graham, full of admiration for the book, had exacted from him a promise to read it; Conrad added: "I said I would, at once, for the (about) fourteenth time".

The first edition of "Siren Land", which more than sufficed the English-reading public for twelve years, was not large: fifteen hundred copies. Of this number certainly fewer than six hundred were sold in England and the United States. The publishers' records show that close to nine hundred sets of sheets were pulped, and that the author's total royalties out of this edition amounted to less than sixty dollars. "Siren Land" was published at six shillings. Today dealers in rare books quite casually ask fifty dollars for a copy of the first edition. These little ironies of authorship! In any case, such was the material success of Norman Douglas' first book.

"Siren Land" had, however, a distinct *succès d'estime*. That is to say, the reviewers were immensely pleased with it. Uniformly these gentlemen approved the book, finding it novel and fresh, yet withal, solid. They spoke of its terse, vigorous, but pure style — altogether quite within the best traditions of English prose. They caught the rare flavor of its incidental comment, so familiar to every reader of Norman Douglas. They praised the learning disclosed in the book because this learning, though surprisingly diverse, was at once exact and humane. In "Siren Land" the critics recognized — as indeed they should have done — the wit, the irony, and the urbanity of a realistic and disciplined mind. To many of the reviewers the name Norman Douglas meant next to nothing — at most, a few articles in The English Review. They wondered what in the way of a writing career lay behind his brilliant first book. All of which makes an interesting story, a story that has never been told with satisfactory completeness even to this day.

Norman Douglas' first appearance in print occurred in February, 1886. He was then eighteen. D. H. Lawrence, in whose "discovery" Mr. Douglas was later to have a part, was at that time less than a year old. Aldous Huxley, whose literary labors are sometimes inexplicably linked with those of the author of "South Wind", was born in 1894, in which year Norman Douglas, at the

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age of twenty-six, was serving Queen Victoria as Third Secretary at Her Majesty's embassy at St. Petersburg.

As has been said, Norman Douglas first appeared in print in February, 1886. In that month and year The Zoölogist, A Monthly Journal of Natural Science, printed a note on the "Variation of Plumage in the Corvidae". The writer reported that he had lately observed two carrion crows with unusual coloring: the first bird having had "a white tip to each wing", while in the case of the second "only one wing was tipped with white". The note concluded with a general statement regarding the coloring of crows to this effect: "So far as I can ascertain, albinous or particoloured specimens of this bird are of less frequent occurrence than those of the jackdaw or rook". This short contribution was by one G. N. Douglass, the manner (together with G. Norman Douglass) in which Norman Douglas for ten years was accustomed to sign his work. About 1895 the initial G and the final s, by a process of simplification, went into the discard. Such was the first contribution of the author of "South Wind" to literature.

"Variation of Plumage in the Corvidae" was followed, late in 1886, by two more Douglas contributions to The Zoölogist. In November came a note on the "Variation of Colour in the European Squirrels", and in December appeared a somewhat extended discussion of the "Present Distribution of the Beaver in Europe", the latter being, doubtless, one of the results of that absorbing and persistent interest in beavers which is so amusingly recorded in "Alone", in the chapter devoted to Soriano, where, also, is to be found an account of Mr. Douglas' youthful enthusiasm for natural science in every form — an enthusiasm which he is, apparently, periodically tempted to recapture. In "Alone", for example, contemplating the World War and its horrors, he feels "disposed to forget mankind and take rambles as of yore; minded to shoulder a gun and climb trees and collect birds, and begin, of course, a new series of *field notes*. Those old jottings were conscientiously done and registered sundry things of import to the naturalist; were they accessible, I should be tempted to extract therefrom a volume of solid zoölogical memories in preference to these travel-pages that register nothing but the cross-currents of a mind which tries to see things as they are".

For two and a half years, that is between December, 1886, and July, 1889, Mr. Douglas published nothing, even though his interest in zoölogical matters did not slacken, as we learn from certain specific references to these years in his later writings. In July, 1889, there appeared in *Der Zoölogische Garten*, as by G. H. Douglass, an article in German entitled "Der Moorfrosch, Rana arvalis, bei Karlsruhe". This contribution was in reality by G. N. Douglass, the second initial being a misprint. Again a period of silence. However, in January, 1891, was published the first section of Mr. Douglas' most ambitious zoölogical treatise. It was entitled "On the Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden", and ran through nine issues of The Zoölogist, appearing at various times between January, 1891, and June, 1892. Printed later as a separate pamphlet, in which shape it is now rarely seen, this study occupied sixty-four closely printed pages. "Herpetology" was followed on December 12, 1892, by the publication in the *Zoölogischer Anzeiger* of Mr. Douglas' second monograph in German under the title "Zur Fauna Santorins". Finally, after an interim of more than three years, came the last of Mr. Douglas' strictly zoölogical writings. In February, 1895, he published, again in The Zoölogist, a translation out of the Norwegian called "The Beaver in Norway". And in November and December of the same year Mr. Douglas contributed to Natural Science the most intrinsically interesting of his scientific monographs under the general heading "On the Darwinian Hypothesis of Sexual Selection".

With a single exception, the above completes the story of Norman Douglas' first ten years of writing for publication. But for reasons other than those of mere completeness mention must be made of a curious tract in the form of a Government document known as a "Report on the Pumice Stone Industry of the Lipari Islands", and which was "presented to both Houses of Parliament

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by Command of Her Majesty, August, 1895". This detailed exposé of a British owned and operated foreign industry was the work of Norman Douglas, his name appearing in it only in the letter of transmittal which called the report, with its catalogue of facts and abuses, to the attention of the Marquis of Salisbury.

How Norman Douglas got into this gallery is not precisely known, but the following account can in part be substantiated. Relieved for a time from his diplomatic duties in Russia, he chances, as has ever been his custom, just chances to be sojourning in the Lipari Islands, a volcanic group north of Sicily, and, as it happens, the seat of a British pumice-stone industry. Now, all is grist that comes to Norman Douglas' mill — even pumice-stone. Obviously, one must know about that — at least Mr. Douglas must. Before long he knows more than he should. A report of this surreptitiously acquired knowledge is soon on its way to London. Shortly Parliament has the Lipari pumice-stone industry by the ear. And, as Mr. Douglas has recently said, although the trade in London was greatly annoyed by his revelations, the report resulted in fairer prices, better working conditions, improved transportation facilities, and so on. But enough. Whatever interest this Lipari episode may have for the socially minded, it is given here merely to show one reach of a curious mind.

Between 1896 and 1900 Mr. Douglas was unproductive. In 1901 came his first attempts at creative writing. However, before passing on to these early ventures into fiction something should perhaps be said about the motives that led to the publication of the zoölogical monographs mentioned above. Examining these studies in an effort to get at their origins, one notices in their author a certain diffidence — a becoming modesty in so youthful a contributor to science. At the outset of "Zur Fauna Santorins" Mr. Douglas said that this island, so peculiar in its physical characteristics, belonged in zoölogical matters to even the most humble investigator. "Avifauna of Baden" was undertaken, we are told, in the hope that other citizens of the Grand Duchy might thereby be induced to study more fully its bird-life. "Herpetology" was written for a similar purpose: to stimulate an interest in the reptilian life of the same state. In the last of his zoölogical monographs, "On the Darwinian Hypothesis of Sexual Selection", Mr. Douglas tackled what he called "this much-vexed question" with an assurance that was lacking in the earlier treatises. He was evidently beginning to find his way about in scientific speculation. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, these youthful writings bespeak the enthusiastic neophyte rather than the regularly ordained priest of science.

As a critic Norman Douglas has indulged himself in the luxury of one strong prejudice: he has for long preferred the writings of Ouida to those of Henry James. In so recent a book as "Alone" he pays Ouida the most generous of his numerous compliments. In the course of this lengthy encomium Mr. Douglas takes occasion to refer to his earliest public tribute to the late Louise de la Ramée. His confession is in part as follows: "I dedicated to her a book of short stories; they were published, thank God, under a pseudonym, and eight copies were sold". Which brings us at once to the first book in which Norman Douglas had his hand — a very strange book bearing very properly, one is forced to admit, the title "Unprofessional Tales", published at Mr. Douglas' expense in London, 1901, under the pseudonym Normyx. This volume of short stories and shorter sketches, with a poem or two, contains Mr. Douglas' first published attempts at fiction, together with what appears to be his first, and last, attempt at poetry.

"Unprofessional Tales" is, indeed, a very queer book. On account of its present scarcity very few will ever know how queer it really is. Unfortunately, too, it turned out yesterday, as it were, to be not solely the work of Norman Douglas, but a collaboration. Concerning the contents of this book, Mr. Douglas has recently made the following comment: "Only one of the stories, and the little Anacreontic, are entirely by myself". Despite this disclaimer one is not in the least tempted to dismiss "Unprofessional Tales" as unimportant in a competent study of

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Norman Douglas' progress as a writer. Quite the reverse.

The "unprofessional tales" which make up the volume by that name are, without exception, badly constructed and poorly executed in detail. They are obviously immature and derivative apprentice work. It may be said that Mr. Douglas from the first knew all this — hence the apologetic title and the pseudonymity. That may very well have been the case. Nevertheless, when these stories were published in 1901 he must somehow have believed himself incapable of markedly improving his own or those of his collaborator. But not so always. Years later, whenever Mr. Douglas thought of revamping any of these same early tales for this or that magazine, he set about the work of revision with admirable results. One example must suffice.

Probably the most structurally inept story in "Unprofessional Tales" is one called "A Mystery". This very story, beautifully remade, appeared (under the title "Queer!") in Vanity Fair so recently as January, 1925, at which time Norman Douglas, along with Mr. George Moore, was spoken of as one of the few great English stylists now writing — which, when the mood is on him, is precisely what he is. Since at one time or another Mr. Douglas has revised and republished all of the stories in which he first had a hand, other examples like the above could be given. But enough has been said: "Unprofessional Tales" marks the first stage in Norman Douglas' progress from mediocrity to eminence as a creative writer.

Between the appearance of "Unprofessional Tales", September, 1901, and January, 1904, Mr. Douglas published nothing. In February of the latter year appeared a privately-printed treatise called "The Blue Grotto and Its Literature". This was followed almost immediately by a kindred study entitled "The Forestal Conditions of Capri". These two monographs, each limited to a hundred copies and now excessively scarce, were the first of a series of archaeological treatises to which Mr. Douglas later gave the general name "Materials for a Description of Capri". Published in eight parts, there are in all ten separate studies. Taken together, they make up a large volume of three hundred and thirty-eight pages. Besides the titles already mentioned, the monographs, in the order of their publications, are as follows: "Fabio Giordano's Relation of Capri", "The Lost Literature of Capri", "Tiberius", "Saracens and Corsairs in Capri", "The Life of the Venerable Suor Serafina di Dio", "Some Antiquarian Notes", "Disiecta Membra", and "Index". All of these monographs were written before 1907, but the last two were not printed until 1915.

Norman Douglas' preoccupation with Capri is, of course, known to every informed reader of "South Wind". If, however, one wishes to get some direct sense of his "fateful industry" in investigating every minute and obscure phase of that island's history, then one must turn to the "Materials for a Description of Capri". Nor do these "gentlemanly but unprofitable studies", as their author has called them, tell the whole story. They were only the beginning. Mr. Douglas' researches on Capri terminated in 1906, but before then he had already gathered material for many other dissertations. The curious will find reference to all this in "Disiecta Membra", where Mr. Douglas asserts that at one point in his career he saw no reason why he "should not browse a lifetime among such literature as might be expected to deal with the island, producing every now and then some fresh monograph illustrative of its historical or other curiosities". Fate decreed otherwise, and finally in 1907 when he was thirty-nine years old his career as amateur scholar and writer came to an end. For twenty-one years Norman Douglas had played this congenial rôle, publishing during that time, according to his whims and with no thought of financial remuneration, the scientific and other writings already referred to. What may be called his professional literary career lay ahead.

Since "Siren Land" was published early in 1911, only the first three years (1908 to 1910 inclusive) of this new career fall within the limits of this paper. Curiously enough, Norman Douglas' debut as a professional writer was made in the Atlantic Monthly, November, 1908, with an article entitled "Another Source for Paradise Lost". In

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December Munsey's Cavalier published a story called "An Unnatural Feud", which Mr. Douglas hashed up for American consumption from the ill-fated "Unprofessional Tales". So much for 1908. The two years which remain to this chronicle saw Douglas contributions in two famous English periodicals — The Cornhill Magazine and The English Review, a journal which Mr. Douglas was later to serve variously, but more especially as a brilliant but anonymous reviewer. To these magazines was contributed, before 1911, a portion of the material which was soon to find its way into "Siren Land", or later "Old Calabria", where it was, as has been said, to fill a small but discriminating group of readers with pleasure and with wonder.

Thus, after more than twenty years spent in the composition of gentlemanly, scholarly treatises and in one abortive attempt at creative writing, Norman Douglas' career as a professional writer got brilliantly under way.

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A BOOKMAN'S NOTES

OUR BOW

EVER since John Farrar explained the gear shift, instructed us in the use of the gadgets, and handed over the wheel of this machine to us, we have been asked with disconcerting frequency, "Just what are your policies going to be on THE BOOKMAN?"

If people would only leave out that word, *just*, we would not be so profoundly stumped for an answer. It is somewhat like asking a bride as she leaves the altar, "Just how many children do you plan to have, when, and of what sex?"

Irrelevantly there has always popped into our mind some such unspoken answer as: "A kindly Providence will take care of that", or "Our policy on THE BOOKMAN will be to forbid the use of the word, *bivalve*, whether succulent or otherwise, and the words *mot juste*, *manqué*, *sans doute*, *par exemple*, or *distinctive* anywhere in the magazine"; or "Our policy will be to have no essays entitled, 'On the Decline of Conversation', 'Travels in Many Lands', 'Among My Books', 'Hours in My Library', 'The Art of Charlie Chaplin', or 'The Morals of the Younger Generation', and no essays on Hawthorne, Whitman, Poe, Hamlet, Dickens, Jane Austen, Henry James or Henry Ford, unless the essays are absolute knock-outs"; or "Our policy will be never to run a 'Christmas Story' unless it is of the kind that might just as well run in the June issue"; or "Our policy will be to get out a magazine that will entice subscribers and draw advertising"; or "Our policy will be to avoid a policy".

But, come to think of it, all of these, especially the last, aren't such bad policies after all.

We hope, above all, to produce an interesting magazine, and if we do that we shall achieve the loftier purpose of furthering the cause of good literature in America.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGG PEDDLER

I SUPPOSE there is no one to refute the claim that may be made for John Dewey that he is the most considerable figure in philosophy that America has produced since William James. Not many people, perhaps, know that he also raises chickens and sells eggs on a rather large scale. It is even told of him that he once had visions of becoming a big butter and egg man, and called in his daughter, Evelyn, who is a famous advertising copy-writer for the J. Walter Thompson agency, to look over a fine scheme he had worked out to put over Dewey eggs in a big way. Miss Dewey, it seems, examined the advertising matter her father had written and gently suggested that it sounded like a chapter out of "Human Nature and Conduct" and that Professor Dewey would do well to give up the idea of quantity production in eggs and sell poultry products only as a side line to philosophy.

Nevertheless he has given some scientific thought to the habits and conduct of hens; and he has been raising good chickens and selling absolutely, strictly guaranteed fresh eggs at a fair profit and has developed quite a number of regular customers. Orders are solicited and deliveries made.

Not long ago the man who takes the orders and delivers the eggs was ill and Professor Dewey took an order over the phone from a lady and delivered the eggs in person. He rang the front door-bell and a maid appeared and asked him what he wanted. He replied that he was Mr. Dewey and that he had brought the eggs the mistress of the house had ordered. The mistress upstairs heard his reply and called down to the maid:

"If that is the man with the eggs, tell him to go around to the back door."

Hearing this, Professor Dewey backed

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Raphael Sabatini has taken the French Revolution as the background for his novel, "The Nuptials of Corbal", issued in an attractive illustrated edition by Houghton, Mifflin Company

away from the reproving look of the maid and went around to the back door. The mistress of the house appeared, asked him if he was sure the eggs were fresh, and upon getting his word that they were, paid him; and Professor Dewey went away.

Shortly after that the lady heard that a tea was being given with Professor Dewey as the guest of honor, and, being anxious to meet the famous philosopher, she pulled wires to get an invitation.

When she arrived all aflutter she asked to have the guest of honor pointed out to her. Over in the corner Professor Dewey sat hunched in a chair. He was pointed out to the lady.

"My word!" she said, "A philosopher! Of all things! He looks just like the man who delivers the eggs."

* * *

CLOWNS AND ZANIES

MILT GROSS, creator of the gudgeous Feitelbaum femmily witt Louie dot dope, witt de dollink baby, witt peetchairs wot hit makes by us scrims from leffter, has created a new character, Moe Mitzic. This Mitzic speaks English with only a slight Jewish accent. He is a disenchanted and worldly-wise soul, cynical and skeptical, and quick on the simile. He speaks of an ungainly fellow's shoes "spread on the ground like Twenty Minutes After Eight"; of Unlucky Yussle's run of bad breaks, he says "up till last Thoisday his life sounded like an accident insurance company's report"; and he calls Yussle's grave "his first resting place". This Mitzic, I suspect, will become one of the most interesting fictional characters in our native literature.

Frank Sullivan, the serious little fat fellow, who has so much trouble with his secretary Martha Hepplethwaite, his teeth, his pups, his dogs, neighborhood phonographs, and his phobias, has been trying to crash the Lewisohn Stadium orchestra for three years. Two years ago he wanted to play the kettledrums or the cymbals. He found out that on one classical program the kettledrummer had to bang the drums only once, the rest of the time just sitting there looking pretty and drawing a salary. Sullivan tried every way he could to get the job, even to making remarks about the drummer's appearance. When he couldn't get that job, he tried to get the cymbalist's job. No luck there, and now he is out after the dingle player's job. The dingle player rises up, strikes a steel triangle with a nail or some blunt instrument whenever the conductor crooks his finger at him, which is not often. Sullivan has not only said he could do that just as well as the present dingle player, but also offered to work for half the salary. Wait until the Musicians' Union gets after Sullivan! My psychiatrist says that Frank's desire is nothing but exhibitionism, not so pure but simple; and Frank certainly isn't any Jack Barrymore for looks.

For years, editors, publishers and admirers have been vainly trying to get Samuel Hoffenstein to take an hour and sit down and make up a selection of his ironic and clever verse for a book. Considering the hundreds of writers of bad verse each year who think so well of their stuff as to bring out books at their own expense, Sam's modesty

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is exemplary. But it isn't modesty exactly; Sam knows his poetry is good; but he doesn't like the idea of reading over his verse and making a selection when he could use the time writing more verse. But now someone has done the job for him and Boni & Liveright are presently to bring out his "Songs About Practically Nothing".

. . . It is good to see that Louis Sherwin has decided to do some work for a change. And excellent work it is, too. For too long Sherwin has been wasting his wit on the ginny air of night clubs and parties. He was one of the best dramatic critics New York ever had. . . . Now if we could only persuade some other writers (name your candidates) to knock off work and take Louis' place at the parties! . . . That's the first time I have used an exclamation point in my copy since I heard an old-time printer fifteen years ago call it an "astonisher". I decided then and there that I didn't need any punctuation mark in my stuff to astonish people. What I needed was a punctuation mark called a "mollifier" or one that meant "Now don't get sore, I'm only kidding" . . . A punctuation mark called an "ironical" is sorely needed. Carl Van Vechten is reported by Thomas Beer to have said that irony must always be underscored in America. The late Frank Moore Colby once told me that he had an article returned to him from The New Republic with a letter indicating that the sub-editor who read the article completely missed the point and took seriously all that Colby had written in ironic jest.

* * *

KEITH PRESTON
(Sept. 29, 1884—July 7, 1927)

THE first and most poignant grief we have had since we took over the magazine was the death of Keith Preston. It came as a deep blow to me personally and as a loss to the magazine. We had suggested to Keith, when he and his wife were on here from Chicago in the spring for a visit, that he do a series of articles for us on the Greek and Latin classics, treating them in terms of modern life and interpreting their work in such a manner as to interest even those readers of the magazine who were not familiar with the Greek and Latin classics either in the original or in translation. We hoped by this method to stimulate an interest in humanistic studies even in people who had Latin and Greek ruined for them forever by exacting and unimaginative teachers in school and college.

Keith, I knew, was about the best man available for this job. As a substitute for Professor Beeson, he taught me Terence in college, when he was taking post-graduate work there, and I remember him as the sort of teacher who made Latin writers as lively and as entertaining as his own "Hit or Miss" column in the Chicago Daily News later came to be. His doctoral thesis, on the Sermo Amatorius, at the University of Chicago was on an amusing subject — the terms used for love and its manifestations in Latin comedy.

Keith took to our idea readily and with enthusiasm. In the last week of June we received his first article, the one on Martial which appears in this issue, together with a letter telling us that he hoped that it was "suitable", but that he had had a hard time getting it done on account of the suffering he had undergone with two ulcerated teeth and an infected ear. We wrote to him telling him that we liked the article immensely and that if the others in the series were as good we should be happy.

Next thing I heard was a telegram from Etta Preston, his wife, telling me that Keith had died during the night.

He was operated on for an infection that developed into pneumococcus meningitis and sank into a coma from which he never fully recovered consciousness.

Keith and I first became friends through a lively logomachy we waged against each other, he in his "Periscope" column in the Chicago Daily News book page and I in the Chicago Tribune. The war started from our disagreements in print over the merits of certain writers, then became personal, in which we scanned each other's copy for mistakes, and took potshots at each other. To the outside world it must have

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seemed as though we were bitter enemies; but we were just having fun.

We used to live about fifteen minutes apart by elevated train, the Prestons in Evanston and we in Rogers Park, Chicago; and once a week we got together, either at the Preston flat or ours, drank rye highballs (Keith always said he was against light wines and beers) and talked until one or two in the morning, mostly about Greek and Latin literature. Keith was a marvel at punning, a form of wit that ordinarily I detest; but Keith made up good ones, some of them excruciatingly funny, and most of them unpublishable. He delighted to write puns in Latin verse, or puns involving Latin words.

Etta, his wife, would tell us jokes on Keith and he would grin sheepishly but like it. Etta is the only wife I have ever known who could tell jokes at her husband's expense and not make him uncomfortable or sore.

The next to the last time I saw Keith, we called on Julius Tannen at that comedian's dressing-room at the Earl Carroll theater, and found Julius, as usual, in a depressed mood. That comedian has a Pagliacci complex, together with delusions of slipping. When he is funniest on the stage, he is most afraid that he has lost his grip and will have to go back into the furniture business. And when he tells you that, he tells you that he went broke selling furniture and that is the only thing he knows how to sell. But Keith cheered him up with some jokes and puns, (which I have no doubt Julius will use to his best advantage), and then Keith and I went to Ben Hecht's house where we chewed the rag until very late. Keith had had the pleasure of playing bridge with Lenz, the expert on bridge and contract, that afternoon, and Keith and Ben talked bridge, which I don't play.

Keith was born in Chicago and was graduated from the University of Chicago. He took a degree of Master of Arts at the University of Indiana, and a degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Chicago. He rose to an associate professorship in Latin at Northwestern University. He resigned from teaching when he took over the "Hit or Miss" column on the News. Before that time he had been one of the most brilliant contributors to the late Bert Leston Taylor's column on the Chicago Tribune, in which column Keith signed his verse and prose by the pseudonym, Pan. His verse has been collected into three volumes, "Types of Pan", "Splinters" and, quite recently "Top o' the Column".

Preston's death was the more tragic, it seems to me, because he was just beginning to show the full maturity of his gifts as a writer and would have vastly extended his fame and influence within a few years.

* * *

SUCH IS FAME!

"WHO'S Who in America" is properly a reference book and not something that one would read from cover to cover. Yet, for the curious minded, it affords hours of illuminating information and suggestions.

Why is it, for instance, that every time Mrs. Edith Wharton makes out the list of her works for "Who's Who" she forgets that she wrote "Ethan Frome", while the critics, when writing surveys of American fiction usually forget that she ever wrote anything else? Has the poor lady been referred to so often as "the author of 'Ethan Frome'" that she heartily wishes she had never heard of the book?

Such antipathies *have* been engendered in authors against their own work by the monotony of particular praise. If you would like to see Gelett Burgess grow pale and gasp for breath, just mention to him the "purple cow". Ellis Parker Butler has been known to faint on being reminded that he is the author of "Pigs Is Pigs". James Branch Cabell has been told so often, "I like your other books, of course, but the one I really enjoyed the most was 'The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck'", that he has come to regard that tale with an unreasonable sort of loathing.

But to get back to "Who's Who". In the edition for 1926–1927, the first biographical account has to do with Charles Dettie Aaron, M.D., a gastroenterologist residing in Detroit, Mich., and the last has to do with

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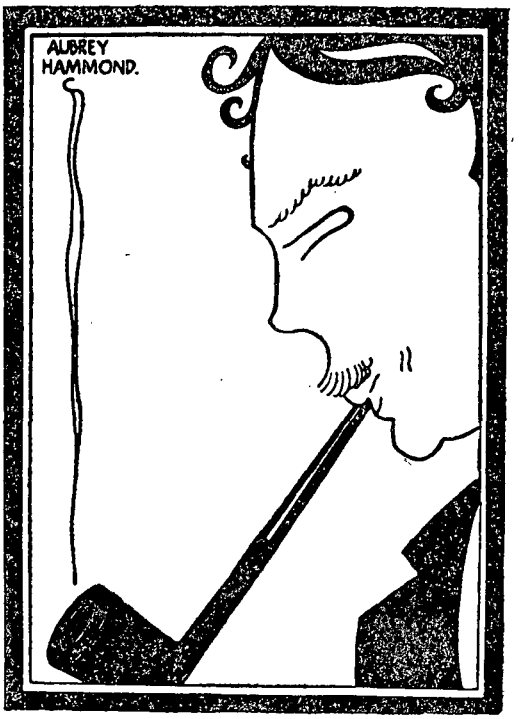
Galius Lawton Zwick, a lawyer in St. Joseph, Mo., who was circuit judge of the Sixth Judicial Court of Missouri in 1924. Dr. Aaron is a Republican, a Mason and a member of the Alpena County Country Club. Mr. Zwick is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon, a Phi Delta Phi, a Theta Nu Epsilon, a Baptist, and an Elk. His political affiliations are also Republican.

Opening the book at random the other evening, my eye fell upon the name of Henry Chung De Young. And there in a few lines was a story to stir the imagination. Mr. De Young was born Henry Chung Chung, son of Yong Poke and Si Lee Chung in Soon Chun, Pyeng Ahn Province of Korea. The Supreme Court of the United States granted him authority to change his surname from Chung to De Young in 1923. Meanwhile he had acquired the degrees, A.B., A.M., and Ph.D., from three American colleges. He was married to Lillie E. Lawson of Muskogee, Okla., on June 3, 1924. He was elected peace envoy to the Paris Conference by the Koreans residing in America, Hawaii, Mexico, China and Russia, but his departure was blocked, for a reason not stated in "Who's Who", by cable from Secretary Lansing to the State Department. It is gratifying to learn, however, that he was later permitted by the state department to attend a Press Congress in Honolulu.

Curious about the beginnings of Ed Wynn's career as one of the great comic geniuses of the stage, I was shocked by the revelation of Mr. Wynn's lack of humor when he was setting down his important accomplishments for "Who's Who". Mr. Wynn relates that he was "Master of ceremonies at numerous war and charitable benefits; sold over $3,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds and received letter and photograph from President Wilson, and played more benefits for war charities than any other actor. Received 'scroll of honor' signed by 2,020 actors and actresses for work in their behalf during actors' strike, 1919. Gave entire proceeds of performance towards construction of Cathedral of St. John the Divine, at which Bishop Manning accepted the relationship of the theater to the church."

Mrs. Wharton gives the year of her birth



Harold Nicholson, the biographer of Verlaine, Tennyson, and Byron, is to publish a book of sketches called "Some People" through the Houghton, Mifflin Co. next month

in "Who's Who" but not the month or the day. Miss Willa Cather, Miss Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Kathleen Norris, and Mrs. Sophie Kerr Underwood give the day, month, and year of their birth. Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart omits that information.

Bishop Manning records the year of his birth, but not the date or place.

Richard Atwater, the "Riq" of the "Pillar to Post" column in the "Chicago Evening Post" sets down that he is a member of the Royal Bengal Bicycle Society and of the Poetry Haters' Society of America.

The not entirely surprising information, considering that he has almost a monopoly on the American flag, is recorded that George M. Cohan was born on July 4.

If one is in doubt, as I always am, as to whether it is Ernest Seton Thompson or Ernest Thompson Seton, one can turn to "Who's Who" and find that it is the former. Mr. Thompson changed his surname to Seton and now it is Ernest Thompson Seton.

I am glad to see that Will Rogers has

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finally been tapped for "Who's Who" for he was getting very peeved about being left out. It did seem rather silly for a lot of horse doctors, compilers of seed catalogues, postmasters, minor bank presidents, hamlet clergymen, and contributors of occasional verse as space-fillers to the Boston Transcript to be included and the cowboy-philosopher left out; but one would hardly think that Rogers would take the slight so much to heart. With that pettishness that sometimes humanizes the great, however, Rogers thought of his grudge against "Who's Who" right in the midst of recording the time that the Prince of Wales invited him to come to York house for a private chat; and, with somewhat pardonable pride, contrasted the fact that the heir apparent to the British throne thought highly of him personally while the arbiters of fame on "Who's Who" did not recognize his existence. Now that Rogers is in "Who's Who" we learn that he was born in Oolagah, Indian Territory, in 1854 and that he is a Methodist, a Shriner and an Elk.

Few Americans are facetious in their accounts of themselves in "Who's Who". Some of the more obscure of them, indeed, solemnly list an incredible number of things of which they are proud, such as winning a high school debating contest, serving on unimportant committees, presiding at banquets and receiving letters of congratulation from presidents-elect on the good work of rounding up votes.

The Britishers, some of them, take themselves less seriously. The Sitwells are quite amusing. Osbert records that he is "deeply interested in any manifestation of sport", while Edith writes that in early youth she "took an intense dislike to simplicity, morris-dancing, a sense of humour and every kind of sport excepting reviewer-baiting, and has continued these distastes ever since".

Sacheverell records that "in early life" he "avoided games and sought work, now tends more and more to avoid work and seek recreation". He also records: "*Educ:* Eton Coll.; Balliol College, Oxford; mainly self-educated; has travelled extensively in search of civilization; visited Fiume to see D'Annunzio; has intense interest in the Arts; Hon. Secretary of the Magnasco Society".

Osbert further records, "*War Service:* fought in Flanders and farmed with father" and that he founded the Rememba Bomba League. Under "Recreations", Osbert puts "regretting the Bourbons, Repartee, and Tu quoque", whereas Edith sets down, "catching that rara avis the London motor-omnibus, listening-in, and Mr. J. C. Squire". The father of the Sitwells, Sir George, also gives an amusing account of himself, relating that, among other things, he "captured a spirit at the headquarters of the Spiritualists, London, 1880".

Bernard Shaw records: "*Exercise:* motor driving and cycling, swimming, and public speaking. *Diet:* Vegetarian. *Recreation:* anything except sport. *Trade Union:* Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers".

B. R.

* * *

"AYER'S Newspaper Annual" is one of the most useful publications we know of. It gives clearly and concisely all the available information which one is likely to want about every paper and magazine published in America: size, circulation, owner, purpose, and so on. The book is a yearly miracle of accuracy, thoroughness, compression, and able workmanship. During its long career it has supplanted all other efforts to cover its field, and its authority and integrity are recognized by publishers, editors, advertisers, students, and all others concerned.

That is why we are puzzled by the way in which "Ayer's" seems to be regarded by The New Republic, which week in and week out devotes so much of its energy to exposing errors and misstatements in the country's publications. Since 1925 the circulation of The New Republic has been reported in Ayer's as being 300,000. Now such a figure is manifestly a monstrous exaggeration. So far as we can learn, it is extremely unlikely that The New Republic has one-tenth of what is claimed for it. There is certainly little reason to think that it has a larger circulation than its cousin The Nation, whose A.B.C. statement gives 30,000.

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We await, as The New Republic might say, an explanation.

* * *

A literary note says that Thomas Mann, author of "The Magic Mountain," seems to be winning American favor even greater than that of Hermann Sudermann, whose "Song of Songs" was for long the most popular of modern novels translated from the German. Idea for a title to a literary study: "Mann and Sudermann". Will Bernard Shaw please oblige?

* * *

Milt Gross, wizard of Yiddish dialect, is puzzling the British. Gerald Gould finds it hard to say anything more, in reviewing "Nize Baby" on its publication in London, than that he agrees with the publishers that the language is entirely new; though he claims to catch echoes of Potash here and there. He ends his noncommittal review by saying, "We are bidden to read it aloud; but I can't pronounce it". Which, after all, is not so surprising.

* * *

Isabel Paterson, the Herald-Tribune's erudite and impish literary scout, visited the BOOKMAN office shortly before seeking northerly refuge from the heat. She carried clippings of the correspondence that has been written by and at William McFee in her paper and the Nation about sex in contemporary literature. The clippings started a vigorous argument among us concerning the truth of McFee's contention that there is too much sex in modern books, and that an overemphasis on sexual matters, particularly if from an unconventional or immoral standpoint, will do much in these days toward getting a book called important and sound and beautiful.

The staff was divided on the question — as of course would be any group larger than a single individual. Mrs. Paterson seemed unsettled about it and asked many questions. Finally she announced that she had to leave, and that she was grateful to us for providing her with all the material she needed for the article she had to do on the points under debate! Some of these authors are very adroit brain-pickers.

* * *

Among monthly magazines, THE BOOKMAN will have the pleasure this autumn of greeting a newcomer, and of welcoming an old friend back into the fold. The new monthly is to be called Plain Talk. The editor is G. D. Eaton, formerly literary editor of the New York Morning Telegraph, and before that a student at the University of Michigan. He is the author of "Backfurrow", a novel that won high praise from the critics.

By all accounts the new magazine will thrust a vigorous personality into the monthly field and create considerable stir. The first number of Plain Talk will appear the middle of September.

One of the country's oldest publications, the North American Review, becomes a monthly again with its October issue, after having been a quarterly for about a year. Other changes in the magazine are also announced, of promising nature. The prospects are that the North American Review will presently be a monthly reminder of the fact that its name is second to that of no other American magazine in tradition and past distinction.

* * *

Gabriele D'Annunzio was recently presented with the first volume of an elaborate de luxe edition of all his works now being issued. The books are being printed on parchment, Japanese, and hand-made paper, from the original type of Giambattista Bodoni, the master-printer of Parma.

* * *

As we go to press it is not known whether Sacco and Vanzetti are to be executed, freed, or given a further prison sentence. The case is so deeply related to problems of our national life, as well as so tragic personally, that it will be discussed long after its practical issues are settled. Those who are not thoroughly familiar with the story of the trial and conviction of these two obviously innocent Italians for a pay-roll murder should

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Ludwig Lewisohn's latest novel is "Roman Summer", a psychological study of a young man who was brought up in a middle western college town and of his love story during a stay in Rome. Published by Harpers

read at once Felix Frankfurter's masterly brief summary, "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti". They will then be in a position to understand why, if Governor Fuller has granted the prisoners freedom, they should rejoice that justice has finally been rendered; or, if the execution has not been countermanded, they will know why Massachusetts should hang her head in shame forever.

* * *

Should you wish to give a book, for his pleasure, to a boy between ten and fifteen, we could think of nothing more suitable than "Track's End", by H. Carruth, being reissued by Harper. We remember vividly the thrill that one boy got from it. In fact he has never had reason to change his opinion of the time that it was the most "exciting" book he had ever read; and often in moments of loneliness and despair the poignant mood of the book comes back to him, and the comforting recollection of the hero's fortitude during the trials of his solitary winter at the end of the track.

Conrad Aiken's first novel "Blue Voyage" has met with a mixed reception in England, in which country the book was first published, presumably because the author has been living there recently. The Sunday Times' comment was: "Something rich and strange. . . . Unusual psychology and imaged style". On the other hand the Nation called it "a distasteful human document and not a work of art". And whereas the Spectator pronounced the book "a novel of insight and scattered beauty", the Westminister said that it was "intolerably lavish, no discrimination whatever".

These comments we have quoted about Aiken's novel were taken, all of them, from an advertisement by the book's publisher. Nothing more in the way of fairness could be expected of anybody, surely; we shall be interested to learn whether the author shared his publisher's conviction that an advertisement was the place to tell both sides.

* * *

English papers are quoting approvingly Christopher Morley's suggestion that the famous inscription on Ben Jonson's tablet in Westminster, "O Rare Ben Jonson", was in truth a stone-cutter's error for "Orare Ben Jonson", meaning "Pray for Ben Jonson". The Observer says this explanation is "all too probable", and points out the unlikelihood of an eighteen-penny epitaph being put in the form of an apostrophe. "Rare", says the Observer, is a possible though unlikely word; but why "O"? "Is there any other case of a tombstone with this rhetorical idiom?"

* * *

Margaret Sanger, who spent last winter and spring in Europe, was in this country for a few weeks early in the summer, but had to sail back to England to participate in the International Birth Control Conference in London. She was much amused at the prospect of one lecture that was scheduled for her, when she was to speak from the same platform with Annie Besant, the octogenarian theosophist, and H. G. Wells!

Mrs. Sanger and her husband had a villa at

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Cap d' Ail on the Riviera, last winter. It was their first experience with French plumbing and French servants. The plumbing problem was solved by wholesale installment of modern conveniences. But the servant problem was unendingly vexatious. They knew they were being taken advantage of by all the servants, as well as by the tradespeople, but found themselves helpless to do anything about it. H. G. Wells, living not far away, came over occasionally to offer advice and to complain that they were harming the morale of those working for them, as well as lowering American prestige, by not being more masterful. But the necessary sternness they found even less pleasant than the petty grafting, and let things take their course, satisfied as long as expenses were no higher than they would have been at home.

During her stay abroad Mrs. Sanger reread an early booklet of hers, "What Every Girl Should Know", having been requested to revise it for a new edition by Brentano's, the publishers of her other books, "The Pivot of Civilization", "Woman and the New Race", and the recent very successful "Happiness in Marriage". Mrs. Sanger said that she had seldom had such a good laugh as she had on reading the book for the first time in several years, so out-of-date was it. The world had moved so fast that a book considered shocking and suppressible in 1914 was now, even in its author's eyes, almost primly conservative. So she pronounced the book incorrigibly ancient and gave up all thought of bringing it up to date.

Mrs. Sanger introduced us to a charming restaurant of which we had somehow not heard, though it is but five blocks from the BOOKMAN office, the Divan Parisien; and to Albert, its courtly maître d'hôtel. The food and service were so unusually good that we were not surprised to learn that the restaurant was in part staffed from old Delmonico's with the help of a wealthy Delmonico patron who could not bear to see so much talent lost to the world upon the passing of that historic eating house.

About her plans after the London conference Mrs. Sanger was uncertain, though there is a possibility of a trip around the world with a series of lectures in India on the way.

How much is a writer aided in his career by an attractive, euphonious name? It would be impossible to say; but is certain that one need not, at christening, have been so well treated by fortune or considerate parents as, say, Edna St. Vincent Millay or Eleanor Hallowell Abbott in order to have a name of value. The following list should encourage any youthful aspirants to fame whose inferiority feelings are increased by labels that seem to them handicaps:

Em Jo Basche
Witter Bynner
Muirhead Bone
Herschel Brickell
Babette Deutsch
Harry Esty Dounce
Arthur Davison Ficke
Felix Frankfurter
G. P. Gooch
Harry Wagstaff Gribble
V. V. McNitt
Oliver Onions
Marmaduke Pickthall
Sacheverell Sitwell
Solita Solano
Hannen Swaffer
Herbert Bayard Swope
Ordway Tead
W. Orton Tewson
Hooper Trask
Basil Woon

Obviously, the name does not matter. Almost any name, it would seem, can be made to stand for anything, depending only on its bearer. As Havelock Ellis has said in this connection, "Who now laughs at Shakespeare? And how dear a name is Keats!"

* * *

Mention of Witter Bynner reminds us of the days when Willard Huntington Wright ran a column in the old Evening Mail, upon F. P. A.'s taking his column elsewhere. Wright quoted a joke, ascribing it to "a poet". Then in the next paragraph he added, "Which is Witter than we could have Bynner". — He was wrong; at least we don't remember what the joke quoted was!

* * *

Ernest Hemingway's novel "The Sun Also Rises" is meeting an interesting critical re-

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ception in England, for the most part highly favorable. The book is called "Fiesta" by its London publishers. We are anxious to see a copy, to learn whether in crossing the ocean it suffered anything more than a change in title. Hemingway's previous book, "In Our Time", was considerably censored for its English appearance. For instance, in the chapter called "A Very Short Story" Americans who remember the original will be amused by this sentence from the English edition: "When they operated on him she prepared him for the operating table; and they had a joke about friend or enemy". Even more ludicrous is the ending of the same story as modified for British consumption: "A short time after, he contracted a disease riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park".

* * *

"The minute objective style is completely ironic in effect, but as this is an American book, the intention may be entirely serious." — Edwin Muir, writing of "The Hard Boiled Virgin" in the London Nation.

Please, Mr. Muir, go and do several impossible things.

* * *

NEWS OF THE WEST COAST

SAN FRANCISCO'S patron saint was honored this year when the famous Bohemian Club of that city presented in the club's own grove of giant redwoods an original play by Irving Pichel entitled "St. Francis of Assisi". The music for the performance, which ushered in the annual "high jinks" of the organization on August 6, was written by Charles Hart. Pichel is well known for his pioneer work in the little theatre movement in San Francisco, Berkeley, and Santa Barbara. This year's event, however, seemed somehow incomplete without the presence of George Sterling, who was always on hand in other years to contribute his share of the cameraderie.

* * *

"Sketches of the Sixties", a book of random pieces written by Bret Harte and Mark Twain for The Californian from 1864 to 1867, and issued last fall by John Howell, San Francisco bookseller and publisher, has gone into a second edition. That work of such journalistic excellence by such renowned writers should have escaped re-publication for so many years has occasioned considerable surprise, since Mr. Howell gathered the material from the files of that long-defunct weekly newspaper.

The visitor in San Francisco will search in vain for the Bank Exchange Saloon and the What Cheer House, where Harte and Mark Twain foregathered in the years of their obscurity; but let him go into the hills to the historic mining towns that yielded untold stores of wealth in the fabulous fifties and sixties, and there he will find the old West in all its pristine glory. Where else in all America could Dutch Flat, Red Dog, Roaring Camp, Jackass Hill, Gold Run, Poker Flat, Angel's Camp, and Whiskey Bar have survived to this day? The picturesque names of places appealed to Harte because they bodied forth the spirit of adventure and served his purpose in harmonizing admirably with the romance of his stories. It was no concern of his, however, that places which are near together in the tales are miles apart on the map of California. What he wanted was the right name in the right place.

Summer has seen an exodus from southern California of writers who go annually into those hills. The wonder is that more Easterners do not come this way for material and color. Poker Flat . . . Whiskey Bar . . . Let Mr. Volstead try to amend these if he dare!

* * *

Montague Glass, creator of "Potash and Perlmutter", who has been spending the winter in France, writes from Deauville that he will remain there until late in September. It is expected that he and his family will return to their California home some time in November.

* * *

Frederick O'Brien returned this summer to his home at Sausalito after two years in Alassio, Italy, and Hendaye, France. Dur-

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Doris Peel is the nineteen-year-old author of "Children of the Wind". The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin, point with pride to the fact that Miss Peel's first novel is neither smart nor sophisticated

ing that time he also visited Liberia and the West Indies. It is reported that his "White Shadows in the South Seas" is soon to be filmed. O'Brien is now at work on an autobiographical novel which is likely to create much interest.

A chapter in O'Brien's life which is not known except to his friends concerns his youthful adventures as a captain in Coxey's Army in 1894. He commanded one of the groups of workingmen and tramps that marched or rode on commandeered trains from California to Washington. If memory serves, the several contingents united somewhere in Ohio for the last lap of the journey, which was made to protest to President Cleveland against the "hard times". In the files of a Los Angeles newspaper is an account of O'Brien's appearing before the city council to demand that blankets be given his recruits.

George P. West, whose "star-reporter" exploits in covering the Lawrence (Mass.) textile strike seventeen years ago for the San Francisco Bulletin attracted nation-wide attention among newspapermen, gives an interesting bit of information about Robert Tasker, whose pieces on prison life have been appearing in The American Mercury. "Tasker is a tall, handsome young man serving five years to life in San Quentin for robbery," says Mr. West. "Brought up in Oregon, he has none of the stigmata of the desperado. Disappointment in a love affair is said to have precipitated the sudden outburst that brought him to San Francisco Bay for a series of wild adventures that culminated in the holding up of a crowded dance-hall single-handed. He is now a member of a short-story class conducted at the prison by Herschel Small of San Rafael."

* * *

Jack Black, another writer on prison life, whose "You Can't Win" (Macmillan) is now being enthusiastically received in England, has been in Hollywood to aid in the filming of a prison story written by himself and Bessie Beatty. Although Black spent twenty years in a life of crime, he has been for the last fourteen years a highly regarded em-

The above drawing is from the jacket of "The Mob", by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, a pen picture of the denizens of the lower depths of Madrid, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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Dwight Taylor has here caught the amiable editor of Harper's Bazar, Charles Hanson Towne, in an undignified but very human pose

ployee of the newspapers in San Francisco edited by Fremont Older.

* * *

Poets and readers of The Lyric West, a magazine of verse, published in Los Angeles, learned with sorrow of the death of its founder and first editor, Grace Atherton Dennen, whose passing followed so soon after the death of Esther Yarnell, Miss Dennen's associate. Several years ago these two women established the magazine, conducting it with artistic success but always with an annual deficit, which Miss Yarnell defrayed out of a large income she received from oil lands inherited from her father.

* * *

Clarkson Crane, whose "The Western Shore" (Harcourt, Brace) enjoyed a success of esteem, has written a novel that may or may not see the light of day through a regular publisher. The doubt has to do with its theme, a frank treatment of inversion. Himself a perfectly normal young man, Crane's artistic conscience will not allow him to indulge in even the slightest Thackereyan asides by which authors are wont to disclaim sympathy or tolerance for the lapses of their characters. Those who have read the manuscript say it is a beautiful piece of writing. It is a story of an easy-going writer who does one good realistic novel and then degenerates into the rôle of literary Poo-Bah and adviser to young writers.

* * *

By the time this is in print Robinson Jeffers' new book, "The Women at Point Sur", will have been published, and we shall have made up our minds whether the author of "Tamar" has justified those critics who proclaimed him the most significant new voice in American poetry. "The Women at Point Sur", like "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion", is a long narrative poem whose setting is old Carmel, near Monterey, where Jeffers built with his own hands the cottage in which he lives. The acclaim which greeted "Tamar" has not induced Jeffers to change his mode of living, and if he still seems something of a shadowy figure in the consciousness of Eastern reviewers, it is because he refuses to gallivant around the country visiting editorial offices, eating at Bohemian clubs, and talking literary whim-wham from lecture platforms. The limited number of readers who read in the Overland Monthly Jeffers' poem on the death of George Sterling agree that it was superbly done.

H. D. C.

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TWO POEMS

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

LAPLANDIA

They are such narrow beings with small bones,
And eyes that shine out with the sort of fire
That hangs in baleful globes above a mire;
They live like Spanish grandees, supple drones,
Proud and fastidious, taking gifts for loans,
With small thanks to the giver, and their ire
Is quick and boastful; from a tiger sire
They draw hot passions and hearts cold as stones.

Arouse them not! their undulating forms
Are like a snake's, hard to be peeled from life.
The lightning sparkles from their heavy fur,
And sailors bargaining for winds and storms
Have glimpsed them in the house of the witch-wife
At ghastly shins uttering their rumbling purr.

THE FURROWS OF THE UNICORN

Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? — Job

The furrows of the unicorn are crooked
They straggle anyhow,
Where the frail beast has plunged in the loam's blackness
Bound to the plow,
Striving and struggling on, with sides bemired
And silver-hornéd brow.

The furrows of the unicorn are crooked,
Ragged as pain,
His life in arrased forests teaches nothing
Of bit and rein,
And where his hoofs have staggered down the meadow
Springs blood-red grain.

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SELLING PIANOS

By Joseph McElliott

THE first requirement for the young man who aspires to sell pianos is a deficiency in merciful instincts. Since few people really desire these instruments in an age of phonographs and radios, the salesman, to fill his quota, must virtually hypnotize prospects who not only have not the slightest wish for a piano but who cannot afford the luxury without stinting on necessities.

My own brief career as one of these salesman-hypnotists had its beginning in the fact that I was without money and without a job in a large city. Mid-summer in Chicago is not an ideal time for one with no experience at any trade to look for a position, and so when an advertisement appeared in a newspaper offering twenty dollars a week and commissions to young men "who are not afraid of long hours" I applied at the given address.

The advertisement had instructed applicants to ask for Mr. Warren. At the address a man answering to that name appeared and seemed ready to hire every man-jack of the twenty-odd applicants—provided only that each one was willing to work at night. This announcement cleared the room of all but five, including myself, who were hired at once and told to report the next morning at nine o'clock.

This was an unusually late hour for the bustling business habits of the mid-west. The salary, too, was unusually high, asking as it did for neither recommendations nor proofs of ability.

The suspicion occurred to me that such an offer must have been inspired by low motives. Yet this was a prominent Chicago piano company, a reputable firm if there ever was one. Moreover, I was in no position to examine this gift-horse so minutely.

My doubts increased the next morning when my employer laughed heartily on on being addressed as Mr. Warren. His name, it appeared, was Olsen, nor did he bother to set me clear on the reason for this subterfuge.

We were instructed briefly as to the methods of procedure for the day, and concerning the general theory of selling pianos. Of the latter talk we five budding magicians of salesmanship were given to understand that the most important point was: never overlook a prospect.

"Most people," said Olsen, "wouldn't believe that we sell pianos to the kind of people you're going to see today. But don't let the houses they live in, nor the way they dress, nor their table manners fool you. Nine times out of ten they've got a roll hidden in the icebox, or under the bedding, that would choke an ostrich. Taylor Street, the Italian section, West Thirty-fifth Street, the Polish district; in fact the worst looking dumps in the city are the places where we make our best and most profitable sales."

Three of us travelled out to the Italian district on the Van Buren Street trolley with Wilson, a fat little Jew. The other two went with Olsen in his roadster. On the way out, Wilson, who was a sort of right-hand man to Olsen, instructed us in methods of approach. The system, of course, was the door-to-door method. Wilson retailed nice bits of fiction which were commonly used to create the illusion of desire for a piano. No one, of course, he said, would have a chance of selling should he just ask the prospect if he were interested, and then accept the invariable negative calmly. No, he said, you must trick them into thinking that they really wanted a piano. One of the best methods for doing this was by appealing to the cupidity which few people lack. The "bargain" story seldom failed to score a bull's-eye.

Thus it went; after the prospect has conveyed her lack of interest in a piano, the

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salesman thrusts his foot in the closing door and begins in a confidential tone:

"Well, I'll tell you, madam," he says, "about three months ago, a young couple bought a six hundred dollar piano from us, — a player, by the way. They live right over on ——— street (naming a nearby address) and I've just come from there. It seems they can't agree and are going to separate. The piano has one hundred and twenty-five dollars due on it, but they refuse to make the final payment. "So we're letting" (impressively) "this piano — only three months old — go for one hundred and twenty-five. Imagine! Why, it's a shame — just a giveaway! If I didn't have one already, I'd buy it myself. Now, why don't you and your husband take a walk over there tonight and look at it?"

Fifty per cent of the time the sucker bites and the salesman promises to call that night and escort the woman and her husband to the address named. But that night the quarry makes another mistake and assents to the salesman's off-hand proposal to go down to the store. The piano, he tells her, has been moved down there during the day. It so happens that a friend of his at the store is delivering some player rolls in the neighborhood and will be glad to drive them down.

But this is no mere friend who arrives soon after the salesman excuses himself to go out and buy some cigarettes. For the wily fellow has telephoned the company to send one of the fleet of six impressive automobiles which are always in readiness. He tells his victims, to relieve them of any sense of responsibility, that the driver is an acquaintance. The chauffeurs of these cars are dressed in ordinary street clothes.

On the way down the salesman passes the time pleasantly with curious and amusing anecdotes, few of which touch on pianos. To talk too much of his wares would frighten the prospective buyers. One highly fictional and bizarre story never failed to please the simple residents of Taylor Street and other such neighborhoods.

It concerned an Indian chief in Minnesota, who had bought a piano. After a few months the red-man called at the store and complained that his instrument would not work. He was most bitter about it. The salesman made the trip to the reservation and there found — you wouldn't believe it! — the chief had his piano in the open, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather! "No wonder," says the story teller, "that it wouldn't work!" And Taylor Street is amused at the naïveté of the aborigine.

Once at the store the affable retailer of fiction introduces the suckers to the "inside man", excuses himself and goes about his business. The inside man is always a very tony gentleman, well-dressed, haughty of mien. He lifts his eyebrows in surprise when the yokels ask to see the bargain piano. He seems pained to hear such things mentioned in the sacred portals of the exhibition rooms. But at length he assents wearily and leads them to the time-honored dummy. Here is no instrument such as the first man described. This piano is obviously old and decrepit and the inside man adds further to the misgivings of the pair of dupes by remarking that the steel brace in the back is likely to break any day and that the company cannot guarantee it.

"But," the woman protests, "your Mr. Wilson told me it was only three months old — just like new."

"Did he say that?" The dignitary becomes wroth. "That man has caused us more trouble, lying about our stock! That's the last time he'll do it, though. I'll see that he's discharged tomorrow."

But Taylor Street is more tender-hearted — and the inside man knows it. The woman protests against such hard punishment for so light an offense. He was such an agreeable young man; she would not like to see him discharged on her account. Here is another breach opened into which the agile promoter promptly inserts a wedge. He continues to assert that the company's reputation must be sustained at any cost. Now if the lady and her husband would care to look at the regular stock — ?

They do. They will. Unused to such grand places as this, and possessing the poor man's usual dread of being thought cheap, they are unwilling to admit inability to buy a piano costing more than a paltry hundred

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and twenty-five. The inside man then shows them his wares, always asking from fifty to one hundred dollars more than he is glad to accept. When the victims have expressed a liking for a certain model he urges them to sign the contract that night. He will give them extra rolls, a bench, a silk scarf if they buy at once. He explains that one more sale will put him in the lead for the monthly sales prize.

Do they demur? Do they say that they cannot afford it? Then the salesman pulls his clinching piece of business. To make a sale, he says, he will ask the manager to reduce the price especially for them. He then telephones the assistant treasurer, who usually acts in this rôle. Outside the transparent but sound-proof chamber the salesman and the assistant treasurer, impersonating the general manager, go through as pretty a piece of pantomine as one could hope to see. They pound on tables, they consult massive tomes, they grimace, they throw up their hands in despair. The victims are enthralled by the spectacle. Certainly this salesman is doing his best for them! How shocked they would be if they could hear the real conversation.

"Well, you dirty snake," says the "general manager" cheerily, "are you still gypping those poor hunkies?"

"Pipe down, flounder-feet," is the salesman's snappy comeback. "If it wasn't for hunkies, you wouldn't be getting so damn much jack for doing nothing."

"O.K. with me," rejoins the treasurer amiably. "But listen, you big flat-head, to the one Charlie Murphy pulled on me last night. It seems there's an old girl out in Elmhurst who still feels young. So Charlie, knowing that she's an old hag, gives me a song and dance about what a knockout she is. So I calls her up, and boy, what a voice she's got! So I fall for it and — "

So talented are these gentlemen that they never, during the course of these ribald conversations, so much as crack a smile. Nor do they forget to include the gestures of violence. After about twenty minutes of this, the "general manager" shrugs resignedly. The salesman grins broadly. He returns to his prospects and tells them the good news. They can have the piano for fifty dollars less than the ordinary price!

Taylor Street is grateful, but still — . They hate to disappoint this obliging young man, yet even at fifty dollars reduction they cannot afford the piano. All this meditation is known to the experienced hypnotist. He mentions casually that a payment of fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month will be sufficient. Do they still hold out? Useless, for he will name a down-deposit so low that the poorest cannot refuse. The sale is made. But does Taylor Street get the piano with, say, a ten dollar deposit?

It does not. It will be given various excuses for non-delivery of the instrument until the company has collected at least thirty dollars. After that the ten dollar monthly payment will take on new proportions, what with service and carrying charges.

Commissions on such a sale amount to perhaps fifty dollars, which is in most instances divided by the outside man and the boss of his crew, who acts as his inside man. When another inside worker takes over a prospect in the absence of the boss his labor is gratuitous and consequently, for the most part, uninspired.

A good example of the working of this system was furnished by the head of our crew, J. J. Olsen. He was expecting a very good prospect, a lady of considerable wealth. She happened into the store one day while Olsen was out, but in accordance with the store's policy was taken in hand by a rival inside man, who had neither any personal interest in a sale nor any great genius in promoting one. The woman looked at a few pianos and then gave the ancient excuse that she wished to go to other stores before making a decision. She had, however, shown interest in a baby grand player-piano, which was listed at twelve hundred dollars.

As she was going out the door, Olsen entered. At once she seemed to thaw, to feel that Olsen was a friend upon whom she could rely. He questioned her and, learning that she had seen a few pianos without buying one, he did some fast thinking. Then:

"Mrs. Martin," he asked impressively, as one on whom the solution of a great

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mystery has just dawned, "are you in a hurry?"

She hesitated.

"Why — I did want to do a little shopping."

"Well, could you please give me five minutes of your time?"

She could do no less. Upstairs, Olsen opened the door of the showroom in which the piano she had most liked was housed. The man had a flair for dramatics.

"Is that," he asked, "the piano Mr. Strauss showed you?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"I see. Just step this way, please."

At the opposite end of the hall was another showroom in which was an exact replica of the first. This model had proved so popular that there were two on display.

"Now, Mrs. Martin, did Mr. Strauss show you *this* piano?" asked Olsen.

"Why, no."

"Just as I thought." Olsen bit off his words angrily. "And after all I've done for that man! Listen, Mrs. Martin; this piano is every bit as good as the one in front. But it has been used for a week in an exhibition in a hotel. For this reason we are letting it go for fifty dollars less than the regular price. Strauss knew that. But would he tell you? Oh, no! He wanted to save it for one of his own customers, who, I happen to know, is coming here tonight. Of all the low-down tricks!"

Mrs. Martin grew excited. "What shall we do?" she gasped.

Olsen shook his handsome head thoughtfully. Suddenly a gleam came into his eyes.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed, "Have you any cash at all with you?"

"Only about fifteen dollars."

"Well, have you a check book?"

"Yes," said the lady hopefully.

"Fine!" replied Olsen. "Just write a check for, say fifty dollars, and I'll get the clerk to draw up a contract. The piano can be held for you, and you can come and get it whenever you wish."

"That will be just wonderful!" gushed the victim ecstatically.

And the much-maligned Mr. Strauss received a cheerful wink from Olsen as he watched the lady whom he had been unable to snare affix her signature to what was obviously a bill of sale.

We three youths were impressed by these clever strategems as Wilson described them. He made it all seem such a merry, easy and highly profitable profession. Still it seemed to me cruel to defraud these innocents, perhaps depriving them of needed food or clothing. Wilson laughed at my scruples. Undeniably, he said, a great many of these people suffered from this forcible manner of selling, yet if we didn't get them someone else would. They were, he said, destined at birth to be lambs for far-seeing butchers. If they had to die, it might as well be ourselves as anyone else who would profit by their slaughter.

I wondered about people who could afford pianos, people who bought expensive grands and others ranging from one to three thousand dollars. Wilson explained that canvassers like ourselves could never hope to land them. Such purchasers buy when they want to buy, and cannot be forced into a sale with the quickness and simplicity of Taylor Street. Most of these sales, he said, were made simply by men in the store when buyers came in voluntarily. Occasionally they were the results of "leads", but this took months of a high-powered salesman's time. No; Taylor Street, Roosevelt Road, West Belmont Avenue — these were the sections in which sales were made with dispatch and without a great deal of finesse.

And your magician of business has little interest in cut-and-dried sales, despite the greater profits. He will not admit it, professing at all times to be interested only in money, but he too must burn his mite of incense before the altar of his art. The buyer who walks in swiftly, picks an instrument to his liking and summarily signs the order for delivery is no foeman worthy of the salesman's steel. I really believe that a good salesman would rather lose a sale to a person upon whom he had practiced all his tricks than to make one with the usual ceremonies omitted.

But to return; Wilson went on to explain that the bargain stories could be expanded or

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contracted according to the salesman's estimate of his prospect's wealth. He himself sometimes offered a bargain as low as thirty dollars. This, however, was exceptional. There would be difficulty in persuading those who wanted a piano for so little to rise to the six-hundred dollar price in the store.

We were further put to rights concerning the manner of dealing with these simple folk. One could not afford to be too polite — one had to march brusquely into their rooms, to shout at them, to argue insultingly. They were accustomed to such treatment. This, of course, was no iron-bound rule. Swedes, for instance, had to be handled with ordinary politeness. Olsen was a great success with them because of his kindred name. Wilson preferred Italians and Poles. They were easier to understand, harder to insult.

The first day's work wasn't hard. We travelled in a group on different sides of the streets. It was difficult to believe, though, even after Wilson's confident assurances, that people who lived in these evil-smelling hideous tenements could be sold pianos.

Most of them were unable to speak intelligible English. Yet a few here and there pricked up their ears at the mention of the bargain. This was always said to be a player. There are no greater admirers of the mechanical piano than the Latins. Those who manifested any sign of interest in the idea had their names, addresses and the details of the particular story used as bait jotted down on special cards which each salesman carried. These cards were filed each night with the company, to prevent a rival salesman from stealing the prospect, and protected our interests for three months. Should a sale be made to any one of them within that time the commission would go to the salesman who had first filed the name.

The terrors to which a piano-salesman is subjected in these neighborhoods are grave enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Far more at a disadvantage than a newspaper reporter, who at least has the protection of a police card, the canvasser's life is not a happy one. There are numerous dogs who do not take kindly to strangers. There are suspicious souls who unsheath their stillettos when a knock is heard at the door. There are places into which the better informed would not venture — such as the beer distillery which I entered gaily one day and which I quit suddenly after a monster with a huge mustache had submitted me to numerous embarrassing questions. He finally released me with dire threats as to my fate if he should so much as see me in the neighborhood again.

But hope springs eternal in the human heart, and the piano-salesman takes his misfortunes philosophically. Calves grow immune to the contact of canine teeth after many encounters; threats do not hold the same terror as of yore, nor insults bring a blush to the youthful cheek.

A few days of this, during which I had sold but one piano, and Olsen decided that my unaggressive air would be of far more use in the Swedish neighborhood. So we travelled the comfortable middle-class section west of Clark Street known as Lakeview. On the first day Olsen gave me some of his business cards to pass out.

A brilliant idea came to me at this time. I posed as "O. J. Olsen", a cousin of my superior, who had just come from Wisconsin. I had actually lived there in earlier years, and I was not unfamiliar with the Nordic accent so that I was able to introduce some of this into my sales-talk — just enough to make my Swedish name plausible and yet account for my ignorance of the native tongue.

This worked fairly well for a few days, although it was harder to lure the canny Scandinavian into the store than the Taylor Street resident. Then too, one could not make the story of the bargain sound too generous. These are no wide-eyed folk who believe your every word. Nor do they have the irresponsible quality of the Italians and the negroes which enables these two races to make out a first payment on a piano and then promptly dismiss the detail of the following installments from their minds. No; when your Swede buys he expects to pay, nor does he have to be hounded from month to month.

Soon Olsen taught me another method of approach which proved most successful. I

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stayed in the office all day at the telephone. Taking a directory, I would pick out a common name such as Hansen or Larsen. Then I telephoned the list, taking down the names of those interested. At this time I made my accent very Scandinavian indeed. The formula was this:

"Hello, is this Mrs. Larson?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mr. Olsen of the B—— piano company."

"Oh, yes."

"I understand that you folks are interested in buying a piano. Is that right?"

"Why, who told you that?" or "Why, we have a piano." The replies, of course, varied a great deal. I always expressed great surprise. If pressed I would give for reference a Swedish name and an address near the street of the person whom I happened to be telephoning.

A few, of course, realized at once that this was another selling stunt, but very few indeed. The Swedish accent seemed to thaw them immediately. If they still sounded amiable after I had spoken my little piece, I would continue with the bargain story. Often I would be given the name of someone who was interested, if the one I was calling could not be sold the idea. Arousing the desire for a piano is harder work by telephone than by a personal interview, but it is a much faster method and confines the salesman's work to the class of people with whom he can deal best.

At the end of the day I would have perhaps some thirty prospects. At night, Olsen and I would drive around to them, and when we reached one who seemed really worth trying hard for Olsen would take him to the store, while I telephoned those remaining on the list and made appointments for other evenings.

Negroes as prospects are in a class by themselves in the eyes of the piano-salesman. So many sales in the Negro sections have proved worthless because of non-payment of installments that the companies have discouraged them by cutting commissions in half. And rightly so, for before this ruling went into effect, almost fifty percent of all sales had been made in the Negro districts and almost as many had been foreclosed. Any office boy who can speak without stuttering will have no difficulty in selling any number of pianos to the Senegambian. But it will do him little good, since commissions are not due for collection until at least twenty-five percent of the total price has been paid.

I recall the unhumorous Wilson's telephone conversation with one Negro woman to whom he had sold a piano. He was trying hard to persuade her to keep up the payments — at least until she paid enough to enable him to collect his commissions. Wilson made no bones about asking the woman questions of a highly personal nature; questions which, if put to a white matron, would have been justified great indignation. The woman evidently explained that she had no money. This, however, did not satisfy Wilson. He asked her baldly whether her husband ever gave her any money. If not, why not? Did he drink, go with other women? Did he have other bad habits? Did he go to church regularly? He was a hard man to squelch, that Wilson.

So also are most of his brethren in the profession. They must be to succeed. To most people the idea that firms with as magnificent places of business, with such large staffs, with huge manufacturing plants, would descend to these ten-twent-thirt methods of exploitation seems highly improbable. Yet it is true. Pianos are at present out of style and a drug on the market. And until the manufacturing companies can convert their plants so that they will be suitable for making phonographs and radios these methods will continue. And although new machinery for these purposes is being installed daily in piano factories it will be some time before you will be safe in opening your door to any young man who tells you of a piano which is on sale at a price that is "just a giveaway".

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ANONYMOUSLY — John Farrar

MRS. JULIA PETERKIN, author of "Black April", is a daring spirit. She ventured to the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire, when she knew that Frances Newman, Maxwell Bodenheim, and Demetra Vaca were all there. Liking argument as I do, I could think of nothing more paralyzing than being caught in the meshes of a discussion among those three. They possess keen and highly staccato intellects. Frances Newman is the lady whose books and person are usually clothed in purple and cerise, and whose sole critical standard is the work of James Branch Cabell. She admires nothing else, because if it is unlike Cabell she cannot enjoy it, while if it resembles the work of that romancer of the phallic symbol, it must necessarily be an imitation. Maxwell Bodenheim is a good poet whose regular diet is gall, and Demetra Vaca (otherwise Mrs. Kenneth Brown) is a modern Greek who has made a study of the ladies of the harem. Edward Arlington Robinson is also present. That is possibly the reason why we do not hear that the famous writers' colony has succumbed to the final easement of nitro-glycerine.

Mrs. Peterkin I have never met; but Mr. Peterkin called on us the other day with a pleasant lady who had the whooping-cough, that good old fashioned disease, the mere mention of which reminded me that, after all, modern improvements are not what they seem. He is an amiable gentleman, who came fresh from efforts against the boll-weevil on his southern plantation. He looked at our heavily laden cherry tree, and made it quite evident that anyone who allowed perfectly ripe cherries to languish in obscurity like that was either lazy or insane. Now the cherries are a bait. They offer a most tempting meal to all the birds of the neighborhood. For years I have missed carrying on my early friendship with robins, wrens, catbirds, warblers, etc. I have envied J. Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times, who, armed with a field glass and an immense ornithological knowledge, scours the countryside, including Central Park, and makes imposing lists of his findings. I find it much pleasanter to sit here on the porch, banging a typewriter, and allow the cherry tree to do the work.

Yesterday a young oriole pecked about tentatively beneath the tree, and a blue jay, with a great clatter, flew up from the river; but none of them is so loudly insistent, so perfectly at home, as are the purple grackles, old and young alike, overwhelming the cherry tree, the terrace, and the hill-top above. The small warblers vanish in dismay, and only a hail storm, suddenly blown up from the Sound, shatters their complacency. I am reminded of Amy Lowell's poem, published some years ago in these pages.

"Nonchalant highwaymen," she called them, "pickpockets, second-story burglars,
Stealing away my little hope of Summer.
There is no stealthy robbing in this.
Who ever heard such a gabble of thieves' talk!
It seems they delight in unmasking my poor pretense.
Yes, now I see that the hydrangea blooms are rusty;
That the hearts of the golden glow are ripening to lustreless seeds;
That the garden is dahlia-coloured,
Flaming with its last over-hot hues;
That the sun is pale as a lemon, too small to fill the picking ring.
I did not see this yesterday,
But today the grackles have come."

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Just before he sailed for England the other day, Mitchell Kennerley announced that he had definitely and finally retired as a publisher. At the Anderson Galleries he got out his scrap-books and we went through them together. Mr. Kennerley, as publisher, was one of the most discriminating. He started what might be called "the new type of publishing". He introduced many of the new type of authors, both in The Forum and on his publication lists. His books were exquisitely made.

"The two things that drove me from publishing," he told me, "were the war, because I could not get interested in the publication of war books, and the rise in the price of book manufacture. I cannot bear to publish a book that is not rightly made, inside and out. That, as you well know, costs money these days."

Mr. Kennerley went into the Anderson Galleries to help out a friend, to work several hours a day, and stayed to work thirteen and fourteen, and to own and operate one of the most successful art galleries and auction rooms in the world. It has made him a vastly successful man; but it has taken from publishing one of its shrewdest minds.

He was the first American publisher to publish large quantities of poetry and many plays. In a series edited by Edwin Björkman, he introduced Molnar and Schnitzler to America. He published both John Masefield and Lord Dunsany in play form here for the first time. His "The Lyric Year", with its "Renascence" introduced Edna Millay to the world. He was publishing Miss Millay's sonnets and lyrics in The Forum when other editors were sending back her verses right and left. Mr. Kennerley recalls with amusement that Dr. Canby, later one of Miss Millay's warmest admirers, rejected many of her poems when he was on The Yale Review, and that the usually discriminating William Rose Benét, when he was an associate editor of The Century, returned one of her best sonnets, with the comment that he was sorry he could not use it, because there were some good lines in it. In poetry, Mr. Kennerley also introduced Vachel Lindsay, Arthur Davison Ficke, John G. Neihardt, Witter Bynner, Gerald Gould, and many others. His anthology, "The Gypsy Trail", is one of the best of the anthological crop.

May 12, 1906, was the date on which his first advertisement appeared, setting forth a revival of the works of Edgar Saltus. Even the advertisements set a new pace. They were simple, striking, effectively phrased. There was a book on this list titled "The Lay Anthony", and when its author asked how many copies Mr. Kennerley thought he'd sell of his first novel, Mr. Kennerley replied, "With that name, I don't know!" This of course, was Joseph Hergesheimer, and if you'll re-read "The Lay Anthony" you'll agree with Mr. Kennerley that it's an extraordinarily good book. D. H. Lawrence was introduced with the magnificent "Sons and Lovers", and the advertisements bear quotes from no less a name than that of Jack London. Van Wyck Brooks' first book is on this list, and that of a young man just out of college, then twenty-four years of age. It was called "A Preface to Politics", and it was by the still young man who is now editor of the New York World, Walter Lippmann. Leonard Merrick was here introduced to America, Upton Sinclair appears with "Love's Pilgrimage", and Frank Harris had his most fruitful period with a series of great books, including "The Man Shakespeare". Edward Carpenter's books followed, and at that time also Mr. Kennerley was the authorized publisher of Walt Whitman.

The files of The Forum, beginning in July 1910, will reveal under Mr. Kennerley's editorship first work of dozens of authors now prominent, including Sherwood Anderson's first story to reach the public in printed form. Nor is it only authors of special appeal that we find on this list There is Allen Upward's "The New Word", and the best-selling Victoria Cross with "Life's Shop Window" and other titles less well known. "Once Aboard the Lugger", by A. S. M. Hutchinson, was a book on which Mr. Kennerley was forced to make a twenty-four hour decision or lose the copyright. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes appears, as does E. Temple Thurston, and the first

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novel of the increasingly-popular Howard Vincent O'Brien.

I do not need to say anything further in detailing Mr. Kennerley's abilities as a publisher. His list speaks nobly for itself, and its ornaments grace the catalogues of half the publishers in America!

One of the pleasantest aspects of Alexander Woollcott, of whom you may have heard as a dramatic critic, is his gallantry. This gallantry is an oasis in a desert of irritability. That is bad English, because I do not mean that he is irritable, but rather irritating. It is, however, a special gallantry, as it is entirely aimed at one actress. Alexander Woollcott is Mrs. Fiske-gallant. Mrs. Fiske, in the world of Mr. Woollcott, which is bounded on the one hand by the Hotel Algonquin and on the other by Times Square, can do no wrong. I feel much the same way about Margaret Anglin. As I watched her playing a preposterous scene in "A Woman of Bronze", where she carried on a tragic story to her confidant on a couch in a room full of people, and threw asides to the rest of the company, I was conscious that the very fact that she could make such foolishness appear real was proof that she is a great actress. She played it, too, in a preposterous fashion. How else, I ask, could it be played? The repertory idea in the New York theatre grows. Murray Phillips has been courageously parading old popular plays, the Nugents in "Kempy", Leo Carillo in "Lombardi, Ltd.", Carol McComas in "Madame X". He has given them good casts and it is a most useful opportunity for students of dramatic technique. Just what the public will think of the scheme is largely a question of future development. Miss Le Gallienne has had a successful season, and announces her repertoire for next year. In the course of that season she tells us that she will alternate with Clare Eames in playing Ibsen's "Hedda Gabbler". This is niggardly of her. Why not include Nazimova and Emily Stevens or even add to the list a couple of new Heddas, like Katherine Cornell, Jeanne Eagles, or Texas Guinan? Then she could say, "Subscribe to the Civic Repertory Theater and See the World's Greatest Prize Fight". Cheaper prices, too, than Tex Rickard's.

At Stamford the other evening, I saw Harry Langdon, the movie comedian, for the first time. He is vastly funny. He looks like Frank Sullivan, with a bit of Marc Connelly thrown in. On the same programme was Baby Peggy, in person, together with her producers — mother and father. She is far more talented in person than on the screen, has a comic sense and puts over a song with rare abandon. The Stamford audience was a treat. It honestly enjoyed itself. Shouts and cat-calls were heard. There is nothing like a good articulate audience for helping along an evening's entertainment. So far as the movies are concerned, I think there is no excuse for any film unless it be a roaring melodrama or an uproarious comedy, or something like "Chang". Everything else in the movies is rapidly becoming a beastly bore. We need a couple of real movie personalities to help the game along. Now that wickedness is discouraged among movie stars, it is of course much more difficult to become suddenly appealing. Marrying a title, even, does not carry with it the appeal it once did. Ability, alas, must be present. And it is ever so much more difficult to be able than to be wicked. A pair of eyes and a pair of divorces used to make a movie star in the old days. Now, a certificate of character is necessary as well.

Nancy Hoyt has written a second novel. Her first was a delightful, if carelessly written, story, called "Roundabout". She is said to be lovely to look at. She is Elinor Wylie's sister. She was overheard not long ago to say that I "hated her". It was charming of her to give me enough character ever to hate a lovely lady; but unfortunately the facts are against her, as I have never consciously laid eyes on her. However, if she wishes, and will come around, I shall do my level best to please her, even if she wants me to hate her, and hate is a terrible word at best. The reason why I shall do my best to please the young person is that "Unkind Star" is a thoroughly en-

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joyable book. I should like, however, to illustrate a point in reviewing it. It is a novel which can be reviewed in many ways. If I were dishonest, and wanted to punish the young lady for presuming to think that I am capable of so base an emotion as hate, I should review it somewhat as follows:

As Ernest Hemingway is the lounge-lizard Henry James of American letters, Miss Nancy Hoyt emerges as the flapper Edith Wharton. From the American young ladies hunting titles all over Europe, to the tons of caviar with which she ornaments the digestive tracts of her characters, she has illuminated Mrs. Wharton's tricks with a liveliness which is constant, but for the most part spurious. Nor is Mrs. Wharton the only one from whom she borrows. She has, as it were, absorbed the Knopf list. She has apparently attended her publisher's well-known parties and listened in on the conversation of Hergesheimer, Van Vechten, Willa Cather, *et al.*; but particularly has she studied the methods of Messrs. Hergesheimer and Van Vechten, and she has sat at the feet of Herr Mencken, to whom she dedicates the book. It will probably, therefore, be highly praised by Wilson Follett and all the other authors of Mr. Knopf's coterie. Imitation is the sincerest flattery. Like Willa Cather, she dislikes men in her writing; but, like Mr. Van Vechten, she find them ornamental. The choice of Dwight Taylor to do the jacket was perfect; for Mr. Taylor has been adroit in catching the spirit of the book, and his cupids, who do not know what dietitians are for, are deliciously pink, but dangerously inflated. It is from her sister only that Miss Hoyt has learned nothing. There is none of the beautiful serenity of Elinor Wylie here, none of the sparkling consistency of style to matter. From the same plant have sprung a lily and an orchid, the one nourished by the sun and wind, the other obviously hot-house.

Enough of this! What I really think about "Unkind Star" is that it is a brilliant and important book, important because it shows that Miss Hoyt can write vividly and truly of silly people and of people who are not silly. She has filled her pages with finely drawn characters, richly diverse in mood and in manner. It required fine technical skill to draw with such clarity two women so opposed in temperament as Lilias, the Austrian countess, and Cintra, the American, and to show them reacting to love affairs with the same men. Without pounding in her point, she contrasts skilfully the mother with the courtesan type, and her minor characters, her backgrounds, her dialogue, her frivolity, are keyed with a rare sense of how to fit background to plot. There is just enough of fresh method in her writing to give the novel a feeling of modernity, and yet enough sense of style and plot to give it body. Among the young women, she and Eleanor Chilton easily bid for first rank, and whereas Miss Chilton's gift is a very special one and amounts to genius, Miss Hoyt's is more the real gift of the story-teller and novelist. Miss Chilton constantly verges on the poetical. She will always find difficulty, I imagine, in telling a story well. Miss Hoyt, on the other hand, possesses distinction, and ability to spin out and weave the threads of her plot, which is rarely encountered in a second novel, or a third or fourth. It may be that Miss Hoyt will find some self-styled critics belittling her work. It has a surface smartness which they may mistake for triviality. To me this glitter only enhances her sound psychological understanding. If she fares so at the hands of the press, she will be able to laugh at them, for if "Unkind Star" is not a "best-seller", she will soon write a novel that will be; moreover, her gift is founded so solidly, that I feel she can go on as long as she likes writing excellent novels. It is true that, to Miss Hoyt, or at least so far as one can see in her novel, men seem highly egotistical children; but who am I to say that she is not right!

Last winter there was much talk among dramatic critics of "theater talkers". These persons are malignant growths upon the surface of society; but so are train talkers. Commuting is difficult enough, without the pain of listening to domestic bickering. Tonight, a well-dressed man and a smartly turned out lady were carrying on a squabble which might just as well have been heard

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below stairs. They were, apparently, residents of Greenwich. At least that was where they left the car and gave blessed relief to the rest of us. I could not help thinking how utterly bald, ugly, and unbelievable this conversation would have sounded were it reported in the pages of a novel. It was adolescent give and take, with no thought given to the fact that perhaps other people in the car were trying to think thoughts of their own, and far less irritating ones! It was all about how She thought that He didn't give her the right to think as she wanted to think, that he didn't respect her ideas. Well, that's certainly a sin, if true; but a car full of people on a Stamford local, in the late afternoon rush, isn't the place to settle the mental strain and stress of marriage, or whatever relationship these two were suffering under.

The National Association of Book Publishers has been interesting itself in seeking to secure legislation which would make a separate postal classification for books, giving them a lower rate of postage than general merchandise, specifically asking that books be placed on an even keel with magazines. It is self-evident that the educational value of books is even greater than that of magazines. The number of fiction books sent by mail is relatively small, compared with the general books ordered by those in rural communities, without ready access to book stores. The greater proportion of novels are sold over the counter. This is really a serious problem, for the public as well as the publishers. I should like to urge you to consider it, and if you are enough interested, to write to the National Association of Booksellers, 25 West 33 Street, New York, for their pamphlet digesting the facts. If, then, you agree that legislation giving relief in this matter should be passed, a letter to your senator and congressmen would be appreciated by all concerned.

A postal card from Edna Ferber gives the news that she is bathing at Baden-Baden, but will be back in this country presently to rehearse her new play. "Mother Knows Best", her collection of short stories, is on the fiction best-seller list. My wife chided me yesterday when she was looking at the literary supplements. "You are always saying," quoth she, "that short stories in book form do not sell. And here," she showed me a list triumphantly, "are two among the best sellers, Edna Ferber's and Thyra Samter Winslow's." At which I could only retire with, "Well, you never can tell in the book business. Some do and some don't." I do believe that short fiction in book form is growingly popular. The argument of book-sellers that everyone has read the stories in the magazines is a foolish one, since many book readers see few magazines, and with the numbers of periodicals which now adorn the stalls, who, but those whose duties demand it, could read them all?

Poor Joseph Anthony, a delightful and amiable soul, and author of several good novels, had the good or ill fortune to be the dedicatee of John Erskine's "Galahad". If you meet him possibly he will tell you of the adventures this courtesy of Professor Erskine's caused. Can't you imagine them?

And so, to row on the river with my charming spouse!

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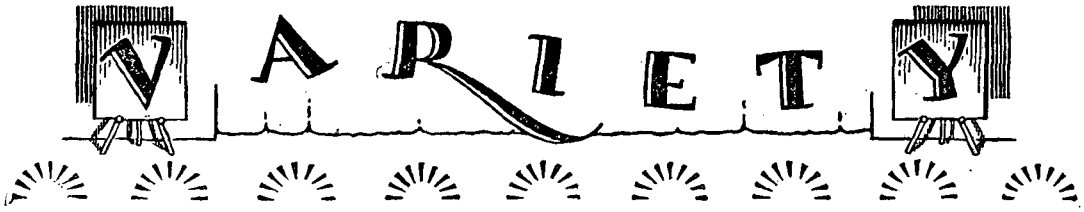

"THE CHARM OF OXFORD"

By Willard Higley Durham

TO the American scholar working in the British Museum September is a month of haste and desperation. The hour of his return to America has stolen upon him unawares and finds his work anything but complete. It is then — not, I suppose, with any malevolence, but merely in accord with some ancient custom or the mysterious workings of the British mind — that the authorities of the Museum choose to close its doors for four precious days, driving the wretched student into an exile the bitterness of which no years of experience can alleviate.

It was on the second of these days that my colleague and I decided to run up to Oxford, moved in part by a desire to see certain manuscripts in the Bodleian, in part by a need for socks and gloves, which — one had heard — were to be had there at alluring prices. I do not apologize for the latter motive; but I refuse to allow it to lead me into a digression upon the poverty of the American professor, a fact so widely known that it has been discovered even by the newspapers. Anyhow, we wished to go. The sun shone dimly but visibly; it was a warm day for a British August (the temperature being over fifty degrees Fahrenheit); so we paid the trifling sum of four cents a mile for third class tickets and jiggle-joggled out of Paddington.

If any further evidence were needed of the incurable optimism of Americans, of their trust — unshakable by experience — in the good and kindly intentions of the world, it would be found in the fact that two middle-aged gentlemen, who had survived numerous English summers, departed for the day without raincoats or umbrellas. Need I say that by the time we reached Ealing Broadway the sky was overcast, that at Reading "the visibility was low", and that at Didcot a steady, chilly drizzle had set in, a persistent British drizzle which was not to be discouraged by the few slight intervals in which it was reduced to a heavy mist?

No sooner had we arrived, however, than we set out undaunted for the shops in the High. We displayed even greater courage when we entered one to the obvious annoyance of the proprietor, who was evidently looking forward to a quiet day. Very reluctantly he removed the brown paper and firmly-tied twine from two or three parcels and displayed their contents with an air which manifested his complete confidence that we would not be interested in what he had to show. He was right. We were not interested. All our enthusiasm had melted away. But I bought a pair of socks out of sheer perversity. This display of obstinacy clearly frightened the man; for he professed to have nothing more that would suit me and herded us as rapidly as possible toward the front of the shop. Our willingness to leave seemed to brighten his whole day.

It may seem strange that we should have made a second attempt, but we did. There were, you see, things that we really wished to buy. I need not describe the result. It differed from the first only in the fact that the twine about the parcels was a trifle heavier and that careful measurements with a yardstick caused the clerk to hope that one pair of socks might be of the required size.

Later experience proved his hope to have been without foundation. But I scarcely think that this accounts for the intensity of his relief when we gave signs of departing without causing further trouble. For a moment he became even friendly. I almost ventured to enquire what were the real motives which induced a person to open a shop in Oxford. But it seemed wiser to depart in peace.

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A trifle depressed by this second failure, and even more chilled by the rain, which continued to fall with bored persistence, we decided that we needed luncheon more than we needed haberdashery. At this point I shall distinguish myself from all known travellers by describing neither the luncheon nor the place where we procured it. The description of one English luncheon applies to all English luncheons. In comparison with their overpowering uniformity the petty differences disappear, and I need not add that if we recovered our spirits — which we did — it was not because of anything we ate. At any rate, after we had induced the Miss who was theoretically waiting upon us to discontinue for a moment the bitter remarks which she was addressing to some person known to us only as "You, there" long enough to receive our money, we started for the Bodleian with that enthusiasm which is roused in the scholar only when he is about to see something which no one else has wished to see for at least a hundred years.

Our prime interest was in a manuscript which no one is known ever to have enquired about, a manuscript which has been read — in all probability — by no one save its author. One unacquainted with the Bodleian might well have supposed that the authorities would have greeted us with kindling eyes as long-hoped-for seekers after something hitherto regarded as of no value — much as one of us would greet a stranger who offered to buy at par certain oil stocks which we long ago laid regretfully in the bottom of the safe-deposit box. But we were acquainted with the Bodleian, and we expected no exuberance of welcome. Where we erred was in supposing that the Bodleian would recognize the acquaintanceship.

There was, however, some reason for our confidence, ill-founded as that reason later showed itself to be. A month before, my colleague — along with others of his kind — had been dined and fêted in Oxford as a member of an international Conference of Professors, and at that time Oxford was laid at his feet. "You have only to come," he was told, "and all our resources will be at your disposal." So, fortified by this memory and by the pleasurable part of our luncheon, we ascended the familiar dusty, splintered, wooden stairs, pushed open the faded green baize door, and looked about with pleasant anticipations of an afternoon of work.

At first no one heeded us, but after we had lingered for some time before the barrier a solitary far-off trumpet blew. Although it remained far-off, it became articulate as the voice of a tall, blonde gentleman who, from a more than safe distance, enquired our business. We very soon learned that our appearance there was a social error. It was made clear from the start that not only were we unbidden guests who hadn't a sign of a wedding garment and that our presence was distinctly unwelcome, but also that our host hadn't the faintest intention of allowing us to remain. The fact that letters from certain persons of importance were to have preceded us, the promises made to the Conference, such things had no weight at all; our professional standing and provenance were not even a subject for enquiry. We had omitted the indispensable formality. We had not sent a post-card in advance. Letters from proper personages borne in hand might have been of assistance, but the really fatal error was the unsent post-card. We might have been allowed to see a book, one book, a modern book; but without the post-card manuscripts of however little value were inaccessible. Perhaps if we could find some one of sufficient authority who would return with us something might be done at a later date, even — as a great concession — at a later hour. This was the last word. The faint, slightly nasal trumpet (English or not, that voice was nasal) blew no more, and we retired. I fear that even our attempt at retiring with dignity was a failure.

Our first impulse was to shake the dust of Oxford from our feet for ever. But there was no dust (the rain was still falling), and my colleague did long for his manuscript. So we made our way to the Scriptorium, where the Oxford Dictionary is in the making, and found there one of the editors whom we knew. He proved to be, as always, a gentleman as well as a scholar. He was most courteous, most ready to be of assistance; but he shook his head doubtfully.

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There was, you see, the matter of Sir Thomas Bodley's will. I had supposed that Sir Thomas antedated post-cards, but he must have foreseen them. Nevertheless our friend offered to see what he could do; but he had only an honorary degree from Oxford, he had no vote, and he feared that his efforts would be of no avail. He was right. They were not. The manuscript is still unread.

We decided to vent our annoyance upon the shopkeepers by attempting to make further purchases. But they were much too clever for us. It was Thursday afternoon, obviously an adequate reason for closing their doors and putting up their shutters. I imagined them peering out through the holes and sniggering at us. What was worse I suddenly realized that my favorite stick was behind certain of those shutters.

We returned to London very cold and very wet, minus a stick and plus two pairs of socks, one of which didn't fit. I need no book to portray for me the charm of Oxford. If, after such a visit, I can still think with pleasure and affection of that dreaming city, its attraction is beyond the power of pen to convey. And such it undoubtedly is. I shall one day go there again. I shall even visit the Bodleian.

SUZANNE

By John R. Swain

(Edwin Arlington Robinson gets going on the epic of the Covered Wagon)

ALL through the misty Kansas night, the mules
Stepped ever silently westward; all the dreams
Of bright, imponderable mist had vanished,
Leaving her still; only the mules remained,
Dragging her ever on to Idaho.
Suzanne of the red hands was waiting; still
She knew not why; no thought of lacy mist
That she had dreamed of could have led her on
As did the thick, imponderable mist
Of Kansas, for her hands were red, so red —
Suzanne, of the red hands, of Illinois.
Softly her father came and took the reins
From her red hands.
"Suzanne, you're tired tonight;
Better go rest. We come to Idaho
Next week; there's bears in them there mountains.
Idaho is a region full of bears
And wolves and hairy bears and catamounts,
And Mormons. Better sleep, Suzanne, the trail
Is long, and there is nought but misty mist
And Kansan Kansas on the road tonight.
Why must I have a daughter who will sit
And drive the mules all night through Kansas mist?"
She did not speak; baffled, he dropped the reins,
And turning, with a final smile, as one
Shaking himself back to reality,
He gained the tailboard of the covered wagon
And, pensive, sat and smoked; his strong, straight legs
Dangled with aimless force. The Kansas mist
Swirled ever down about the still Suzanne;
Suzanne, Suzanne of the chapped, reddened, hands,
Suzanne, of the red hands, of Illinois.

WILL DURANT'S INFLUENCE ON COLLEGIATE STYLE

Anonymous

TEACHING philosophy in a small co-educational college in the Middle West proved rather discouraging to me at first. My graduate work had been done at Harvard, and I made the ever-recurring mistake of the newly commissioned officer: I tried to do to my subordinates what had just been done to me. But I couldn't make nature, in the form of a roomful of students, adjust itself to me, and as a consequence I proceeded little by little to learn the lesson that Mohammed seems to have grasped so quickly, and to adjust myself to nature. There was simply no use to go very deeply into metaphysics and epistemology, I found; it was difficult enough to put over a few simple ethical and political theories, and a few very general viewpoints in cosmology.

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Year after year I simplified, and simplified again.

But the worst trouble of all was in getting the students to read with comprehension and write intelligent term papers. My general impression of the average, or even somewhat better than average, male student's behavior when at work on a thesis soon became something like this: a leisurely stroll to the library, a chat with the girl at the reserve desk, an apologetic request for a philosophy book, a few minutes spent in settling down in the most comfortable position possible in a library chair, the counting of the pages in a chapter, a half-hearted effort to read three or four pages, a yawn — and for the remainder of the afternoon a semi-whispered conversation with the girl in the nearest chair. After class on the following morning — it rarely failed to happen — the student would come to me and with the most amiable grin and winning modesty admit "Professor, I just don't believe I can write on that subject; this philosophy is just too deep for me". I couldn't deny it, but of course some work had to be done; and when, after a little prodding, a paper finally came forth, it would be absolutely dull and unoriginal, consisting chiefly of sentences bodily copied out of a text book and strung together without coherence or meaning.

Thus it soon became evident that one of my chief problems was to find text books that could be and would be read. All the old standard texts on the history of philosophy (I changed books each year) failed me. And then came Durant's "Story of Philosophy". Here the thing had been done at last; here was an author who had adjusted himself to the American audience; here was a book that even the average student would read. I assigned Durant.

When I called for a term paper on metaphysics the result was startling. Even a "white Nordic protestant" minister (if I may use Mencken's or somebody's phrase) recently come from the old country and supposedly of the most sober type of mind, opened this paper with a sentence the more meaningful by reason of its quaint redundancy: "Plato says that philosophy begins in wonder and ever since Plato the philosophers have been wondering ever since". And another young minister, about to discuss Schopenhauer, tripped lightly along with "Now we come to good old Schope, cheerful old beggar that he was". Something new and different was certainly taking place in the creation of term papers in philosophy. Let me quote more extensively from several papers in order that the reader may judge for himself what kind of influence Durant's book was having on collegiate thought and style. (It must be remembered, of course, that the topic assigned in the case of this group of papers was metaphysical and that Durant touches that phase of philosophy most lightly and a trifle disparagingly.) Here is the first paragraph of one of the best papers:

> To the average person, philosophers are the only class privileged to speak with any show of authority about that mysterious realm beyond the scope of the physicists, metaphysics, and in the same person's mind is a lingering suspicion that even the philosopher doesn't know what he is talking about, but is only guessing. In contrast to this view, the philosophers still have faith in themselves. Each new philosopher is certain that he has found the true metaphysics. If it is of the popular sort, the common people are thrilled by it for a time, until something new takes the field. If it requires a philosopher to understand it, there will be great discussions and counter-theories for a while. Then there will be a period of more or less forgetfulness, enlivened by periodic revivals of the theory. Thus at first glance the whole realm of metaphysics takes on the appearance of a guessing game. One wonders if there is a basic principle to which all philosophers go back for their beginning. The search for this principle is the purpose of this paper.

The young minister who was on such cordial, back-slapping terms with Schopenhauer began his essay with a flourish and a judgment:

> The field of metaphysics being unhampered by any consideration of laws or formulae becomes one of the most fruitful fields for speculation and conjecture. It is at once a beautiful futility and an improving exercise. In any consideration of metaphysicians a certain tolerance must be kept in mind, since these men thinking as Hamlet says "In thought beyond the reaches of our souls" cannot be expected, poor fellows, to write lucidly in a coherent and comprehensive way. Their very verbosity coupled with impressive words and an expansive imagination, is the best attestation of their paucity (that is, sometimes) of substance.

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If there is on record a sentence which better illustrates its own meaning by its own content than that last one, I should like to see it.

Another student strove to show that religion is at last coming to accept metaphysical conceptions that it once condemned. After affirming that the metaphysics of the great philosophers has very much impressed and influenced modern religious thought, the author continues:

> So with these thoughts in view let us wander through our copy taken from the 147th thousand of Dr. Durant's little tome and see wherein these men have accorded with recent religious developments. But first maybe we had better examine the tenets of modern religion.
>
> For one thing modern religion is not the maze of dogma and ritual that it once was. Religious men today seek not to find what some long dead father considered the rightful hierarchy of the angels or the proper conception of the miracle at Cana, but rather they seek to know more about man in order that they may more rightly find his relation to his God. While this approach, the social angle, has not led all theologians into the midst of the underbrush of metaphysics, the more inquiring of them have been forced at least to tangle their robes in some of its briars.
>
> Plato, we are told, held to the doctrine that the things we see, feel and touch are not the ultimate, the real things in life. No, not even though they be hymn books, baptismal founts or even the Book itself. . . .

And so on until the point was established.

As to the point that I am trying to establish — that with Durant's book a new style began in collegiate term papers in philosophy — it may be that the evidence has not been thoroughly convincing. I shall, therefore, give one more quotation and risk the whole point on it.

> Metaphysics as a serious pursuit is not for the skeptic; it is only for him who has an ample supply of blind faith and egotistical confidence in his own omniscience. The skeptic — and is he not the only true philosopher? — cherishes dogmatic systems of ultimate reality only as the fascinating toys they are, agreeing with Voltaire his lord and master that they are for philosophers what novels are for women. The skeptic knows only two things: that he can know nothing; and that in admitting such a bald paradox he makes himself an ass. How discouraging it is that man has been given wisdom — his defining characteristic — only to find with it his propensity for braying!
>
> When we read the metaphysicians, at least if we read cursorily, we are struck with the fact that they knew only how "methodically to befuddle themselves". Plato comes strutting down the street with his Idea, nursing it as the new born babe it seems to be. Following him closely come Aristotle, Spinoza, and Schopenhauer, each trundling *his* child, secure in the belief that it *is* his child, the seed of loins with a virility and fecundity nobody else on earth has been man enough to have. And what is the true situation? Just this (or so it seems to him who reads perforce cursorily): that one birth certificate would serve for all the squawling infants. The only childishness in the whole affair is that of the physicians for thinking themselves a proud father. The babies are all the same baby (a baby whose childish attributes have in some remarkable way been preserved through arduous centuries of rough handling); the only difference is that each of the proud fathers warms his edition with a differently colored dress and takes it for an airing in a differently styled carriage. Each one will answer to the same name — Creative Force.

The middle-western teacher who adopts Durant has solved part of his problem, and perhaps the major part: students will read the book — there's no denying that — and term papers will not be so dull. But there are times, of course, when the ideals of scholarship weigh heavily upon one's conscience and one wonders uneasily if the law of compensation is not, after all, eternally at work, and if the gain is really worth the cost.

CURSE IN THE OLD MANNER

By Dashiell Hammett

A PLAGUE on these women who, lengthily wooed,
Are not to be won till one's out of the mood,
And who then discerning one's temperateness
Accuse one of cooling because they said yes!

MY NEW BATHROBE

By Elizabeth Hallowell

I HAVE a new bathrobe. I bought it yesterday in Springfield. I had already searched vainly through the stores of two other cities. During the past few weeks I have become an authority on bathrobes. I know their prices; I know their probable durability; I know the relative merits of corduroy, cotton blanket, all wool, and padded robes. I know which have to be dry-cleaned, and which, as the salesgirls always express it, may be tubbed.

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To buy a bathrobe ought not to be a difficult matter. In a bathrobe the fit is relative. In a bathrobe one seeks merely warmth and a reasonable measure of becomingness; one weighs price and wear, and acts accordingly. In general, yes. But I had a definite theory in regard to my bathrobe. I tried on robe after robe. They left me cold. Even the strictly all-wool robes left me cold. Emotionally cold, that is. I was in urgent need of a bathrobe. Yet I stayed my haste. I made delays. I thanked the salesgirls for their interest, but I told them I would look further. I believed that if I waited long enough my own would come to me. And, yesterday, it did. It beckoned to me from its glass case. I knew at once that it was mine. The moment I slipped it on I knew that my search was over. Not to miss an hour of its companionship, I told the salesgirl to wrap it up at once that I might take it with me. I wore it last evening. I hung it across the back of a chair that I might see it early in the morning when I waked. I am wearing it now.

You see, I belong to that sisterhood whose members, six mornings a week, start off for work attired in serviceable blue serge and low-heeled, sensible shoes. I know all the ways of budget-makers; I know and I practice all their pet economies. I know that navy blue is a practical color, that serge is a long wearing material, that dark gowns save laundry bills, that to buy comfortable, not too good looking, shoes is the part of wisdom, that conservative styles are best, and that the inconspicuous is always to be commended. From my youth up I have practiced the unlovely virtue of thrift, and in color and fabric have sought the durable rather than the delightful. "A penny saved is a penny earned", "neat and not gaudy", have from childhood been my mottoes.

But yesterday —. Well, no self-respecting budget-maker would choose for a woman of my social and economic position the garment I chose yesterday, or advise her to spend for a bathrobe the amount I spent for mine. "But you *needed* shoes," she says sternly, "and your gloves are disgraceful. And isn't that garment distinctly out of keeping with the rest of your wardrobe?" Of course it is. But I can't make the budget-maker understand that that's just *why* I bought the robe, just because it is so absolutely out of keeping with my workaday clothes.

The budget-maker rather intimates that mine is scarcely the garment for a gentlewoman. Perhaps it was not a wise choice. There is nothing very practical about my new bathrobe. There is nothing dainty or delicate about it. It does not suggest the quiet home fireside. It does not look the least bit restful. It is a very worldly, a very sophisticated-looking garment. It is of lustrous black, edged with puffings of scarlet satin, with a perfectly gorgeous scarlet lining, and wide mandarin sleeves heavy with Chinese embroidery in gold and red and green. My, but it is stunning! It is as gay as the robe of a cardinal of the church. Ethel Barrymore might well envy me such a garment. Greta Garbo, I think, would commend my taste. "But," asks the anxious budget-maker, "is it warm?" Not very, I am afraid. "Is it durable?" Probably not. "Will it tub?" I never thought to ask. "How much did you pay for it?" That question I refuse to answer; the price lies between myself and my own conscience. The budget-maker, I know, feels that my bathrobe would not be the choice of a really nice woman. It is not an innocent-looking garment. It cries aloud for a long, slender, jade cigarette holder. Perhaps that may come. Yesterday I bought for it black satin slippers. I had visions of high red heels such as click so intriguingly across the pages of romance. But the shoe-salesman looked blank when I mentioned them and said that they were not being worn this year. So I contented myself with a pair of high-heeled, Frenchy-looking mules.

I ought not to have bought that bathrobe. It really is not suitable. It cost more than I could afford. I needed shoes; my gloves *are* disgraceful. I might have put by that money for my old age. I might have saved a few heathen souls in distant Africa. I might have contributed more generously toward our new parish house. I ought not to have bought that bathrobe. Yet I am glad I bought it. For some winter evening

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when snow beats against my pane, when ordinary living seems dull and drab and uninteresting, I shall lock myself in my room alone with an appropriate book of intrigue and adventure, and put on my robe of black and scarlet and green and gold. And perhaps by then I shall have a lipstick, and red-heeled slippers, and a jade cigarette holder, and, it may be, long jade earrings. And I shall forget that the price of board is going up, and that my teeth have to be X-rayed, and that my glasses probably need changing. And I shall get away awhile from life as it is to life as it ought to be. And I am sure that next morning I shall step out more briskly in my low-heeled sensible shoes and work more efficiently and happily in my blue serge gown just because of those brief moments of black and scarlet and green and gold. Which is exactly why I bought that bathrobe.

ARTHUR AND LOUISE

By Witter Bynner

Arthur and Louise
They met one day,
Arthur and Louise
They met one day,
And she said to her man,
"You goin' away?"

And Arthur he answered,
"You're nothin' but a nut,"
And Arthur he told her,
"You're nothin' but a nut,"
And Louise she answered,
"I may be — but —"

And Louise she rolled
The edge of an eye,
And Louise she rolled
The edge of an eye,
And they both got to die,
We all got to die.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART X

"BEHIND Runners!"

How many times in old days the challenge was sounded in those two words! How many old Crale boys are there alive to-day, paunchy and rubicund and bald, spindle-shanked and bent and white-haired, judges and clergymen, soldiers and bank managers, crossing-sweepers and poets, comedians and tragedians, tramps and gypsies, artists and misers in whose ear were you to whisper those two words they would not sound like a trumpet echoing from a distant golden world?

To-day "Runners", that old corner of stone and rubble, looking like nothing but a broken down Fives Court, with its splendid view clear out over field and wood and sea, is, I believe, no more, pulled down with much else to make way for grand laboratories and museums and what-not!

To-day also, I believe, the refined feelings and careful supervision of our twentieth-century civilization looks on such exploits as barbarous and immoral. The worse for modern education, say I!

How many ill feelings and mean resentments and cowardly sneaking treacheries did those scraps behind Runners blow to thin air! How many lingering feuds and half-baked grudges did that challenge of fists settle once for all never to be considered again! Ah, well! Other times other manners! Whether better or worse in this generation of anti-moralizing who dare say?

To many of us the name of Runners is enough for a recital of many another famous name! Clark *vs* Bostock, which went to sixteen rounds; Hunter *vs* McCormick, when Hunter was floored for eight and rose up to win the day; Russell *vs* Tempest, when two Houses joined in the final fray—eighty boys were engaged thirty of whom had to go to the Infirmary; Sunter *vs* Glostock, when Glostock fought on and won after both his eyes had been closed.

Yes, Runners had seen some sights and is doubtless still telling tales in the ghostly world of bricks and mortar!

The traditions about the meetings were fast and firm and never to be varied as to referee, seconds, time and the rest. Time in the winter was two-thirty and in the summer five o'clock. The Referee was appointed from another House than the combatants; each boy chose two seconds. There was also a Recorder who entered all the details of the fight in a large book. The Senior House Prefects of the boys concerned were always informed of the coming event. Only the boys of the Houses involved were allowed to be present. The House Masters always knew of the affair, but it would have been considered the unforgivable breach of all Crale etiquette did a master intervene. Once, in the early nineties, a master had so intervened and it had never been forgiven him.

No Lower School boys were permitted the privilege of fighting.

Jeremy's own private feelings, now that the challenge was delivered, were mixed, as perhaps if the truth were known the feelings of all brave duellists since the world began have been mixed. He was relieved that the crisis had at length arrived and he hoped to issue from it with sufficient glory. During his time at Crale he had picked up some boxing from Old Fox, the school sergeant, and, without being brilliant, had

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been adequate. He was plucky and enduring. He had, however, reason to believe that Staire was much more than this. The common rumor was that Staire was very fine indeed.

But of the actual fight Jeremy was not greatly afraid. He wasn't going to be disgraced however finely Staire fought. What worried him was lest the authorities should scowl upon this adventure and so spoil his chance of First Fifteen Colors. Moreover there was something palpably ironic in this climax to his earnest endeavors to prove to the world that he was a peaceful citizen. He had gone back to Crale that term with the most virtuous intentions that any boy had ever resolved — he was to be hard-working, peace-loving, a model of decorum. In actual truth this had been the stormiest term he had ever known at Crale, and all, as it seemed to him, without any fault of his own. He hated Staire, of course, but he had been quite willing to let sleeping dogs lie. Only Staire was not a sleeping dog! The very sight of his supercilious face stirred the worst aggravations and hostilities in Jeremy — and it was to be feared that even a fight behind Runners was not going to cure that irritation!

A thing that he had not calculated upon, nor known that it would oppress him, was the pause.

The day of his challenge had been a Saturday; the fight was to be on Monday.

The news of it had, of course, become at once the whole House's property and the excitement about it was intense. There had been no official fight in Leeson's for two years at least, and that alone would have given the event thrill enough; but here was the climax to a feud that had already by reason of its dramatic incidents stirred general attention.

Jeremy chose his Backers — Jumbo and a boy called Caine — that Saturday evening, and they, with solemn visage and most official mien, discussed details with Staire's Backers, Baldock and a boy Mumpus. Forrester, a fellow of Haggard's House, well known for his fighting knowledge and sporting impartiality, was selected as Referee.

Then it was that Jeremy passed into the oddest world of doubt and alarm and secret foreboding. His character had always known strange twists and turns that seemed not to belong to his stocky body and his practical common sense. Again and again he had been aware of surroundings not seen with the naked eye but more important than the visible ones. Before coming to Crale he had known mood after mood when he had slipped away from all his natural interests and had started out on a search that was lonely and ill-defined, but commanding and inevitable. The life of an English Public School does not as a rule help the imaginative side of a boy's nature, and during these three years at Crale Jeremy had been held too rigidly to a practical life to leave much room for an imaginative one; but often moments came, in the middle of school, of games, of noisy ragging in the Lower School, when his attention would be held by some sound or passing color or idle suggestion and he would stand lost, bewildered, as though he were a foreigner in a far land.

Now, although he was not frightened of this fight with Staire, he was conscious of a mood that translated the whole episode into something terrifying and ominous — not the fight itself but something beyond the fight, and infinitely more important.

All Sunday he was bewildered as though he were in a dream. And he *was* in a dream. Nothing was real to him — neither masters nor boys nor the Chapel services nor the walk that he had with Jumbo in the afternoon.

He tried to tell Jumbo something of this, but of course Jumbo didn't understand. "Wouldn't it be funny," he said as they stood out on the lank naked moor behind the school, "if, when I hit Staire he wasn't there and there was a big black nigger there instead, naked and shiny and tall as a tree?"

"What rot you do talk," said Jumbo.

"No, but why should Staire be there? Perhaps I'm not there either."

"Oh, stow it," said Jumbo uncomfortably. "You haven't talked like this for ages. What you've got to do is to give Staire one in the eye so that he can't see straight. Then you've got him."

"Suppose I hit Staire," Jeremy went on,

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"and he turned into a rabbit and then he ran away and hid in my bed and bit me in the middle of the night." Jeremy himself laughed at this, but it didn't after all seem so impossible.

"Suppose," he went on, "everyone had two noses and only one eye. Why shouldn't they? They might just as well."

"Oh, rot — do shut up," said Jumbo.

"Suppose that small cloud came down and rolled down the road and got bigger and bigger and swallowed you up and then went back into the sky again with you inside it. You would look like a fool, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know where you think of these things," said Jumbo angrily, "I wish you wouldn't. . . ."

"Suppose . . ." said Jeremy.

The matter was not passing without the attention of the authorities. Llewellyn went to see Leeson.

"There's going to be a fight on Monday, sir — Staire and Cole."

"Oh dear, it's come to that, has it?"

"Yes, sir. Think it's a good thing, sir. Clear the air a bit!"

"They've been scrapping all the term, haven't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pity. They're both decent boys and ought to mean a lot to the House later on."

"Yes, sir. That's why I think it's better for them to have a fight now."

"Do you really? Do you think there's anything in that theory?"

"Sure of it, sir. Know from my own feelings."

"Well, I won't interfere. . . . What's your opinion of young Cole, Llewellyn?"

"I think he's a very decent kid, sir. Not like the ordinary kid. He's a jolly good footballer."

"Yes, when he likes. But there's somethink odd in him somewhere. He's not the ordinary boy, not by any means. Something in him sometimes, secretive and reserved."

"Yes, sir?" Psychology was outside Llewellyn's territory. He left that to Corner.

"Well, I won't interfere", said Leeson.

But he went to see *his* chief, not to ask his opinion, because Daime always preferred his House Masters to settle such matters for themselves, but merely to tell him of it.

The Camel, his long legs stretched in front of him, was lying back, smoking a briar of enormous size and reading Shakespeare, "Henry IV, part I".

"Listen to this, Leeson," he cried, his thin bony features stirring with excitement, and he read:

"Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm."

"No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel': But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!"

"Lord, there's genius, there's magnificence, there's God plenty — what do I bother with boys for? Why in heaven's name don't I retire to a cottage in Cumberland, drink sack and live on Shakespeare and Hazlitt? Boys, boys. . . . Well, what's the matter? Not that I'm not glad to see you. Sit down somewhere and I'll read you some more. Have a drink. And they say Shakespeare was Bacon. Old Bacon write that kind of thing! Lord, the fools there are in the world. . . . Yes, and what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," said Leeson. "I thought I'd look in on you. Oh, yes — my Lower School is in a fine flutter of excitement about a fight arranged, I'm informed, between young Cole and Staire."

Daime put down his book and puffed at his pipe.

"A fight? What about?"

"They've been at loggerheads all the term. I remember we talked about Cole the other day."

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"Yes. What's the trouble?"

"I don't know. A kind of Doctor Fell feeling, I fancy. My Lower boys have been upset all term over it. Young Morgan's escapade was connected with it."

"Well, if that's the way it is, it won't do them any harm to have it out. Do the Prefects know about it?"

"Yes, it was Llewellyn who came and told me."

"They'll see there's no riot. We won't interfere."

And then they finished "Henry IV, Part I".

I won't pretend to compare this affair with the immortal combat between Bill Neate and the Gasman, but I fancy that had the mighty recorder of that great fight been present at this little one he might have found something fine to say about it. I wish that he had been there; his ghost may have been. I cannot but fancy that Hazlitt's spirit misses little of the sporting kind. What things he must have seen during the last Hundred Years! Even in these degenerate days there have been men of whom he must approve — the Dohertys and Wilding, big W. G. and little Jimmie Wilde, Davies and Kershaw, Hobbs and Macartney — his ghost is kept busy, I warrant. . . .

This particular Monday was cold and windy with a shivering suspicion of rain in the air, but by two of the clock the whole of Leeson's Lower School were there behind Runners, keeping, although there were no ropes, mathematically outside the square dedicated by solemn tradition to the Ceremony. By quarter past two there was a very honorable sprinkling of older boys also.

Over everything there was a hush; no one spoke above a whisper, because part of the tradition was that the fight was absolutely forbidden and did any authority know of it there would be terrible penalties for everyone, and this although the smallest boy present — possibly the Dormouse, who, pressed in the forefront, was as deeply agitated as though he was himself to be one of the combatants — was aware absolutely that the authorities *did* know and were passing by on the other side.

So there was a deathly hush, and through and over this the boom and splatter of the sea, stirred to fury by the wind, broke and thundered.

When the school clock in its crazy hiccuppy fashion (they have a fine solemn sober clock nowadays) sounded the half hour the fighters were in the ring. It was tradition that only shorts, socks and running shoes were worn, so there was Jeremy seated on a precarious kitchen chair, a great coat over his naked shoulders; and there opposite him on a similar chair was Staire, a great coat over *his* shoulders. A shivery business for both of them. Behind Jeremy, with towels and most serious expressions, were Jumbo and Caine. Behind Staire, Baldock and Mumpus. The most serious and solemn by far, armed with a watch and a dinner bell, was the Referee, Forrester, a scraggy long-limbed boy who lived only for such events as these and, so living, found life indeed worth while.

In those fine days there were no boxing-gloves and no feeble decision on points. You fought until you won or until your Backers threw the sponge in for you or until the Referee stopped the fight. The Rounds were of two minutes each.

To put it on record that at this particular moment Jeremy felt happy would be to lie.

He was not a natural boxer, nor was he fond of fighting for fighting's sake. He could do fine things when in a rage, but although at this moment he disliked Staire as deeply and unrelentingly as it was in his power to dislike anyone, it was difficult at that chilly instant, with the cold wind blowing over your shoulders, to feel hatred and lust of revenge. He was worried, too, by the sea which seemed both noisy and personal, as though, beating up to his very feet, it were shouting at him: "You know you can't box! You know you can't box! Bang. Bang. Bang." And then behind the crowd, so serious and so solemn, he had a strange sentimental picture of his father and mother and aunt, and of his sisters Helen and Mary and Barbara, all tearfully imploring him to come away and not allow himself to be hurt. However the tinkle of the dinner bell swept the family into limbo as he stepped

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across the grass, touched Staire's hand and — the fight was started!

They made almost as startling a contrast facing one another as did Bill Neate and the Gasman. True, Jeremy was scarcely as Ajax "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear", but his brown arms and chest were thick and strong, and he was sturdy enough on his short legs. Staire, on the other hand, was not unlike "Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide". No question which was the handsomer of the two.

No question also, I fear, as to the better fighter. From the first every movement of Staire's showed that he knew his job. Jeremy went in for him as though he would immediately annihilate him, but Staire stepped back, Jeremy missed his stroke, Staire turned, hit out with his right, tapped him on the cheek, stepped away again, tapped him on the other cheek, and all this while his fine supercilious face regarding his opponent scornfully as though calling the crowd to witness how easy a thing he had here. And the crowd, brutal as always, was quick to detect the difference between the two and at once was ready to mock Jeremy's clumsiness.

"Young Cole hasn't a chance," some senior boy standing behind the Dormouse said — and the Dormouse's heart was of lead.

So the first round ended with Staire's elegant and aristocratic hint of what he was going to do in another minute or two.

Back on his rickety chair, Jumbo and Caine, fanning him in the most professional manner, whispered him earnest advice. He was to go right in and finish it, get Staire silly before he knew where he was, go in and finish it. . . . They didn't say so but Jeremy knew exactly what they meant and that was if he didn't finish Staire very shortly Staire would finish him.

Only too well he knew that to be so. He wouldn't allow himself to think, but the sea, tossing now at his very feet, was saying: "You're going to be whacked. You're going to be *whacked*. You're going to be *WHACKED!*"

Staire was better, yes, far better, than he had expected. He had felt his own clumsiness a great deal more acutely than anyone in the crowd had felt it. Anyone who has gone into a fight and after the first round realised that his opponent is greatly his superior has felt exactly what Jeremy was feeling now. Oddly enough, also, this realization of Staire's superiority cooled some of his dislike. He *must* admire anyone who could box like that, and he felt in the most curious fashion that he would like to be one of Staire's Backers if *he* were fighting someone else.

Nevertheless when the dinner bell sounded again he went in as determined as ever — in fact more determined than at first — to push in and win. He started off this time with a lucky one, and a blissful feeling it was to know that he had stung Staire's nose and made the blood flow. Nice to feel the wet coolness of the blood on the broken skin of his knuckles. He heard someone call out "Well hit, Stocky," and in a kind of glory he saw Uncle Samuel standing in a cloud shouting approval. He had the sense, too, to move back after his lucky blow, and for a moment or two they both withdrew, glaring at one another. But now Jeremy realized his disadvantage in his lack of height and shortness of arm. It seemed to be impossible to get *at* Staire and larrikinwise he was forever mounting higher and higher. Staire darted in and stung Jeremy's cheek again. It hurt this time and Jeremy had an impulse to go rushing wildly with his head forward as though he were a bull, but with a fearful effort of restraint he pulled himself up and stood on guard. But again Staire penetrated his defence, hitting him just above the left eye, and Jeremy's very wild return missed him.

Here the tinkle of the dinner bell most happily saved him. He got back to his chair and now he was in a fearful rage. He couldn't hear a single thing that either Jumbo or Caine said to him. They'd *hurt*, those blows of Staire's, and now he must hurt back again. Somehow he must get at Staire and knock his face in. It didn't matter what happened to himself but he must knock Staire's face into a pulp. All the most primitive savagery was aroused in him, and when the bell went for the third

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round he ran forward with no thought of anything but that he must knock Staire's face in.

The result of this was that his guard was down and he was met at once with a good straight blow between the eyes. The firmament was instantly crowded with gesticulating and jeering stars. He reeled, and if Staire had hit at him once again he would have fallen, but Staire's next blow missed him. He had time to recover. The stars, like the Gadarene swine, swept down a steep place into the sea, and the ground that had been rocking like a switchback under him steadied itself and belonged to his legs again. But he felt sick and bewildered, as though someone had taken an unfair advantage of him. During the rest of that round he succeeded in getting Staire once more on the nose — the only portion of Staire's anatomy that he seemed able to touch, and he avoided being hit seriously again, but as once more he sank into his rickety chair he did feel that it was all over with him, and he realised that Jumbo and Caine felt it too.

It was the first real fight of his life, and as every man of experience will tell you that first fight needs some grit. What worried him, as far as he could think at all, was that he had forgotten every word that the old sergeant had ever told him. He couldn't remember a thing and the bump on his forehead seemed to be swelling into a gigantic size as though he were carrying a mountain there. Worst of all he hadn't, during that round, seen Staire at all. He had been fighting, as it seemed, a blind sky, whence, at some Olympian order, terrible blows descended.

The bell tinkled and once again he went forward, but this time slowly. He saw Staire now clearly enough, and, glory be, he was bleeding at the nose, but above that nose there was still the same supercilious disdainful face, now more confident and superior than ever it had been. He ran right in on him, saw the high white cheek quite close to him, swung a blow at it, missed it and in return received a crunching one on the jaw that sent all his teeth dashing together, seemed to sever his tongue in two and sent the crowd of eager faces, the walls of Runners, the gray menacing sky toppling onto his head.

He knew that he was down on his knees. He heard someone from an infinite distance saying "Three, Four, Five. . . ."

Could he move? He could not. *Could* he move? Yes, he must. He commanded his body, which appeared now to have nothing at all to do with himself, to obey him. He rose as he heard "Eight, Nine" cried above him. He swayed. Staire was coming for him again. He rolled rather than stepped aside and, as he did so, feebly aimed a blow. Of course he missed, but this gave him an instant's respite. He stood simply, like a child having his first lesson, in an attitude of defence. His only desire now was to hold himself together. If he could only last until the bell went. . . . If he could only last. . . . But he moved like someone in a dream and strange wild thoughts were in his head, like "Two and two make five" and "Three Blind Mice".

But had he only known it Staire was himself somewhat exhausted. That earlier lucky blow of Jeremy's had shaken him badly and, like many another stylist, he hadn't the power to finish a thing well begun. Had he found Jeremy's face again then the fight would have been over, but he waited just too long, feinted, danced on his toes a little, aimed at Jeremy's right eye and missed and — the bell went.

"Can you stick it?" Jumbo anxiously whispered.

"'Course I can," Jeremy hoarsely muttered. And then clear from the distance came a small boy's voice: "Go it, Stocky. You've got him beat."

Jeremy heard that, although he didn't hear the derisive laughter that followed it. He had sense enough left to know that it was a lie, but it heartened him and seemed to call him together, as though someone had picked up his pieces from different parts of the field and presented them to him. (He didn't know that it was the Dormouse who had called out nor did the Dormouse know that he had said "Stocky", a piece of cheek that the intense excitement of the moment excused.)

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It was raining quite heavily now and the freshness of it in his face helped him; moreover it made the grass slippery and this hindered Staire's better and more practised foothold. They pulled forward his shorts and let the air blow through and they sponged his face. When the bell went yet once again he felt some fresh life pulsing through him. He must have been a fine sight then, one eye closed and one side of his face swelling to lop-sided size, his lip cut and bleeding badly.

Then a lucky thing occurred. Somebody in the crowd gave a derisive "Baa!" That tightened him. He would have the blood of the lot of them. They were laughing at him, were they? He forgot his pains and bruises. His body stiffened, his knees sagged no longer. With his remaining eye he saw quite clearly Staire standing there, his guard down, apparently waiting to be hit.

The fact was that Staire's Backers had been telling him that the fight was practically over, that all that was needed to finish it was one good damaging blow, that Cole now was completely finished and didn't know where he was, as tottering as an old woman. So Staire stood choosing the place where young Cole should be hit.

And that was Jeremy's chance and he took it. He tumbled in, most unscientifically I fear, and caught Staire a Beautiful One between the eyes. Oh! What a Beautiful Blow that was! It does indeed deserve capital letters! It crashed into Staire's face with all the weight of Jeremy's strong young arm. He staggered back, surprise, horror and pain driving him to forget all thoughts of defence, and Jeremy, now in a berserk rage of strong revenge and lust, caught him another on the left eye, abruptly closing it, and then yet another beautifully on the chin.

At that instant the crowd forgot all authority and tradition and shouted again and again, the small boys' screams like the shrill cries of birds alarmed.

Staire's knees sagged. He raised one arm feebly. Jeremy tumbled right on him, pushed rather than struck him on the chest, and down he went.

He lay, half raised himself, lay once more, got onto his knees while Jeremy, panting, heaving, waited. Then once more he sank back, covering his face with his hand, and was counted out.

Less than a quarter of an hour had the fight lasted, but in the brief chronicle of time the War of the Sheep and the Goats was for ever ended.

The fight was for some days the only topic among the Lower School, at least in Leeson's — and even the senior body of the House was stirred.

It had been a proper fight, no quarter given or intended, and young Cole had shown amazing pluck. The Public School world is even more fickle than the great world beyond it, and nothing lends authority there like the fist. Subtleties are at a discount — there is no time for them and not much brain for them either — but anyone who can fight as Stocky Cole fought is somebody. Not that Staire was undervalued. It was considered that he was the more elegant fighter of the two and that the contest would certainly have been his had he not been a little too sure of himself.

And the Feud was at an end. No more Sheep and no more Goats. Stocky could have that picture by his old Uncle on his table all day and no one would say a word.

"After all," said Gauntlet, making as usual the best of two worlds, "sheep do sometimes look sort of purple in a certain light — when the sun's setting. And Stocky's uncle must know. He's been painting for years."

Jeremy himself had a harder problem to settle. He must speak to Staire. He hated to do it. He would just as soon never see Staire again. But they would be meeting every day, in class and out of it, and there must be a reconciliation, outward if not inward. He had been the victor, so he must make the advance.

Moreover he had to confess that he liked Staire better since the fight. He had himself recovered somewhat from the self-inferiority that he had felt so painfully before. Ever since that glorious blow when his fist had so superbly crashed into Staire's face he had thought that he rather liked the fellow. Never mind his superior ways. Now

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that he'd knocked him down he could disregard them. In addition to this Staire was an elegant fighter, very much better than Jeremy himself. It was a piece of luck that he'd won out, and so — he must speak to Staire.

On the very morning after the fight he met him coming down the broad stone steps out of Big School into Coulter's. He stopped, the bruise in the middle of his forehead blushing purple.

He held out his hand and Staire shook it — not very readily and a little in the Grandee fashion — but still he shook it. Jeremy, gruff in the voice and self-conscious because several boys were passing, began:

"I'm sorry Staire — all that rot . . . . my fault."

Staire answered graciously:

"Yes, we were awfully idiotic. . . . I've just made an awful bloomer in the History paper — mixed up Anne of Cleves and Katherine Parr. How did you do?"

Oh well, if he didn't want to talk about it!

"Not so bad. Only all that bit about the monasteries was stinking!"

"Yes, wasn't it? See you're playing for the First tomorrow against Odell's. Congrats."

"Thanks most awfully."

And so the matter was, superficially at any rate, closed.

He did, on the next day, play against Odell's and he did nothing astonishing.

He was not in the most perfect trim, his head being yet very sore and his body tired. He and Stevens played behind completely victorious Forwards and that should have been very nice for them, but the game was so desperately one-sided that it lost much of its interest.

Nevertheless it was pleasant playing with Stevens.

After the game there was alarming news. It was just one of those afternoons when you expect bad tidings, when the sky is gray and grisly and a little wind, a little mean malicious mischievous wind, goes creeping from place to place, forebodings and forewarnings in every tone of its whiney and fraudulent whisper, when buildings are dark and forbidding, when chimneys blow their smoke distressfully to heaven, when weather-vanes moan, lights gutter and forsaken leaves whirl disconsolately at the feet of lamenting trees. Doors bang and windows rattle, hedges are dark and roads nakedly deserted. Jeremy had just changed when Jumbo came and said that he wanted to talk to him.

Now Jumbo was one of those friends of whom we all have a number, the best-hearted in the world and the most unselfish, but of their unselfishness they make a burden, spending their lives in doing for others what others would much prefer not to have done for them, making martyrs of themselves in causes which are really not causes at all, being marvellously cheerful (and Oh! the effort it is!) when we would greatly prefer them to be naturally doleful, forcing their relations and neighbors into comforts that their relations and neighbors would prefer to do without, lamenting their physical weariness and exhaustion but maintaining with a brave smile that "they were managing to get along" in spite of their trials, and telling you pieces of gloomy news with an air of self-satisfied commiseration.

Of these are that order of humans who come to you with those fateful words: "I think you ought to know what people are saying . . ." or "Do you think that you are altogether right in trusting. . . ."

The world in general pays heavily for its noble and unselfish citizens — especially if they have but little sense of humor, as is almost always the case.

Jumbo was in the process of developing into just such an unselfish character — and this may be the reason why Jeremy had been finding him a little difficult to deal with of late. It may be also that Jumbo had that feeling — common to all of us when our best friend has just scored a great success — that now is the time to see that he is not swollen-headed, that a little adverse treatment in the middle of all this glory will do him no kind of harm.

In any case Jumbo's face was a long one and his tone lugubrious.

"What's up?" said Jeremy suspiciously. He knew his Jumbo.

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"I think you ought to know," began Jumbo "what everyone is saying."

"What's everyone saying?" asked Jeremy.

"That there's going to be the most awful row about the fight, that the Camel's sent for Leeson and told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for allowing it, and that you and Staire are going to be dropped on like anything."

"How do you mean," asked Jeremy, "'dropped on'?"

"Oh, I don't know. They say you won't be allowed to play footer again this term."

"Not allowed to play?" Jeremy was horrified. Then, because he knew his Jumbo, pulled himself together.

"Who says?" he asked scornfully.

"Oh, everybody," answered Jumbo, rather vaguely.

"Everybody! That isn't anybody," said Jeremy indignantly. "Who was it?"

"Oh, some of the chaps," answered Jumbo who was beginning to think that perhaps he had gone too far. "You know how they talk. I daresay there isn't anything in it."

"If there isn't anything in it what did you come and tell me about it for?"

"All right, you needn't get waxy."

"I'm not waxy."

"Yes, you are. You're always waxy now."

"No, I'm not. But it's sickening to tell a man something without reason."

"Well, they are saying it."

"Who are?"

"Oh, everybody."

This was hopeless, and Jeremy went off, his head in the air. Nevertheless he was alarmed — and most seriously.

(To be continued)

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FOUR NEW WORKS OF FICTION

By Burton Rascoe

THE GRANDMOTHERS. *By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*
BLUE VOYAGE. *By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*
MEANWHILE. *By H. G. Wells. George H. Doran Co. $2.50.*
MEN WITHOUT WOMEN. *By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.*

MR. WESCOTT'S novel so completely overshadows the other books in the above grouping that it is almost unfair to them not to treat it separately. "The Grandmothers" is an event in contemporary fiction; the other books are incidents. It is original in conception, in tone, and in material; they are, so far as literature is concerned, what we've had before.

The only thing new about Mr. Wells' novel is his invention of a participle: his characters are now "meanwhiling" instead of, as formerly, "muddling". Their activities, however, still come to about the same end: their fiercely intellectual conversations terminate in adultery. While Mr. Wells' characters are misbehaving, we are given Mr. Wells' views of the coal strike in England in 1926. They are very entertaining and very intelligent views, and I, for one, should never wish to discourage him from airing his opinions on any such important subject, even if he wishes to call the result a novel.

"Blue Voyage" is interesting enough and it has some special merits, of which I shall speak later; but in it Mr. Aiken has employed, without technical innovations, a method now so common that last year an amateur in fiction, Mrs. Natalie Sedgewick Colby, used it with a success as conspicuous as Mr. Aiken's and with a setting precisely the same as he has chosen. Moreover, Mr. Aiken has restated in prose what he has hitherto stated much more charmingly and effectively in verse.

"Men Without Women" contains the best prize-fight story I have ever read and some other tales that are sheer perfection in prose and in craftmanship; but they are a continuation of a fine talent and not the revelation of new resources.

About "The Grandmothers" I find it difficult to remain calm. Its appearance at this time is comparable to the occasions when "The Spoon River Anthology" and "Winesburg, Ohio" were first given to the public. Indeed, it bears some superficial likeness to both of those books. Like them it deals with the inter-related histories of many people, some of whose emotional lives were starved, thwarted, or perverted; but the scheme of presentation and the treatment are refreshingly new.

When Mr. Wescott wrote his first novel, "The Apple of the Eye", he was occupied with the subconscious, and his style, though cadenced and carefully phrased, was necessarily indirect and involved. In "The Grandmothers" he has achieved clarity and simplicity without sacrificing the music of his prose. He has managed to use the short sentence, stripped of ornament, without the usual metallic, staccato effect. He has employed the simple declarative sentence without a suggestion of naïveté. His prose, like his thought, is grown up.

"The Grandmothers" has for a subtitle "A Family Portrait". Alwyn Tower, a young American writer, born in Wisconsin of pioneer stock, is sitting at a café-table in a watering place in the Alps when he begins to think of the early days of America, particularly of Wisconsin and his family. "And for a moment the well-bred voices, the philosophies, the orchestras were swept away. For a moment all Europe seemed less significant than the vicissitudes of pioneers, men who were anonymous unless they were somebody's relatives. He did not quite like their suffering, their illiterate mysticism, their air of failure; but he understood them, or fancied that he did. It did not matter whether he liked them or not — he was their son.

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"Among them, of their marriages and love affairs, there had also been born a composite character, the soul of the race that was not actually a race; something so vague that one recognized it only as an atmosphere, a peculiar quality of the temperaments and customs and fortunes of Americans; as if it were the god of the place — half invisible, and so large that one could see at a given moment only the great arch of its foot, or the dim luxury of its flesh, or the electricity of its eyes, or the jewels on its giant hands and head. It had been born in the stables, the cabins, and the schoolhouses where music, religion, and the three R's had been taught in turn. Who could describe the mask that was its face, or estimate its strength, or define its character? Whatever it was, it was the hero of the stories that he knew, the tales of his grandmothers."

When Alwyn's grandmother was dying, she had asked that the photograph album be brought out to show a grandson whom she had never seen before. And in Alwyn's childhood, she had told him stories about the various relatives pictured in the album.

Mr. Wescott, realizing that everyone is the product of the traits and characteristics, the struggles and hardships, the bravery and sacrifice of heterogeneous people related by ties of blood and marriage, unfolds his story as if he were slowly turning the pages of an album and stopping long enough at each page to recall some peculiarity about the person pictured there or some interesting story in which that person figured.

A procession of pioneer Americans and their descendants — some brave and some cowardly, some brilliant and some insane, some rebellious and some conforming; all disappointed and discontented but full of hope, — passes before the reader's eyes. And as we see them we are moved to pity and sympathy for them; they become identified with the lives of the antecedents of all of us; for there is tenderness in this narrative.

Brooding feverishly "upon the particularly long series of energies and passions that had produced him", Alwyn asked himself whether he would be a little more capable of a good life than they had been. "For his life, scarcely begun, would repeat theirs; the materials more closely and differently combined, in closer harmony or perhaps with harsher discord — a restatement nevertheless. The materials determined in advance: certain human limitations, American characteristics, family traits. All the surprises there would result from combinations (one interrupting another, one melting into another), the rhythm and order of combinations. Otherwise, in so far as he was surprised by himself, he would know that he had made a mistake in his estimate of what he had to work with. Just as by the second generation he had revised his notions of the first, errors in his judgment of their lives in general would be corrected by the particular instance of his own. And his own if he did the work well, ought to resemble a fugue, without a break (that is, without disaster) from beginning to end, without violent emphasis, each element in perfect relief, played without loss of memory or unsteadiness in either hand: counterpoint of their appetites, their frugality, cunning, vanity, idealism, and homesickness? . . . And the phrase at the end? . . . He had forgotten: death, of course, was the phrase at the end."

"The Grandmothers" is a novel not only with its roots in the American soil, but it is a novel of those roots and of that soil. It is a novel that gives a new significance to American life. It should inculcate a finer patriotism and a deeper sense of pride of country than all the Fourth of July orations ever delivered.

* * *

"Blue Voyage" is an excellent psychological delineation of a poet in rut. The raw material which the poet usually selects and rarifies and sublimates into the formal beauty of lyric verse is here set forth with illuminating frankness. There will be those who will profess to be shocked by this revelation of the sort of manure in which lovely lyrics are nurtured; but they will be persons who have never read, or who have forgotten, Dante. They will be persons who do not remember Villon or Marlowe or Verlaine or Shakespeare. The conflict aroused in the mind of man between his spiritual ideal and his baser urges has been the theme of an endless number of

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works of art. When that conflict ceases the poet usually ceases to write poetry.

In "Blue Voyage", William Demarest, a thirty-five-year-old poet and playwright, books passage second class to England in pursuit of a girl for whom he cherishes the illusion of having a purely spiritual passion. Although faithful in his fashion to his "spiritual" love, he discovers to his dismay that he looks with speculative appetite upon every good-looking woman he sees aboard ship. It happens that the girl he is in love with, Cynthia, is travelling first class with her mother on the same boat. As it turns out, when he encounters her while he is trespassing upon the first class deck, she is engaged to be married; and moreover she and her mother cut him when the latter learns that he is travelling second class.

Poor Demarest has, as you may imagine, a great many things to think about; and he thinks about them with furious intensity throughout most of the trip. His vanity is stung; his pride is hurt; he feels a sense of frustration; he is a victim of satyriasis and at the same time he is a puritan and a sentimentalist; he is a highbrow playwright who has convinced himself that the values to mankind of "Hamlet" and "Deadwood Dick" are precisely the same, and so is doomed to a recurrent sense of futility; and last but not least he is fevered with a lech for a flirtatious young divorcée in the cabin across from his and yet regards her with a curiously catharistic sort of moral indignation, — at least until he is sure that she will not discriminate against him.

This Demarest is pitiably lacking in a sense of humor, which does not mean that he is without a wry and elementary sense of vulgar fun. In the various long passages in which what goes through his mind is set down there are allusions to nearly all of the worn-out smutty jokes current at stag parties and in the remoter volunteer fire-houses. It is curious to regard these allusions, and the adolescent boastings of Demarest, and the slang euphemisms for various obscene words in a novel by Mr. Aiken, when one remembers that in his capacity as a reviewer he grew morally indignant over "Jurgen" and "Antic Hay".

The interior monologues in "Blue Voyage" are interesting and erudite and sometimes amusing; but they do not seem spontaneous, which is the one thing an interior monologue should seem. In fact long passages seem to be contrived with scissors and paste by much sweat and labor and many searchings through works of reference. The dialogues, on the other hand, are successful and the characterizations, particularly of Silberstein, are mostly excellent. The numerous letters, written but not sent, in the latter half of the book, seem to have been written to fill out a book to full novel length after invention had failed.

* * *

The letters that fill the latter half of "Meanwhile" are open to the same suspicion of padding, if they do not indicate pure laziness on the part of the author. Mr. Wells shirks the novelist's task of presenting character in action, by substituting voluminous letters of comment and criticism. But the letters are interesting, and, at least those from Mrs. Ryland to her husband show character undergoing change and developing new strength and purpose. Mrs. Ryland is one of Mr. Wells' most charming women. Fine, sensitive, loyal and full of illusions, she meets disillusion bravely.

There is about enough drama in "Meanwhile" to make a fairly good short story or a one-act play. This drama takes place at a week-end party of the Rylands on the Riviera. Philip Ryland is the heir of a coal baron, and he is required only not to interfere with his father's affairs. To their week-end house-party come Lady Catherine, who goes after men when she wants them without hesitancy, Mr. Sempack, an economist who may be taken to express Mr. Wells' view, an incredible American dilettante, a brazen young flapper who boasts of her unchastity, and some others.

The novel begins with hours and hours of conversation in which Mr. Sempack does nearly all the talking. He shakes up some of the complacencies of the reactionaries in the party and he attacks the Fascists with ferocity and venom. Lady Catherine had at first glimpse of Sempack's ungainly figure,

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unprepossessing face, and uncouth gait, mentally eliminated him from her possible prey; but after listening to him as he dominated the others intellectually she thought he was worth a try. For a philosopher, he succumbed with remarkable alacrity:

"'There is too much meanwhile in the world', said Lady Catherine after a moment's reflection, and met his eyes more than ever.

"'What would you have us do?'

"'Believe as I do that things are here and now.'

"Mr. Sempack's eyes fell to her feet. His thoughts seemed to have sunken to great profundities. Still musing darkly he stood up and lifted his eyes to her face. 'Well', he said, with the shadow of a sigh in his voice 'Here goes'.

"And taking her by the elbow of the arm that held the umbrella and by the opposite shoulder, in his own extensive hands, he drew her into a standing position and kissed her very seriously and thoroughly on the mouth."

At that moment, Mrs. Ryland came upon them in an hysterical condition because she has just caught her husband and the flapper in a compromising situation in the bath-house. The flapper clears out, and Mrs. Ryland forgives her husband after he had gone back to England and proved himself a man by taking sides (in letters to her) with the coal strikers. That is all there is to the novel except Mr. Wells' complaints.

* * *

In "Fifty Grand", one of the stories in "Men Without Women", Mr. Hemingway has contrived a plot that is the most ingenious ever introduced into a prize-fight story. Both of the battlers are betting against themselves; one refuses to take a foul; and the other doesn't want to, but is fouled so badly he has to. It is a brutally ironic story, as real as life. It first appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, much to the surprise of everybody. The book also includes "The Killers", the most talked-of story of the year. The other stories in the collection are of varying worth, but all of them are written in Hemingway's admirably clean and incisive style.

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DIPLOMAT'S DELIGHT

Detective and Mystery Stories, Good and Bad, Passed in Review

By Gilbert Seldes

THE detective story is looking up. With his usual clarity and penetration Mr. T. S. Eliot has been discussing the nature and the problems of this type of fiction; Scribner's has been publishing an erudite example serially; and Mr. Alexander Woollcott and (God save the mark!) I have been identified by reviewers as the author of another. All of which makes it ungracious for me to confess that after reading a vast amount of detective fiction, in bound volumes, gathered sheets, and galley proofs (the last is really exciting) I am not so sure that the present crop is any better than the yield of past seasons. In fact, re-reading "The Deductions of Colonel Gore" and "The Red Lamp" made me doubt gravely whether the mystery story hadn't better be left alone.

It is my fixed belief that the best detective stories are the best written detective stories, but this is a proposition that does not go into reverse. The fact that a detective or mystery novel is well written is no proof of its value; but it happens that most of the very good ones are pretty well written. There is "The Moonstone", the father of nearly all of the present crop, and the earlier Sherlock Holmes stories, and of course the ideally worked out, mathematically accurate stories of Poe. Mrs. Rinehart, also, writes with a flowing pen and the Colonel Gore stories are decently expressed in English which never makes you squirm. The *Case Book of Sherlock Holmes* (Doran) is a contrary example; Sir Arthur is obviously weary of his detective and weary of writing; almost all the stories are pretty bad, largely because there is hardly a trace of detecting in them; something mysterious occurs and Holmes remembers an odd bit of information which explains it, or guesses something pretty obvious and it turns out right. One would suspect from the present book that Doyle has discovered the one way to rid himself of Holmes — by writing such stupid yarns that even editors would stop plaguing him for more. But you never can tell about editors.

Valentine Williams always writes a story with plenty of action, which is good in a mystery story, and weaves his plot well. His people in *The Eye in Attendance* (Houghton, Mifflin) address each other as "Well, my Freckles . . ." and "Oh, Gerry boy . . ." which is disconcerting, but he is sparing of those long chapters which most writers put in to give atmosphere; he carries his story along and he plays fair with the reader. The murderer is in plain view all the time, has an adequate, but not overpowering motive, and even if you guess who he is you still can wonder a little about the how and the why. This added attraction is just what Carolyn Wells entirely misses in *The Sixth Commandment* (Doran), which seems to me very badly written indeed, with a reunion of college boys such as I hope never took place in this country, and a group of characters all out of the lower left hand drawer. It becomes of no importance whatever who killed the girl, how, and why. *The Murder at Manson's*, by R. E. Young (John Day), suffers in another way: it is so choked with color and attempts at humor in the early pages that one despairs even of finding out what the mystery is — it may be a good one.

The strict detective story, according to Mr. Eliot, consists of an event in the first chapter or chapters and everything following it tends to the detection of the actors in that event. On that basis some extremely interesting mystery stories fail to qualify, among them the best of the season's stories: *Vanishing Men* (Morrow) by MacLeod Winsor (an author for whom Eliot predicts quite a future). In "Vanishing Men" there are five or six consecutive disappearances, and the remark-

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The greatest sleuth of them all, Sherlock Holmes.—From Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest record of his hero's activities, "The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes" (Doran)

able thing is that one gets no sense of monotony; each leads naturally to another and each involves the detectives in more false starts and errors. The solution of this excellent mystery requires the intervention of a scientific discovery still unknown to man, and although this is usually irritating, the author has planted it perfectly and it seems much more natural than most of the South American poisons and East Indian magics to which detective story readers are becoming a bit indifferent. Not only Inspector Gilmour, in "Vanishing Men", but the whole personnel of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, show developed character, and the narrator is extremely well done. Even among first-rate stories this one would be a pleasure; among second-rate ones it is a godsend.

The Man in the Sandhills, by Anthony Marsden (A. & C. Boni), and *The Man They Couldn't Arrest*, by Austin J. Small (Doran), reverse the usual order of procedure; in one case we follow not the detective, but the supposed criminal; in the other we are in the confidence of the Master Mind, who is not a criminal, but a private scientific enemy of robbers and murderers and is, reasonably enough, suspected of the very crimes he helps to discover. The opening of the "Man in the Sandhills" is exceptionally good: a man has taken poison which will kill him in ten minutes or so when an enemy enters to beat him up, and the poisoned man dies under the beating without telling his enemy of his suicide. It is a pity that this story was not developed in the conventional way, with the problem of detection, rather than the problem of escape, as the focus of interest; it makes a rapid story none the less. *The Crookshaven Murder*, by Alexander Morrison (Houghton, Mifflin), also misses a bet. In order to test the detective abilities of his friends, a man stages an amateur playlet in which he is supposed to be murdered, and says to his audience, "I will lie here as if dead until the murderer is named and the murder proved". Of course he is found dead at the end of the performance and a good working-out of the problem follows, with a hick constabule as detective; but an obvious development would be that the man was not killed during the play, but lay as if dead, and was actually killed by someone when the audience came on the stage to search for clues.

The Crooks' Game (Houghton, Mifflin) is by George Dilnot, who has recently published a documented history of Scotland Yard. It has some good points and the actual workings of the Yard are carefully brought into the book; but it has three or four identical crises, in each one of which a victim or a detective arrives just in time to rescue another victim or detective. The stories of Freeman Wills Crofts, particularly *The Cask* (A. & C. Boni), are among the most closely knit of all detective stories; in "The Cask" one grows a little dizzy following shipments and dates and telephone calls, but it is a weatherproof piece of business, and so is Inspector French's Greatest Case. The detective fiction of G. D. H. Cole (the well-known writer on Guild Socialism) is not all of one piece: "The Brooklyn Murder" was very good and

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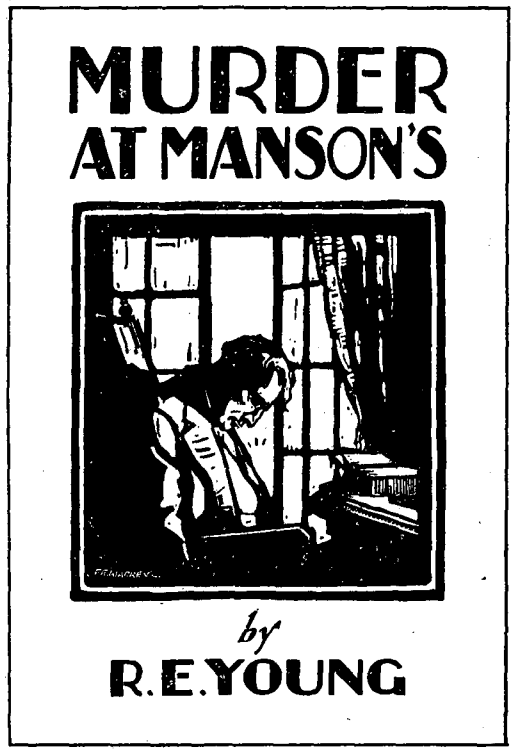
The Death of a Millionaire (MacMillan), which is much more carefully done, is a little silly. Like these in solidity of writing and good characterization is *The Victory Murders*, (John Day) which, presumably because it contains a description of a tight-rope dancer, is ascribed to me — although I did not see Barbette until after I had read this book.

In reviewing a novel by Ethel Sidgwick, Rebecca West once said that no one had ever written so pretentiously since St. Rose of Lima who claimed to write with a pen made from a feather dropped from the wing of the Holy Ghost. I feel the same way about the mystery stories of S. S. Van Dine, a heavily-veiled pseudonym, and I am sorry because essentially he has struck on a rich vein. His detective, Philo Vance, considers each case as a work of art, looking for the errors or lack of errors, the élan of the true artist, the bungling of the fakir. And Van Dine uses as material cases of record which have not been solved. *The Benson Murder Case* (Scribner) is obviously the Elwell case and *The Canary* (Scribner) is just as obviously the case of Dot King. Like Inspector Gilmour, Philo Vance is a disagreeable person, but Gilmour is disagreeable by nature and Philo Vance is disagreeable presumably because the author thinks he is pretty darn smart. I pass his English accent and the gold-tipped terribly expensive Régie cigarettes which he "carefully selects" from his incredibly expensive cigarette-case — that is pure Oppenheim and any writer is welcome to it. I might even pass his conversations in Latin with the district attorney — dialogues, I assure you, and not all of them out of the back of the dictionary. But the humor of Johnsonese English makes me acutely uncomfortable. The doctor is called an "official archiater" when he isn't an Aesculapius, and we get sentences like "this occultation did not occur until the abigail had gone" — absurd pomposity in a man who really can write well, as the descriptions of people and of motives in these stories show Van Dine can. Another distressing point is that these two novels are identical; the concealed murderer is placed in the same relative position in both, and if you have read one you guess the other one on page twenty, or wherever it is that the villain enters. In good



From the jacket of R. E. Young's tale of mystery, "The Murder at Manson's" (John Day)

simple English and with a little variety in placing the characters, these would be easily the best detective stories of the year; the method of deduction is fresh and the incidents are exciting. But if a detective is going to be pretentious at all, which is undesirable, he had better be pretentious about detection and nothing else.

The choice which writers of mystery fiction have to make is not an easy one. They can write novels or they can write detective stories; in the first case they have to worry about psychology, settings, accuracy of language, structure, and a hundred and one other things; in the second they have to work out a mathematical formula. In Sherlock Holmes the only characterizations are those of Holmes and Watson, and if you took any one story alone, you would find it pretty thin — that is why good detective stories are better at the end of the run. Even Stapleton and Moriarity are pretty shadowy figures, and the casual passerby is always done in the

(*Continued on page XXIII*)

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ON THE INTERNATIONAL STAGE

The Trend of World Politics as Shown in Six Recent Books

By Foster Rhea Dulles

SO intimately connected are the European problems of today with those of the pre-war period, so significant are the lessons taught by the blundering diplomacy which led up to the conflagration of 1914, that there can be no definite line of cleavage between past and present in the political history of Europe. The problems of reparations and sea power, no less than the general movement to promote international goodwill, cannot be dissociated from the past out of which they were born. An arresting continuity runs through our modern life which we cannot afford to ignore if the future is to build upon firm foundations.

No more striking example of this could be given than the present-day importance of the problem of war guilt, which is discussed from such entirely different angles by Count Julius Andrássy and Senator Robert L. Owen in *Bismarck, Andrássy and their Successors* (Houghton, Mifflin. $6) and *The Russian Imperial Conspiracy*, (Albert & Charles Boni. $2). The political structure of Europe is based upon the assumption that the Central Powers were solely responsible for the war, yet the revisionist school of historians has ably demonstrated that this theory is false. However far we may care to follow them in the current tendency to transfer this responsibility to some other power in what appears to be a vigorous hunt for a suitable villain, we must recognize that neither Germany nor Austria was alone guilty for plunging Europe into war. And this fact must be generally accepted if Europe is to have real peace.

Count Andrássy approaches the problem from the point of view of a patriotic Hungarian statesman, but at the same time with a singular dispassionateness. He makes no attempt to clear Germany and Austria-Hungary of entire blame, but rather gives a picture of the conflicting treaties, mutual distrust and diplomatic blunders which made war inevitable. His book is a vivid narrative of the troubled course of European politics from 1870 to 1905, written with keen political insight based upon his own experience as well as on the documents which have been made public from the diplomatic archives of Germany and Austria-Hungary. No more damning picture of the effect of "entangling alliances" could be painted.

In defence of Germany, who, he feels made her greatest mistake in refusing the overtures of England in 1901 and 1902 — a mistake that might well be considered one of the primary causes of the war — Count Andrássy says that her policy of imperialism was no more pronounced than that of the other powers, but that she went her way "with drums beating and trumpets blaring". England, France, Italy and even America were not behind in the race for annexations, but "they all sang to a pianissimo accompaniment, not unsoothing to the ears of their audience". In the same spirit, earlier in the book, he compares the character of Bismarck with that of Gladstone. He finds something most admirable in the frank brutality of the Iron Chancellor, who could say that he would consider it a crime to jeopardize the least German interest for the sake of the rights of aliens or for the peace of others, as contrasted with what Andrássy considers Gladstone's hypocrisy which led him to embark in war against the Boers after his idealistic intervention in the interests of Bulgaria.

There is much to be said for the unrelenting espousal of nationalism which Andrássy favors so strongly, but it leaves no room for any "idealistic" support of the cause of peace. As he points out, Germany had no really compelling interest in peace except

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when possible war found her unprepared, and while this may be said with almost equal truth of every European power in the pre-war days, in the case of the Kaiser and his ministers this readiness to resort to arms when the situation was favorable was more blatant — the drums were always beating.

Count Andrássy gives an interesting portrait of the Kaiser. He finds his erratic interference in the foreign affairs of his empire a constant source of embarrassment for his ministers, his colossal egotism a continual barrier to friendly relations with other countries, and his habit of wild utterances and rude affronts to foreign envoys a dangerous source of international friction; yet with all this he seems to have for him a sneaking admiration. The Kaiser's intense nationalism was a bond of sympathy with the proud Hungarian.

While Andrássy makes no attempt to allocate the final responsibility for the war — his book does not carry the story that far — Senator Owen takes up the history of pre-war diplomacy with a very definite aim in view. By fair means or foul he is determined to whitewash Germany and to prove that the conflict was wholly due to the wicked machinations of the Russian Imperial Government. The Hungarian count has made a very definite contribution to history; the American senator has written a highly partisan pamphlet. Convinced that a great wrong has been done Germany in the Treaty of Versailles — and that we do not deny — he has taken his cue from the school of Harry Elmer Barnes and has proved a most docile pupil of the theory that Sazonoff, Isvolski and Poincaré engineered the war despite the frantic efforts of Germany to maintain peace.

One quotation will adequately show the attitude in which Senator Owen has attacked his subject: "The most gigantic conspiracy of all time in its consequences was the intrigue of the Russian Imperialists, who deliberately and intentionally brought about the World War in 1914".

The case is black against the statesmen of Russia, and in the Franco-Russian treaty and military conventions, as well as in the correspondence between St. Petersburg and Paris, there is clear evidence that France and Russia prepared for a simultaneous attack upon Germany and seized upon the opportunity offered in 1914 for the execution of their program. But Senator Owen spoils his case by his violence and partisanship, and guilty as Russia may have been we cannot believe that the sole responsibility lies with her. The war was a product of the international situation which is better described by Count Andrássy. The diplomats were controlled by forces greater than themselves, forces inherent in the rotten state of European politics, which made inevitably for war; since among the men in charge of the destiny of Europe there was no will for peace.

Turning to one of the results of the war which may be traced to the Allied conception of German guilt we find the reparation problem. Carl Bergmann, representative of the German Government with the Reparations Commission, has given us in *The History of Reparations* (Houghton, Mifflin. $6) a most excellent and readable summary of the whole course of the negotiations which eventually led to the adoption of the Dawes Plan. Treating the question from a distinctly German point of view he has still managed to write with historical objectivity, and his record is one of great value to every economist and student of international relations.

In writing *Navies and Nations* (Houghton, Mifflin. $4), Hector C. Bywater — of appropriate name — has followed his "Sea Power in the Pacific" with a most timely volume on the status of the naval forces of the signatories of the Washington Treaty. The analysis by this British authority of the policies of these countries and the problems they face in reconciling national interests with the new program of limitations in armaments is clear and precise. But while this might be expected of a naval expert of Mr. Bywater's standing, we had no reason to believe that he could make his subject so interesting to the lay reader. There is something beyond its mere timeliness which makes this book a most valuable contribution to the movement for naval limitation as well as to the history of international relations.

In particular have we been interested in

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his discussion of Great Britain's conception of her right to supremacy in sea power. It is a matter of faith, embodied in a striking sentence from the Articles of War, which declares it to be "the Navy, whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend". Or as expressed shortly after the Armistice by Winston Churchill: "Nothing in the world, nothing that you may think of, or dream of, or anyone may tell you: no arguments, however specious; no appeals, however seductive, must lead you to abandon that naval supremacy on which the life of our country depends". Is it any wonder that the British delegates at the Geneva Conference showed little enthusiasm for naval reductions which would give reality to the theoretical parity of naval strength accorded us at Washington?

But this book is full of arresting statements. The Panama Canal is not in serious danger of attack because no enemy power could operate so far from its nearest base; the United States for the same reason would be hard put to protect her Pacific possessions from any enemy power such as Japan; Great Britain would quite probably be unable to protect the Mediterranean route in time of war because of submarine and aircraft development and would have to depend upon an alternate line of communications via the Cape of Good Hope; and then, "measured by the dismal records of the past, the Washington Conference was a stupendous success . . . a landmark in modern history".

Mr. Bywater's reason for this last statement is his endorsement of naval limitation, not on an idealistic basis but simply because he recognizes that Britannia cannot continue to rule the waves if the United States wishes to outbuild her and that consequently "our true interest lies in promoting the cause of naval restriction by every means at our command". Somehow this seems at variance with the policy of certain naval experts at Geneva.

Building International Goodwill (Macmillan. $1.50) is another book relating to world problems of this post-war period but one which is not concerned with any specific program. It is a collection of brief essays issued by the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches on such subjects as arbitration, disarmament, the League of Nations and the World Court. Among its contributors are Jane Addams, Denys P. Myers, Raymond Robins, James T. Shotwell, and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The essays are uneven both in form and substance, but incline toward the idealistic school of innocuous panaceas for the abolition of war. The purpose of the book is most admirable, but too many of the essays ignore the realities of international relations for it to be a great contribution to the cause it endeavors to serve.

Professor Norman Dwight Harris' *Europe and Africa* (Houghton, Mifflin. $4) is a revision of a former book, "Intervention and Colonization in Africa", which the author wrote during the war and has now brought up to date with a study of the mandate system and other post-war developments in Africa. As a companion volume to "Europe and the East" it constitutes part of a useful history of the expansionist movement of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SCIENTIST INTO MAN OF LETTERS

By John Macy

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SAVANT. *By Charles Richet. Translated by Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Co. $2.00.*

IT may be taken for granted that an educated Frenchman writes good French. No other people in the world in such large numbers, in such variety of subject, circumstance, social and economic position, use their language so consistently well as the French use theirs. It is therefore not at all surprising to find the learned physiologist writing about his profession, the scholar (there is no English word for *savant*) playing with grace and humor which his British colleague has preserved in our tongue.

The venerable doctor recently retired from his professorship, burdened with all the honors, including a Nobel prize, which a not altogether stupid and ungrateful world can heap upon a disinterested servant of humanity, has taken a few days off to amuse himself and a few readers with some casual remarks about the brotherhood of science and the pursuit of truth. He has the gift, which even an erudite Frenchman may not be born with, of philosophizing in a charming manner, of being entertainingly wise. And what a country it is, what an intellectual life he reveals in an off-hand way when he says that in considering a candidate for membership in a learned body, the Academy, or any other distinguished society, he wishes to know about the man's "literary cultivation, the shrewdness of his wit, the correctness of his manner, and even the tone of his voice".

It is not surprising to discover, or have once more reaffirmed, the fact that a French gentleman and man of science writes well, that in a laboratory in Paris a whimsical spirit can coexist with patient, accurate, exhaustive research, that humanity survives the test-tube and the microscope. But I fancy that many readers, whose interests are belletristic, and who are as abysmally ignorant as I am of all matters scientific, realize how many men of science have been masters of expression, both in their special province and out of it.

I learned this by blundering about in books which I only half understood, entering the laboratory by way of the library. Francis Bacon, who was so relentlessly a scientist that he caught his ultimate cold trying to find out why a chicken covered with snow does not decompose, was a supreme man of letters, even without the poetical glories which the Baconian-Shakespearians have not yet quite finally laid upon the shrine of St. Alban. Galileo wrote superbly for his immediate argumentative and expository purpose and is one of the great masters of Italian prose. Darwin painfully and deliberately forged an adequate clear style. If Darwin could not like Shakespeare, he regretted it, and Dr. George Dorsey does not help matters a bit by a laudatory justification of Darwin's blind spot on the ground that Shakespeare's plays were written for a theater-going herd of illiterate morons and sub-morons. The scientific man is sometimes offensively unscientific and unliterary. At his best, in France, in Germany, in America, he is literary, because he must express himself. And expression is literature.

The excursions of the man of science into literature that has no scientific interest are not likely to be so eloquent and charming, so truly "literary", as discourses in which the expert, the authority speaks not as an authority but as a human being in the language of our common humanity elevated above our too common limitations. Professor Richet writes not about any technical problem, any

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of the questions to which he has dedicated his long and useful life. He discusses in an amiably informal manner the general social position and fortune of the savant, that strange fellow who pursues knowledge for its own sake, is a little different from the merely learned, informed man, a little different from the mere man of science. The difference, the excess of interest over his fellow-students in the laboratory, may manifest itself in a kind of humanism, in service, which is a lovely idea, or would be if it were not spoiled by a smirking moralism.

The broad and genial outlook of Professor Richet is not incompatible with some pleasant limitations. He is a Frenchman, though he lives in the universe of science. To him Lavoisier is the "greatest name in all science". Well, maybe so. But that "greatest" is a word which a countryman of Professor Richet, Remy de Gourmont, advised us to use with caution. Richet is still suffering from the War and his heroes are French. Rightly so. He is a Frenchman.

MURDER!

By Edward Hale Bierstadt

NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS: *The Trial of Abraham Thornton, 1817; The Trial of Burke and Hare, 1828; The Trial of Madeline Smith, 1857; The Trial of Mrs. Maybrick, 1889; The Trial of Oscar Slater, 1909; The Trial of Herbert Rowse Armstrong, 1922. John Day Co.: New York: 1927: 6 vols. $3.50 a volume.*

SIX very pretty murder mysteries from real life! Two of the defendants were executed; two were judged guilty and reprieved; the guilt of one was set down as Non-Proven; and one was freed as innocent. So that of these six cases four are still by way of being mysteries.

The series of "Notable British Trials" consists of fifty odd volumes, each volume containing a single trial. Volumes are added year by year as new material becomes available, and it is my understanding that the John Day Company proposes to bring out the complete series at the rate of twelve a year. It is an exceedingly worthy enterprise, and one deserving of every success. The series includes, I believe, practically all of the earlier series of Scottish Trials, and even a few of the still earlier State Trials.

The volumes are uniform in plan. First comes a lengthy, but interesting, introduction, which tells the whole story of the case and comments on any unusual features. Then follows a verbatim transcript of the actual evidence given for the prosecution and defence with all irrelevancies omitted. This means that each story is told twice, once in the introduction and once in the evidence of the trial. Personally, I think that it would have been a better plan to start with the transcript of evidence, and then let each editor merely comment on the trial after the verdict. There is something to be said on both sides, however, and it is not a matter of crucial importance. In any event, we have here six volumes that should be invaluable to the student of criminology and of criminal jurisprudence, and which the mystery-loving layman should receive with loud outcries of delight.

Most writers on the case of Abraham Thornton, tried for criminal assault upon and the murder of the charming Mary Ashford, place their greatest stress on a legal peculiarity that was brought to light after he was acquitted. The verdict of not guilty was unsatisfactory to very many — Thornton was a thoroughly unpleasant person. The verdict was appealed by Mary's brother, but Thornton's attorneys found an ancient statute by which the appellee could have recourse to trial by battle. The challenge was given to Mary Ashford's brother, and much legal wrangling followed. It was finally decided, however, that the accused, having been tried once and acquitted, could not twice be placed in jeopardy of his life, and the combat never took place. The statute was expunged from the books in the following year. However intriguing this quaint bit of legal mechanism may be, and it undoubtedly has its charms, to me it is far less interesting than the actual mystery of the murder, which has never been solved. The light-hearted and, it is to be feared, the somewhat light-headed Mary, walking through the country lanes after the dance at Tyburn House; the hours from midnight to four a.m. spent, not too circumspectly, with

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her first lover; the finding of her body in the fatal pit on the edge of the fatal field; and the lines of mysterious footprints, so like to those of Thornton's, that led to and from the pit; all these and more go to make as mysterious a mystery as the most jaded reader could wish. And yet I am greatly inclined to agree with Sir John Hall, the editor of this volume, that the sad business was no murder at all, but sheer accident, that Mary fell into the water pit and drowned, with no one near either to give her aid or to harm her. It is in this, the tragedy itself, rather than the trial to which it gave rise, that the greatest interest centers.

Burke and Hare, of course, are classics; indeed, the name of the first has entered into the language. The setting is the darkest days of the Resurrectionist system in Edinburgh, when it was a lucrative trade to steal bodies for the use of the medical colleges. Burke and Hare, logically simple, concluded that it was easier to provide the bodies by murder than by theft, and so proceeded. Burke and the woman alleged to be his wife were tried, while Hare and his feminine companion turned evidence for the Crown. So wary was the Scottish jury that, in spite of the enormous furore aroused by the case, in spite of Hare's direct testimony and confession, and in spite of the unbreakable web of circumstantial evidence that surrounded the accused, Mrs. Burke was acquitted and two of the jurors in Burke's case opposed a verdict of guilty! None the less, Burke was convicted and executed. It is a strange and lurid story of an almost forgotten day and age, as picturesque as it is sordid, and as dramatic as it is gruesome. It inspired Stevenson to "The Body Snatchers", and if Dickens did not use some of its background in "Oliver Twist" I am much mistaken. This volume is peculiarly well edited, by the way, by William Roughead, who can usually be trusted to make a good job in matters of this kind.

I fear that not only was Madeline Smith no better than she should have been but that she was even worse than the jury thought. After the verdict of Non-Proven, it is said that she went to America and, curiously enough, a recent newspaper report has discovered the ingenuous, and ingenious, lady in one of our western states. If this is true, Miss Smith is ninety-one years old this year, for she was twenty-one at the time of the trial. One would like to have the history of the last seventy years almost as much as the true account of the decade that preceded them. An outline of the case can be given simply. In 1855, Madeline Smith, then nineteen, met Pierre Emile L'Angelier in her native city of Glasgow. A year later she became his mistress, but not before she had tried at least twice to put an end to the acquaintance. The following January, Madeline became engaged to another man, but in February she was ostensibly reconciled to her first lover. In March, however, L'Angelier died of poisoning by arsenic, and it was alleged that this had been given to him in a cup of chocolate by his mistress, who had other plans for her future. There is little doubt but that she was guilty; there was motive and there was ample opportunity, but there was just enough doubt to permit a Scottish verdict. Madeline reminds one of some of her more modern prototypes; I am sure that if the fashions of the time had permitted she would have given the jury more than one glimpse of dainty, silken-clad ankle and knee.

It is interesting to consider the trial of Mrs. Maybrick for the murder of her husband directly after that of Madeline Smith, for the two have much in common. In both the poison used was arsenic; in both, motive and opportunity were present; in both, the defendants were young and attractive women; and in both the defence was that the victims were habitual users of arsenic — addicts of arsenic, in short. There is grave reason to believe that this last was true of Mr. Maybrick, but little or none that it was true of L'Angelier. I have always felt that the verdict in each case was weak: there seems to have been no reasonable doubt of Madeline Smith's guilt, but considerable doubt as to the guilt of Florence Maybrick; yet one got off, literally, Scot-free, while the other was judged guilty, was reprieved and served fifteen years. Juries are strange multi-headed creatures. It must be admitted, however, that there is a

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strong point against Mrs. Maybrick in evidence that came out long after the trial and which, unfortunately, is not included in the present volume. Sir William Nott-Bower, who was Chief of Police of Liverpool at the time of trial, tells in his memoirs of a chemist who came to him after Mrs. Maybrick had been reprieved, and admitted that she had bought arsenic from him, undoubtedly that which was found in the Maybrick house labelled "Arsenic — Poison — For Cats". One of the strongest features of Mrs. Maybrick's defence was her denial of the purchase of arsenic, and the fact that the prosecution was unable to prove that she ever had purchased any. If this evidence had come out at the trial it would unquestionably have told against her heavily; indeed, it might well have been fatal. Mrs. Maybrick was an American, and returned to this country after her release in 1904. What became of her then it would be interesting to know.

Just who it was that battered in Miss Marion Gilchrist's head in the living-room of her Glasgow flat will probably never be discovered, but it is very doubtful indeed that it was Oscar Slater, who was tried for the murder, convicted and reprieved. The case is peculiar. In the first place the murderer was seen by two persons who entered the flat before he could escape. They were not yet sure that anything had happened, however, so that he passed them and fled. The trial turned on the identity of Slater with this man. Now it is a well-known fact that most people see without observing, and that the difference between what people see and what they imagine they see is vast. It is customary to cite Prof. Münsterberg's small masterpiece, "On The Witness Stand", in any discussion of the unreliability of witnesses, and certainly no better testimony could be adduced. In Slater's case there was a mass of conflicting testimony, all of it probably sincere and much of it probably mistaken. The case against Slater was very doubtful for several reasons: it was alleged that on the night of the murder several chief witnesses named a person other than Slater as being guilty; it was not proved that Slater fled from justice or made any mystery of his exodus from Glasgow; and it was asserted that one witness had made an important error in dates. On the whole, it looks very much as if there were reasonable doubt of Slater's guilt and that he should have been given its benefit. Certainly, there was enough doubt to get him a reprieve. In the following years there was much agitation for and against the upholding of the sentence. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote a pamphlet in Slater's defence, and an official enquiry was held in Glasgow, after which the Scottish Secretary announced that no case had been established which would justify interference with the sentence.

Herbert Rowse Armstrong, of tender memory, is perhaps more notable for a murder that he attempted and failed to accomplish than for the one for which he was hanged. He was tried, convicted and executed for the murder of his wife by arsenic so that he might inherit her fortune, but entwined and intermingled with this case is his attempt to kill a business rival in the same manner. In the latter instance the method employed was to mix the arsenic with butter, which was then spread on a particular piece of toast; and to see that the gentleman on whom he had designs got that particular piece of toast with his tea. But for the fact that the intended victim disliked and distrusted Armstrong the plot might well have succeeded; as it was he got enough of the arsenic to make him dangerously ill. This trial is perhaps one of the least interesting of the six, though undoubtedly it has its features.

Here are six exceedingly interesting and even important books. It is to be doubted whether the literature of criminology will see anything of equal importance in this country this year. That delightful raconteur of crime, Judge Edward Parry, says in the introduction to one of his books, "I cannot agree that this popular desire to read about trials is of a morbid character or that the interest taken in trials is unhealthy. . . . On the contrary, I think it is natural and sensible. Trials are human documents and contain in their dossiers truths about humanity expressed in a simple form of drama." And with this dictum I can only cordially agree.

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THE VICTORIAN ISAIAH

By Keith Hutchinson

Carlyle at his Zenith. (1848-1853) By David Alec Wilson. Dutton. $5.00.
Thomas Carlyle. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Holt. $2.50.

CARLYLE to most of us is only a school-room figure — one of those boring Great Writers whose works we gulped hastily (preferably in pepsined form) for examination purposes and then equally hastily forgot. Yet he still has his earnest disciples, for here are two new books devoted to him. Mr. Wilson's *Carlyle at his Zenith* is Vol. IV of his massive biography and covers the years 1848 to 1853, during which Carlyle was writing "Latter Day Pamphlets" and "The Life of Sterling", and beginning work on "Frederick the Great".

Mr. Wilson is not of the modern school of biography. He does not give us a snapshot in the Strachey or Guedalla manner, but a carefully studied and laboriously achieved studio portrait. With infinite patience he has collected every biographical detail that can be found in Carlyle's letters and writings and in those of his contemporaries. From this material he has built up an almost day-to-day account of his life and as complete as possible a record of his conversations. This is a valuable piece of work and, though a little tedious for straight reading, may be recommended in small doses to those anxious to catch the authentic flavor of Carlyle's talk. As a portrait it suffers from the inevitable blurring caused by too close attention to detail. It is over-exposed. Mr. Wilson tells us all about Carlyle but if we want to know what he was like we must turn to Mrs. Hamilton.

Her book is not primarily a biography of Carlyle, but in the first two chapters she gives us a brief sketch of his life. His bleakly beautiful background among the hills of southern Scotland; his mental struggles in achieving a philosophy; his economic difficulties before "The French Revolution" made him famous; the much discussed and exaggerated question of his relations with his wife; all the essentials of his career are etched in for us with sympathy and understanding.

Then Mrs. Hamilton turns to her main task and gives a brilliantly concise account of his moral and social doctrines. Despite the current theory that Carlyle is out of date she believes that his writings have a greater import for this age than the one in which he lived. "He knew," she says, "right from wrong but it is right, not wrong, that absorbs him. All his ultimate emphasis is on how to be right. It is this positive turn that makes him uniquely significant for a generation floundering as does ours, in an uncharted sea of moral negatives."

Carlyle was a stern moralist, but by morality he did not mean a blind acceptance of the conventions. The duty of man, as he saw it, was to discover truth for himself, to believe in it fervently, to follow it consistently. This is certainly an attitude sympathetic to what we may call the higher individualism of to-day, which rejects a herd standard of values and sees morality as a strict adherence to a personal standard, individually conceived and tested.

Near as Carlyle approached to modern thought in personal ethics he was still nearer, according to Mrs. Hamilton's interpretation, to the spirit of the social doctrines of to-day. His social theories started with the assumption that every human soul had an equal value, and that every man had the right to a full realization of his potential capacities. He denied any individual right to happiness but he affirmed most strongly the right and the duty of every man to work at whatever task enabled him to serve the community best. From these basic ideas he built up an economic theory which, as Mrs. Hamilton points out, has much in common with the program of Labor movement. His was a vision of a coöperative commonwealth — a rationally organised society, because only in such a society could every individual be truly free. "Men cannot live isolated: we are all bound together for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No highest man can disunite himself from any lowest."

Although Mrs. Hamilton criticises Morley for his conclusion that Carlyle was prophet rather than philosopher, her book strengthens my feeling that his function was, and

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is, essentially that of a prophet. He was a Victorian Isaiah who stood up in the midst of a smug, materialistic generation and with angry, sonorous, biblical prose warned men to repent or else beware of the wrath to come. He denounced "those that sit at ease in Zion" heedless of the misery and wasted human lives that accompanied their prosperity. But he spoke to them, too, of a new Jerusalem where the dignity of labor was the foundation of society and where prosperity meant more than a vulgar accumulation of possessions. And since complacency is as common to-day as in 1850, particularly in America, Mrs. Hamilton's effort to induce people to read Carlyle is one that deserves success. Her numerous quotations from his writings should dispel our adolescent notions that he is a clumsy writer or a bore. His prose, individual, musical, thundering, has a closer relation to that of, say, Mencken than to that of his contemporary Macaulay. Listen to this: "How different, above all, is that honey-mouthed, tear-stained, soup kitchen Jesus Christ of our poor shovel-hatted modern Christians from the stern visaged Christ of the gospels proclaiming aloud in the market place (with such a total contempt of the social respectabilities) 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!' Descend from your gigs, ye wretched scoundrels, for the hour is come". An angry, abusive, intolerant man — but never bitter, never cynical, and never sentimental.

A NOT SO CELESTIAL CHOIR

By Emanuel Eisenberg

THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR. *By Robinson Jeffers. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*
THE WHITE ROOSTER. *By George O'Neil. Boni & Liveright. $2.00.*
COPPER SUN. *By Countee Cullen. Harper & Brothers. $2.00.*

CONCERNING temperaments there is no disputing. Robinson Jeffers' particular vision instinctively directs itself to the more violent and terrible phases of life; it is impertinent and preposterous to complain that these do not comprise the whole human scene. His interests are there almost exclusively confined — probably quite unvolitionally and undesignedly, for this is poetry of an intensity as overwhelmingly authentic and unequivocal as the break of thunder and lightning on a swollen sea. The only valid objection can be on the grounds of egoistic animosity because of acutely different world-vision. Those who are unable to see life as an incessant effort to satiate frenzied passion (lesbian, incestuous and otherwise) should steer clear of "The Women at Point Sur". They would only be intolerably oppressed, unspeakably vexed. "Lust thou art, to lust returneth", I kept muttering through the book.

The story of the Rev. Dr. Barclay's sudden abandonment of his church and family and his eventual half-insane assumption of godhood is told in the winding free-verse rhythms already familiar to many through "Roan Stallion", Jeffers' last volume of poetry. The lean athletic lines leap and pant with a throb more unnerving than even that of "The Tower Beyond Tragedy". Taut, yet savagely uncontrolled in its tautness, the bitter song of despair and unhappiness — but never melancholia and misery — is cried in an exultant chant.

Greek the poem most certainly is, with its fierce insistence on agony and ache; but there is no pity. Terror abounds. Pity has been translated into what may merely be another aspect of it (but which is unutterably different from the essential Sophoclean element): contempt, loathing, abomination for the human race. This is misanthropy equalled only by Jonathan Swift, yet entirely without the Dean's barbed humor.

"The Women at Point Sur" is an electrifying poem and an unforgettable story, surging with vigor and heat and pain: but it is only for an eclectic minority of persons.

George O'Neil has no desire to disturb his readers and asks nothing more of them than that they give ear to various elementary emotions he has been sufficiently selfconscious to realize and certain natural scenes which he considers worthy of description. There is no assault on the senses. The mind is charitably ignored. O'Neil's profoundest idea is to praise the irresponsibility of foun-

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tains because of their supremely esthetic inutility. This is reducing poetry to prosaic absurdity, but it is justifiable as an index to the intellectual content of "The White Rooster."

Clarity, simplicity and freedom from triteness are features distinctly in O'Neil's favor, but these qualities have scarcely any opportunity to evidence themselves with adequate strength. All of the poems — except four or five, "The White Rooster" foremost among them — are pitched in so low a key that one can distinguish only negative points: that is, lack of obscurity, complexity and stereotype. It is a cool muted music, thin and distant.

Plainly, these poems are designed to be recited and to audiences. The statement is intended as a condemnation. To many, no doubt, it will be high recommendation.

In his second volume, "Copper Sun", Countee Cullen already reveals the fatal limitations which must always restrict his expression in poetry. One third of his poems are concerned with race, another third with love, another with death.

Cullen has been one of the strongest agitators for the thematic emancipation in the Negro writer, bewailing that his work should be confined to "propaganda". He confesses however, that "somehow or other . . . I find my poetry of itself treating of the Negro". Evidently it is ineluctable. There is no reason, of course, why propaganda poetry cannot be as good as any other, except that it never is. We have heard the idea expressed in "From the Dark Tower" many times before, and it grows tiresome. Straightforward indignation on this theme is always desirable, but Cullen invariably tends to a heavy sentimentality.

To hope for the diminution of poems on love and death is depressingly vain when one recalls the lasting preoccupations of A. E. Housman and realizes that Cullen unmistakably derives from him. "En Passant", "In Memoriam" and "The Spark" have a vitality and truth distinct from the rest, but they hardly atone for the book.

It is perhaps worthy of note that all the poems of the section "At Cambridge", written during Cullen's year at Harvard, are weak and circuitous and arty and the most ineffectual in the book.

Charles Cullen's black and white decorations serve no apparent purpose beyond filling up empty half pages.

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SOME NEW NOVELS

By Miriam Colgate

WHEN you were young did you like blood-and-thunder tales of hardy, self-reliant, rough-talking men in buckskin who spent lonely winters hunting and trapping, conducted pack-trains across unmapped dangerous mountains and deserts, overcame Indians, starvation, and assorted hardships, and came roaring into frontier towns hell-bent for a spree? If you did you will probably like Harvey Fergusson's new novel *Wolf Song* (Knopf; $2.50). For he has caught the flavor of good Western thrillers, and has added to it a romantic, dramatic love story told with more sophistication than you used to find in the books that kept you away from your schoolwork.

"Up from the edge of the prairie and over the range rode three", the story begins. They had with them six pack-mules bulging with beaver. "Hump yourself, you goddam mule! This outfit's bound for Taos!" Beaver meant wealth. Taos meant a spree. Ho, you *muchachas*, get ready for the big doin's! Hump yourself, you goddam mule! This chile's half froze for liquor!

One of the three was Sam Lash, come to the West from Kentucky when still in his teens, drawn by the stream of travel going past his door toward the Missouri and the Indian country beyond. Several full years of frontier jobs had hardened him into a first class mountain man — and "a mountain man goes on until he gets rubbed out". Only Sam seemed pretty well able to take care of himself, at least with Comanches, Apaches, greasers, bears, and other incidentals of the Southwest a hundred years ago.

But at the Taos party, in his new buckskin pants and purple shirt, to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw", he met and danced with Lola Salazar, high-bred, high-spirited daughter of a wealthy Mexican who had killed many Indians in his time, now ruled his house with iron hand, and hated gringos. Lola was waited upon by many servants, and courted nightly by an unexciting lover whose guitar-strumming and singing of many *versos* could not put out of her mind the blonde hair of her girlhood love, now hanging from an Apache belt. Sam, too, had light hair — and he was a wild, uncomforted man who slept on the hard ground — a man aching with need of all a woman has to give.

Then follows a swift tale of elopement, sad parting while Sam goes hunting, recapture of the daughter by stern parent and twenty men, battle to the death with an Indian on a lone war-path, and finally the kindly intervention of Sam's friend the padre. The story is told at a rapid, interest-compelling pace, with convincing Southwest color and well-chosen incident. It makes good reading. It will make a good movie.

Jalna (Little, Brown; $2), in memory of the Indian station where they had met and married and begun the business of building up a family, was the name the first Canadian Whiteoaks gave the estate they founded in the new world. It is Jalna with its three conglomerate generations of rowdy, sensual, courageous, cruel, sentimental Whiteoaks that Mazo de la Roche has managed to get into a story as luxuriant as India and as clear as a Canadian winter. The portrayal of a dozen hardy egotists nagging, fighting, adoring each other is a task that an older craftsman than Miss de la Roche might well have dreaded, but she has carried it off triumphantly. The Whiteoaks are all well drawn, from the centenarian ancestress of them all, a ludicrous tyrant, to the nine-year-old wheedling imp at the end of the line; and for good measure and contrast the author has thrown in two young alien wives, confused and bewildered by the surging family life.

The faults of the book are faults of generosity — too much material, too many characters, an embarrassment of incident. With so much to convey the method could

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only be rigidly objective, and though one emotion crowds another through all the pages of the book they pass too rapidly to carry conviction. For the same reason the characters fail to be quite human. With the exception of young Wakefield, who is delightfully and tenderly seen, they are as brittle and brilliant and circumscribed as bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. They shift and settle in this grouping or that, and for a moment the design is new; but the novelty passes, and the bits of glass are endlessly the same.

But after all Miss de la Roche has spiked the guns of criticism with her choice of a title. It is Jalna, founded by the Whiteoaks and growing in them and around them and finally at their expense into a life of its own that the author has chosen to celebrate, and not the Whiteoaks themselves, who are only Jalna's transient cells.

Barberry Bush, the heroine of Kathleen Norris' book of the same name (Doubleday; $2) was half-awake, and very much afraid of what she was beginning to understand about life and love. And so, partly because he seemed to make fewer demands on her, and partly because the man she should really have married was infatuated with the wrong girl, she married a young poet, Barry du Spain. But Barry's detachment and coolness were illusory; he seemed detached because he was incapable of devotion except to himself. He was extraordinarily sulky and bad-tempered, even for a poet of fiction, and when he ran away to New York — leaving Barberry Bush with one toddling baby and another soon to be born — the love for him that had grown in Barberry through nursing him, and working for him, and bearing his children, died utterly. In the meanwhile the man she should really have married had recovered from his infatuation for the visiting divorcée, and was back where he belonged, at Barberry's feet. His was the privilege of saving her from the crazed and drunken tramp who menaced her on her birthday night; there was reason enough for her to fall in love with him completely, even if she had not been half in love with him from the first pages of the book.

In the end, of course, Barberry is promised her satisfactory lover. These heroines of Kathleen Norris' every-other-book do always manage to eat their cake and have it in the most ingenious ways; they will not divorce and they will not compromise, but Providence looks out for them admirably.

Although this is not a book to delight those who rejoiced over "Certain People of Importance" or Mrs. Norris' tender and humorous stories of Irish-American life, it is full of color and warmth and vitality.

Charles Norris' new novel, *Zelda Marsh* (Dutton, $2.50), is one of power. But I didn't begin to feel its power until I had read three hundred and fifty pages. That leaves me in doubt just how highly to rate the book. Had I not been reading it for review, I doubt if I should have gone very far in it. Nevertheless, the last hundred and thirty pages moved me, wrenched tears, and cast a deep though pleasant gloom over the world for several days.

Three men channelized the main currents in the life of Zelda Marsh — the man she loved, the man she married, and the man she almost married later. With Michael of her heart she had her first love and her only true happiness. She found him in her lonely youth in San Francisco while she was still in high school, the adopted daughter of a stodgy couple. In this first part of the book I had to accept on faith the dreariness of Zelda's surroundings, her charm, her idyll with Michael: I was not made to feel them. This is also true of the tragedy that followed her happiness, and her secluded three years as the mistress of a man who never meant much to her — nor means much to the reader.

Zelda escapes from the prison which her early recklessness and misfortune built around her by way of the stage, eventually coming to New York. In this part of the book the background holds interest even when the story itself fails to move. Mr. Norris has given very well the disordered, exciting, difficult, romantic life of lesser figures in the theatrical world: the incessant travelling, the fleeting friendships, the tragedy of job-hunting, the gaiety that goes with "lucky breaks". A small-time actor be-

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friends her: when jobless and hungry she finally says yes to his marriage proposals, and they go on tour in a vaudeville act. But her past rises to confront her, the marriage breaks up, severe illness comes, and Zelda goes through her darkest days.

Then quite suddenly Zelda becomes a star: and here the reader's faith must be as a mountain of mustard seeds. Nevertheless, it is only after she is a successful, famous actress that the book begins to cut into the reader's emotions. Zelda seems suddenly to come alive. We feel her happiness in her success; we feel her almost-happiness with Tom, who has everything to offer her and does so; we feel her tragedy as the ties and mistakes of her youth confuse her life and finally claim her again. Even the events of the first part of the book become real, now, as we look back on them through Zelda's eyes: we see the appeal of irresponsible, boyish Michael; we realize the horror of the secluded years; we understand the cheapness of her actor-husband.

If "Zelda Marsh" comes your way, read it through: the last part will get under you skin, and the ending will leave you baffled and resentful. Mr. Norris has demonstrated again that he can deal powerfully with modern America. — I don't know whether to hope or to fear, for his sake, that the book will fall into the hands of a Boston policeman.

THE WAGES OF VIRTUE

By Isabel Paterson

A Good Woman. *By Louis Bromfield. Stokes. $2.50.*

EVEN Wordsworth, though he could not pass an inoffensive primrose by the river's brim without hanging a moral on it, — as George Moore has remarked bitterly — even Wordsworth qualified his description of "a perfect woman", with the reservation that she was "not *too* bright and good for human nature's daily food". For there is something cloying about excessive virtue, as nobody should have known better than Wordsworth. "Too good to live" is a phrase the Freudians were not needed to explain. That is why society experiences periodical revolts against the name of virtue, and openly avows a preference for publicans over Pharisees. Just now the United States is at the peak of such a reaction; the bones of Anthony Comstock have been exhumed and set in the pillory, as the Restoration wreaked posthumous vengeance on Cromwell; and all the Victorians have been stripped of their hoopskirts and top-hats and made to run the gauntlet of the jeering younger generation. In fiction, the revolt has long been in process; I fancy it has reached its most explicit expression in Louis Bromfield's *A Good Woman.*

By all the formal standards, Emma Downes really was a thoroughly good woman. She was pious, chaste, industrious, truthful except when driven by hard necessity, thrifty — and successful. When her worthless husband, Jason Downes, ran away from her, she did build up a legend of his having gone to China on business and perished there; but surely she might be excused for saving her pride. Asking no help of anyone in rearing her son Philip, Emma prospered as the owner of a restaurant in the midland town where she lived; and running a restaurant is a hard job. She also managed to run her son, even more thoroughly. She made Philip into a missionary and married him to another missionary, a girl named Naomi, and told them that of course they would postpone actual marital relations indefinitely, because Naomi could not have a child while engaged in mission work in the heart of Africa. Having settled her son's life to her own complete satisfaction, Emma was stupefied when Philip announced by letter that he had lost his faith and was

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abandoning the ministry and coming home. Getting away from his mother for the first time, Philip had realized that he had never wanted to do or be one single thing he had done and been. Returning, he made a desperate effort to free himself from his mother's domination. He tried to paint; he fell in love with a woman who might have made him happy, had they had a chance; he tried to get in touch with his fellow-men by going to work in the steel-mills as a laborer. It was too late. His mother had destroyed his life, more effectively than any "bad woman" could have, devouring him in the name of affection and self-sacrifice. There was no effective release for Philip except death. Perhaps for this reason Philip seems rather bloodless, which detracts from the strength of his story. But Emma and Naomi are admirably imagined and portrayed, especially Naomi. Louis Bromfield understands the nature of society; his people are involved in the net of things, and yet animated by their own desires, instead of being puppets compelled to demonstrate a thesis. He puts life before formula; his work is modern, clever, and essentially sane.

UPHOLSTERY

By Frederick H. Martens

AKHNATON. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.*
GERFALCON. *By Leslie Barringer. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.*
BROTHER JOHN. *By Vida D. Scudder. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.*
CAPTAIN CAVALIER. *By Jackson Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.*

UPHOLSTERY no more makes the historical novel than it does the chair, yet period matter, properly handled, is a worthy agent of romantic illusion, the backdrop which lends new color to old lines of form or design. The Russian Merezkhovsky, like the Poles Sienkiewicz and Boleslav Prus, for example, must be a deft upholsterer to harmonize the rich backgrounds of his vast fictional settings crowded with secondary figures, and introduce into a tale like his "Akhnaton, King of Egypt," new colors and patterns to set off the eternal struggle between the mystic and the realist.

A triptych panel, Akhnaton is at the same time an individual work, the middle one of a trilogy which began with "The Birth of the Gods". All in all, however, this tale of the Pharaoh Akhnaton — messiah of an early monotheism, and like all authentic messiahs eventually done to death — seems to lack the human actuality of the author's "Peter the Great", with its contrasts of sombre black and flaming red, or the masterly "Leonardo da Vinci", with its Renaissance splendors. Yet interest is well sustained, there are frequent dramatic moments, and a colorful evocation in orgies, battle scenes, mutinies, *et al.*, of what Théophile Gautier has called "those tremendous existences of antiquity, realizing all that the imagination could possibly invent in the way of the strange, daring and monstrously removed from the possible".

For to Akhnaton as to Caligula, our palaces of to-day would seem unfit for the stabling of his horses. This feeling for the spaciousness, the immeasurable grandeur and license of life in Pharaonic Egypt which Merezkhovsky conveys is one of his best upholstery effects — using the term in a qualitative sense. Some of Mr. Woodward's "better people" may vaguely feel Mr. Carter's Tutankhamen, the villain of the plot, when he does away with Akhnaton and Aton, the one and only sun god, restoring the time-honored Egyptian pantheon divine, is the real hero. After all, he ended a mystically inefficient régime, and reëstablished order and time-honored religious traditions. Yet there are times when Akhnaton is convincing in his rôle of mystic prophet, and real erudition underlies the moving pictures of his imagination.

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A leap of centuries carries us from Egyptian wall frescoes, turquoise-blue and gold to medievalism's tapestry hangings. Leslie Barringer's "Gerfalcon," original as regards plot and style, is after the manner of Maurice Hewlett, a distinctive romance of the "Forest Lovers" and "Song of Renny" type. In geographically indeterminate lands of chivalry — Nordenay, Honoy, Marckmont — young Raoul ranges but does not rogue, amid clash of steel and wizardy of witches, until he wins the heart of his Reine, and the ancestral keep whose casements look down on the heaving grey-green sea. Raoul was when a captive to Red Jehan, lord of Campscapel, one of the easy-going girls of the robber baron's hold, lovely Lys, begs him not "to grudge her a night or two of the love of his dear body". And Raoul asks a week's grace for consideration! For a moment one wonders whether he is sincere, but the Galahad motive, in connection with Yseult, a stainless lady, at once appears in the tapestry design: "To keep himself unspotted for Yseult . . . yes, that was a sustaining thought, holding at certain moments a rainbow splendor caught from Paradise! . . . Yseult, who moved to the music of faery horns . . ." And we abandon our base suspicions. For "Gerfalcon" has something hard to achieve in a tale of its kind, a convincing glamor.

Raoul's spirituality does not prevent him from finally easing himself over chivalrously into the normalcies of human life. Vida D. Scudder's "Brother John," however, is hardly of the earth, earthy. A young English noble who abandons his manorial acres to follow St. Francis' Lady Poverty in Italy, he is described with too much sympathy to become a manikin. Nevertheless, he is largely a human excuse for the development of the earlier Franciscan views regarding ownership of property. But the fact that Brother John's backgrounds are gray with sackcloth and ashes, and give forth only the odor of sanctity, should make his story worth the reading of those who in a world where there is little "naughting", worry about "the social paradoxes of the Christian faith".

After the Minorite's frock the crimson *serapes* and bullion-silver-hung sombreros of caballeros whose coats-of-arms hark back to early conquistadores lend gallant color to Jackson Gregory's romance of the golden California of 1818. A stirring action plot, rich in hairbreadth passages and escapes, its hero — a member of one of the F. F. V. — dares and thereby gains all for love, winning a fair daughter of the dons and the broad acres of a Spanish grant. Captain Bouchard's sacking of Monterey in the days when Sola, the last royal governor, still held his province for Ferdinand the Absolute, though the Americas were in plain revolt, is the peg on which the story turns to its happy ending. It is light reading, but then so is Dumas; and if in Merezhkovsky's Egyptian and Barringer's medieval romances the Grundian carper may find an occasional scene which does not seem to express Mallock's phrase, "the decorously upholstered mind", rakehelly "Captain Cavalier" and "Brother John" are, each in his own way, pinks of propriety.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Coöperation with the Public Libraries of America

That Anne Douglas Sedgwick's first novel since "The Little French Girl" should leap at once to a place near the top of the fiction score is no more than might have been expected, in view of the tremendous popularity of its predecessor. Indeed, the only matter for surprise in this month's reports is that Mrs. Atherton's latest does not occupy a higher place than it does.

In the general list the book which everybody seems to be reading, "Revolt in the Desert," is crowding "The Story of Philosophy" so hard for first place that it would not be at all surprising to see it head the list next month. As to the other titles in the general score, they continue to fortify the conclusion, long since reached by this reporter, that the world is full of people trying to find out what it's all about. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
3.	The Old Countess	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
4.	Doomsday	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
5.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
6.	Galahad	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
7.	Twilight Sleep *	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
8.	The Plutocrat	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Tomorrow Morning	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
10.	Early Autumn	*Louis Bromfield*	STOKES
11.	The Immortal Marriage *	*Gertrude Atherton*	LIVERIGHT
12.	The Magic Garden	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	DORAN
3.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
4.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
5.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
6.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
7.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
8.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
9.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
10.	The Glorious Adventure *	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
11.	The Christ of the Indian Road	*E. Stanley Jones*	ABINGDON

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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BOOKMAN SELECTIONS

A Running Commentary on Some of the Season's Outstanding Books

FIVE of the younger American writers start off the new season with works of fiction that will, we suspect, be still read and discussed long after the season is over: Glenway Wescott with *The Grandmothers;* Louis Bromfield with *A Good Woman;* Conrad Aiken with *Blue Voyage;* Ernest Hemingway with *Men Without Women,* a collection of stories; and Harvey Fergusson with *Wolf Song.*

Of all these, the one by Louis Bromfield was probably the most eagerly awaited, because of the author's winning of the Pulitzer prize last year. Our reviewer goes into the book's merits elsewhere. She voices the opinion of many, though at the same time each new work by Bromfield is followed by a minority critical report from those who feel the lack of an inspiration commensurate with the earnestness and industry shown. But Bromfield has long before this proved his talent to be an important one. We should not be surprised if with "A Good Woman" following "Early Autumn" the author presently joined Warwick Deeping, Bruce Barton, Richard Halliburton and John Erskine in having two entries in the lists of best sellers.

From two authors less known than this vigorous quintet come, also, novels of distinction. Claude Anet won a large following last season with the appearance in English of "Ariane", his charming, idyllic story of a young Russian girl and her first love. In his new book, *The End of a World,* M. Anet remains in his native France, but roams far afield in time. It is a romance of the last days of the great Cro-Magnon civilization. W. L. River has made a profound psychological study in his *Death of a Young Man,* which treats of a man with but one year to live. While much of the author's technique echoes Marcel Proust the work is distinctly original.

So far, no work of fiction has appeared on the horizon to rival in power and insight Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* which has rightfully been called epic. Although a work in two volumes and published some months ago, it continues, deservingly, to find enthusiasts in large numbers.

In light fiction, the most popular book of the summer has been P. G. Wodehouse's *The Small Bachelor.* It is a typical Wodehouse medley of parrots and policemen, dowagers and lovely girls, criminals reformed and unreformed, and the hero of the title, who lives, strangely enough, in a small bachelor apartment. And now comes other fare for the lovers of the light and romantic, George Barr McCutcheon's *The Inn of the Hawk and Raven.* Those to whom Graustark was a land of enchantment will learn with delight that Mr. McCutcheon has returned after years of absence to the country of his — and our — youth.

Slighter even than these and easier on the brain in late summer vacation time, by reason of disconnected chapters instead of a consecutive story, are Milt Gross' *Dunt Esk,* concerning de Feitlebaums witt Isidore witt scrims of lefter; and *The Early Worm,* by the funniest man in America, Robert Benchley.

Squads of lumbermen have been hard at work for months cutting great gashes in the Canadian fastnesses to supply paper for the latest works of several of those authors whose sales are counted in six or even seven figures. Harold Bell Wright's latest is called *God and the Groceryman;* it deals with some of our national religious problems. Ruby M. Ayres, whose amazing English success is beginning to be equalled in America, offers *The Planter of the Tree. The Mating Call,* by Rex Beach, tells of a man who attempts to stage a come-back on a farm in Florida after being shell-shocked in the war. Joseph C. Lincoln gives us more of his genial humor in *The Aristocratic Miss Brewster,* an appealing tale of a small town in the days before it was

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usual for women to work for a living, with the complications this led to.

The taste for romance is also well served in a number of books that deal with fact instead of fiction. Richard Halliburton in his second book, *The Glorious Adventure*, is taking thousands of readers with him on his colorful retracing of the wanderings of Ulysses. Another American who has been journeying to far reaches is W. B. Seabrook, who records his experiences in *Adventures in Arabia*. Mr. Seabrook's interesting tale includes meetings with a number of the characters that figure in Col. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert". Adventures not quite so recent are told by Lawrence F. Burpee in his book of romantic title, *On the Old Athabaska Trail;* it tells of life in the Rockies in the early 1800's. The west is also drawn upon for its endless store of thrilling deeds by A. B. MacDonald in *Hands Up*, about famous desperadoes like Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, and Jesse James.

The number of those who bless the gridiron that Ethelreda Lewis bought in South Africa from Alfred Aloysius Horn continues to grow. The opinion that *Trader Horn* is one of the most fascinating personal accounts in years seems to be unanimous. Still another book of foreign wanderings told with unusual distinction is D. H. Lawrence's *Mornings in Mexico*, eight verbal pictures of Mexican life, under such titles as "Corasmin and the Parrots", "Market Day", "The Hopi Snake Dance".

The merry business of turning the spotlight on figures in our past goes on uninterruptedly. Paxton Hibben has written a brisk and revelatory life of *Henry Ward Beecher;* John Paul Jones becomes for us something more than a schoolday hero in Phillips Russell's account of his life, *John Paul Jones: Man of Action;* in *Boss Tweed, The Story of a Grim Era*, Dennis Tilden Lynch tells for the first time the history of the notorious New York politician and his ring; a new brief biography of one of the most important of our literary characters is Herbert Gorman's *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, subtitled *A Study in Solitude*.

From abroad come two biographies of special interest. Maurice Paléologue had in *Cavour* a subject that lent itself admirably to his remarkable abilities as an author and his wide experience as a diplomatist and statesman of note. His fascinating full-length study of the famous Italian is one of the most distinguished biographies in some time. Another nineteenth century statesman is brought to life for twentieth century readers by D. L. Murray in *Disraeli*, a biography done with the "modern" touch.

Several volumes of essays of readability or importance have come along. In *Peeps at the Mighty*, Patrick Braybrooke writes entertainingly of a number of English literary lights, Wells, Inge, Beerbohm, for example, as well as Jack London and Stephen Leacock in this country. J. B. Priestley is gradually acquiring an American reputation, after being considered in England for a number of years one of their best essayists. *Open House* is his latest volume. He writes gracefully, and not seldom profoundly, on every sort of subject. Leonard Woolf is another essayist of note in England. The title of his latest collection is engagingly spacious — *Essays on Literature, History, Politics, Etc.;* but his diversity of interests does not prevent him from cutting deep. As a literary critic he is especially interesting, though sometimes wayward.

Two of the most subtle minds of France, Paul Valéry and Ramon Fernandez, have recently made their first appearance in English, each under a one-word title, *Variety* and *Messages* respectively. Both of these men are primarily interested in life, but in these volumes they make their approach through literary figures, resulting in some of the acutest literary criticism of our day. Valéry's book includes discussions of Poe's "Eureka" and Nietzsche, and also his famous monograph on Leonardo da Vinci, in which he sets forth his views "the complete man". Most of the figures in Fernandez's book are English: Conrad, Meredith, Newman, Pater, T. S. Eliot. The study of Meredith is probably as valuable as any that has appeared in any language. In addition he brings his luminously profound intellect to bear on Balzac, Stendhal, Proust and Freud.

Several works of scholarship of lasting

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import have recently appeared. Vernon Louis Parrington has written a work essential for all those interested in the growth of American thought and culture in the two volumes of his *Main Currents in American Thought*. The first volume deals with "The Colonial Mind", the second with "The Romantic Evolution in America". A third volume will complete this excellent and useful study.

In *The Road to Xanadu* John Livingston Lowes made an exhaustive and fascinating analysis of Coleridge's mind, especially as it was revealed in "Kubla Khan". Seldom has a book of ripe scholarship and critical profundity had so much of the quality of "excitement" as pervades Mr. Lowes'. Equally enthralling, and closer to Americans, is *The Rise of American Civilization* by Charles and Mary Beard. The story of our country, beginning with its earliest days and continuing to the present, has never been so well told as in these brilliant and impressive volumes.

Science, also, has its scholars of broad humanistic culture and lucid, forceful expression. Two examples of the work of such men are *The Mothers*, by Robert Briffault, and *Psychopathology*, by Bernard Hart. "The Mothers" is a three volume essay in speculative anthropology, treating, as its subtitle says, of "the origins of sentiments and institutions". Mr. Briffault's thesis is that women are the founders of civilization, because it is the emotions flowing from maternity which have given rise to most of the upward steps of civilization. The elaboration of this central idea takes the author deep into that most complex and intangible of subjects, the dim region of mankind's pre-history; his fresh conceptions and prodigious learning, vitalized by a rich and balanced intellect, have led to a monumental contribution, inevitably to be compared with Frazer's "Golden Bough". Dr. Hart's book the long-awaited sequel to his little "Psychology of Insanity", published fifteen years ago but read steadily ever since. In it he confirms the impression that no one in England excels him in penetration and painstaking investigation. His appreciative and at the same time critical exposition of Freud and the other modern leaders in the field of psychopathology has probably never been surpassed.

Glenway Wescott: The Grandmothers. Harper; $2.50.
Louis Bromfield: A Good Woman. Stokes; $2.50.
Conrad Aiken: Blue Voyage. Scribners; $2.00.
Ernest Hemingway: Men Without Women. Scribners; $2.00.
Harvey Fergusson: Wolf Song. Knopf; $2.50.
Claude Anet: The End of A World. Knopf; $2.50.
W. L. River: Death of a Young Man. Simon and Schuster; $2.00.
Thomas Mann: The Magic Mountain. Knopf. 2 vols; $6.00.
P. G. Wodehouse: The Small Bachelor. Doran; $2.00.
George Barr McCutcheon: The Inn of the Hawk and Raven. Dodd; $2.00.
Milt Gross: Dunt Esk. Doran; $2.00.
Robert Benchley: The Early Worm. Holt; $2.00.
Harold Bell Wright: God and the Groceryman. Appleton; $2.00.
Ruby M. Ayres: The Planter of the Tree. Doran; $2.00.
Rex Beach: The Mating Call. Harper; $2.00.
Joseph C. Lincoln: The Aristocratic Miss Brewster. Appleton; $2.00.
Richard Halliburton: The Glorious Adventure. Bobbs; $5.00.
W. B. Seabrook: Adventures in Arabia. Harcourt; $3.00.
Lawrence F. Burpee: On the Old Athabaska Trail. Stokes; $4.00.
A. B. MacDonald: Hands Up. Bobbs; $3.00.
D. H. Lawrence: Mornings in Mexico. Knopf; $2.00.
Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis: Trader Horn. Simon and Schuster; $4.00.
Paxton Hibben: Henry Ward Beecher. Doran; $5.00.
Phillips Russell: John Paul Jones: Man of Action. Brentano; $5.00.
Dennis Tilden Leech: Boss Tweed: The Story of a Grim Era. Liveright; $3.50.
Herbert Gorman: Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude. Doran; $2.00.
Maurice Paleologue: Cavour. Harper; $6.00.
D. L. Murray: Disraeli. Little, Brown; $4.00.
Patrick Braybrooke: Peeps at the Mighty. Lippincott; $2.50.
J. B. Priestley: Open House. Harper; $2.50.
Leonard Woolf: Essays on Literature, History, Politics, Etc. Harcourt; $2.50.
Paul Valéry: Variety. Harcourt; $3.00.
Ramon Fernandez: Messages. Harcourt; $2.50.
Vernon Louis Parrington: Main Currents in American Thought. Harcourt; 2 vol. $4.00 ea.
John Livingston Lowes: The Road to Xanadu. Houghton Mifflin; $6.00.
Charles A. and Mary Beard: The Rise of American Civilization. Macmillan; 2 vol. $12.50.
Robert Briffault: The Mothers. Macmillan; 3 vols. $9.00 ea.
Bernard Hart: Psychopathology. Macmillan; $2.40.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

MAUD CRUTTWELL'S *Princess des Ursins* (Dutton. $3.50), was a famous stormy petrel of Continental politics during the Sun-King's later years, when women ruled the court roosts of Europe. In England Queen Anne took her words out of the mouth of Sarah Masham; in France, Louis XIV was only the husband of Madame de Maintenon. And this pietist widow, who had clapped a connubial nightcap on her elderly Apollo's head, selected the Princess des Ursins to govern Spain through Louis' nephew, seventeen-year old King Philip V. Marie-Anne de la Trémoille had buried two husbands, a French prince and an Italian duke of the Orsini family. A born intrigante, she was appointed Camarera Mayor to the wretched child-queen between whose bed and his confessional Philip spent his witless days. With a strong will, a genius for toadying and intrigue, Anne-Marie ruled Spain for fourteen years and was finally driven thence in disgrace. A second wife, hand-picked by her for the Spanish royal satyriac, decided to do her own ruling. In Rome the Princess des Ursins became directress of the phantom court of the Old Pretender and his wife, and indulged her ruling passion till she died at eighty.

Miss Cruttwell has done an excellent biography, based chiefly on Anne-Marie's own letters and Saint-Simons' Memoirs. Authentic period color and actuality are secured by many apt citations from contemporary sources. Some of that reverence for the "best people" permeating the earlier eighteenth century memoirs Miss Cruttwell seems to have taken over. Sincere, well documented, readable, her biography puts forward its subject's best foot perhaps a trifle too consistently.

Readers of Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" will find A. A. Macdonell's *India's Past* (Oxford. $3.75) minus all piquantly unsavory details of Hindoo gynecology. For Oxford's Emeritus Professor of Sanscrit does not investigate the horrors of the behind-the-Purdah scene. What he gives us is a survey of India's literatures, religions, languages and antiquities — a summarization of her intellectual, not political or social history — from the beginning of the Vedic age to Tagore. It is essentially the work of a scholar; its every page authoritative, and while it cannot pretend to that lighter popular style which is supposed to lure the general reader into enjoyment of any serious subject, it is written in readable, straightforward English. There can be no doubt that the author has made infinite riches of information conveniently and sequentially available in the relatively limited compass of two hundred and ninety-odd pages. The order and logic of arrangement, in view of the complexity of subject, are admirable; the illustrations are good; bibliographies for supplementary reading complete each chapter. Six chapters carry us from the early Vedic hymns to the fairy-tales and fables of later post-Vedic times; then follow two dealing respectively with Technical and Vernacular literatures, and a concluding one on The Recovery of India's Past. This story of the exploitation of the Golcondas of Indian intellectual treasure by the research workers of the West, from Abraham Roger's "Open Door" (1651) to Bühler's "Encyclopaedia of Indo-Aryan Research" (1925), is one of the most interesting in the book.

The new summer sport for young maids and matrons is hunting prehistoric man. "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees," by Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat (D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $3.00) sets forth in detail the authors' search, together with the artist husband of one of them, for the rare Azilian skeleton.

The young American excavators were scratched, sunburned and ridiculed, yet possessed the gumption to stick at it, minutely sifting what must have totalled tons of dirt for four months. Toward the last one of the young women contracted rheumatism from so protracted a spell of underground

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labor. But with the unexpectedness of their sex they got their man.

He was a little old fellow, all in pieces, 10,000 years of age. They nicknamed him the man of Montardit and brought him triumphantly to Paris in a basket. Their find was of vast scientific value, unquestionably linking up the Old Stone Age with the New. Other important relics comprised a good summer's haul.

After an opening chapter that traces Man through the first glimmerings of Time, the young huntresses get down to their digging, taking along pick, shovel, crowbar, sieves, ropes and a male laborer rejoicing in the name of Jean-Marie. Patiently all through that summer they sat, cross-legged, sifting the dirt the way a housewife strains her peas, looking for gruesome bones. It was a simple matter to find the bones of animals and stone tools. The peasants of that high bit of France looked on with skeptical eye and jocular tongue. They use the ancient bone-ash to fertilize their fields.

Side excursions were made by bicycle and train to view the sights in the caves of the neighborhood and beyond. Paul, the artist, was continually making fresh discoveries on his own account. He wriggled into dangerous holes choked with gas and swam caverns deep in ice water. The ladies of the party took few dares of that sort, but they too crawled and waded and dangled — all in the name of evolution.

In recent years English historians have been busy throwing light on the first third of the 19th. century — a period long and strangely neglected. A great deal of this interest is undoubtedly due to the rise of the Labor Party for both British Socialism and Trade Unionism have their roots in these agitated years. Lord Brougham was one of the major figures in the politics of the period, and associated with many of the radical leaders, though never a radical himself except in a few moments of pique. His story has just been told afresh for us by Arthur Aspinall (*Lord Brougham and the Whig Party*. Longmans, Green. $7).

Brougham first made his name as a writer in the Edinburgh Review, to which at an early age he contributed articles on an extraordinary range of subjects. He entered Parliament in 1812 after he had spent some years flirting with both Whigs and Tories in the hope of getting a push forward. Politics at that time was in a state of very considerable confusion. Reform was in the air, but Parliament was unreformed; and both great parties, dominated by an aristocracy anxious to retain its power, hesitated to propose any extension of the franchise. In this atmosphere, Brougham, endowed with brains, eloquence, energy and self-confidence made a daring bid for political power. His program was hardly a fixed quantity except in so far as it related to his own career. He once described Sir Robert Peel as, if not unprincipled, "at least a politician whose principles hang somewhat loosely about him". The description fitted Brougham better than Peel. On the major issues of the period — Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform he hedged for many years but eventually came out on the right side.

Brougham was hardly an admirable character, though perhaps no more unscrupulous and self-seeking than most politicians of his age — or even of any other. Outside politics he did some very useful work, particularly in the cause of popular education. He was one of the founders of London University.

Mr. Aspinall deserves the thanks of students of history for resurrecting Brougham. His book is a scholarly piece of research and at the same time very readable. He has enlivened it in an admirable manner with some of the versified political squibs of the period and a number of contemporary cartoons.

Records are being broken, and deserve to be broken, in the nation-wide rush to acquire *We* (Putnam, $2.50), the book in which Col. Charles Lindbergh tells the story of his lone flight accross the Atlantic. The acquisition and speedy publishing of the book were a publishing triumph. The book itself is a perfect expression of the charm of the personality whose courage and modesty captured the world's imagination. The innumerable photographs which were made of all the details of the event and its sequels have been drawn upon to make "We" a fitting permanent record of the story.

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DIPLOMAT'S DELIGHT

(*Continued from page 93*)

flat, with a Yorkshire accent or a limp to identify him. This seems to me nearly ideal. In the disguised detective stories of Oliver Onions — his trilogy and "A Case in Camera" — you have the work of a novelist, much more interested in his story than in the technical exploit of solving a mystery; Onions has used the framework of the detective story for his purposes, and done it remarkably well. In between lie the failures, those who pretend that their mystery is like a problem in chess and at the same time try to persuade you that the rook and the pawns have special personalities. The reason most detective stories are now written in this manner is that the authors fancy themselves under some obligation to realism; they have even gone so far, in "Vanishing Men" for instance, as to prevent the detective from actually solving the case, and if they do not stop we will presently have detective stories in which our emotions are wrung — which would be wholly inappropriate — or in which the social satire of Sinclair Lewis is added to the algebraic formalism of Poe. It has always seemed to me that an out-and-out detective story with the intellectual range of Wells's fiction might be written, and it could be done if everything which came in — from art to zoölogy — were made pertinent to the crime and its unravelling, and were not lugged in to display erudition or to give body to the story. The detective story does not need body; it is a geometrical arrangement, a point extended until it is a line, a line extended until it is a square, and so on. Its single obligation is to be interesting, and it ought, ideally, to appeal to a single faculty, the logical one, through the single instinct of curiosity. Everything else is extra and should be kept in the background when not omitted entirely.

(*All the books reviewed by Mr. Seldes cost two dollars*)

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GLOBE TROTTING THOUGH BOOKS

AFTER a perusal of what in a day more cynical than ours was called a blurb on the jacket of *The Italy of the Italians*, by E. R. P. Vincent (E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $5.00) the prospective reader gets a vision of the author, standing up in his first class carriage, boring through the Alps, and hurling a steady stream of guide-books out the window. And it was more than a mere magnificent gesture. If cathedrals, ruins and pictures intrude upon his resolution thereafter it is ever so slightly. The papers are well pruned of that which is trite.

Heretofore Italy to the Englishman has been a land of warm sun, blue skies and a storehouse for the treasures of art. To experience the rub and jostle of sweaty foreign bodies was quite a shock to his island insulation. And it is in this same intruding people that Vincent interests himself before politics. "Bread is always bread," to quote his brief preface, "though the bakers change." Under his observation the people — the bread — are swiftly made interesting to you, too.

To gather these impressions of life into his notebook he sojourned in Venice, Florence, Naples, Bologna, Rome, Lake Como, and other places not so pronounceable. But wherever he went he manages to turn unexpected corners.

His fragmentary little portraits are a delight. There were the chance café acquaintance with whom he went swimming, naked, in the Po, and who sang lustily as he fought the tide of the river, and the old lady he interviewed who had been with Garabaldi. "A lion!" was all she would say of the great Italian. But perhaps the most delicious adventure of all took place in a café with the little blackmailing lawyer, sitting opposite him and tracing the whole of Italy's history and character to prove that the Treaty of Versailles was an outrage, and then leaving Vincent to pay the check.

And in between he inserts bits of biography — Shakespeare who adapted several Italian stories for his plays, breathing the breath of immortality into them; Keats, Shelley, Byron — English poets all, yet buried in the Protestant burying ground on the fringe of Rome. He carried a copy of Dante's "The Divine Comedy" with him to foster a better understanding of the people. To-day the sad singer is still the Italians' inspiration.

No words are wasted at the beginning of *In China*, by Abel Bonnard (E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $3.50). The author does not bother to explain why he went in the first place or the voyage out. He just sets the reader down in the centre of swarming Pekin and, starting from that base, goes junketting off to other cities and into the country. By steamer, bumping cart and French gunboat he penetrated far up the great Yellow River.

Soon after his arrival Pekin was in a state of siege, due to the shifting fortunes of the rebellion, and Bonnard sweltered behind closed gates for rainless weeks. But he was a picturesque and vivid reporter during that incarceration. Everything was in flux. One evening a polite Chinese official in evening clothes was your host; the next he was wanted by the police, his picture staring at you from dead walls. And there were other upheavals of ancient and honorable custom, not so serious. At a social function on another occasion he saw a young Chinese couple sneak out into the garden, presumably for a petting party. In this changing order, social and political, old China was dying.

M. Bonnard was in at none of the fighting. Perhaps the reason he ventured into the interior so boldly in the midst of war's alarms was because he could not take too seriously a soldiery which went to war with a fan tucked in its belt, and in its linen suits made him think of waiters and valets. But he was fired on by a Chinese patrol — without damage.

The soldiers made the temples their lounging places. The Frenchman visited temples himself — temples, tombs and schools.

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Often he was the guest of his country's missionaries. Coming upon portraits of Marshal Foch and Marshal Petain in a Chinese priest's house was a source of pride to him. But then he was proud of everything French he encountered.

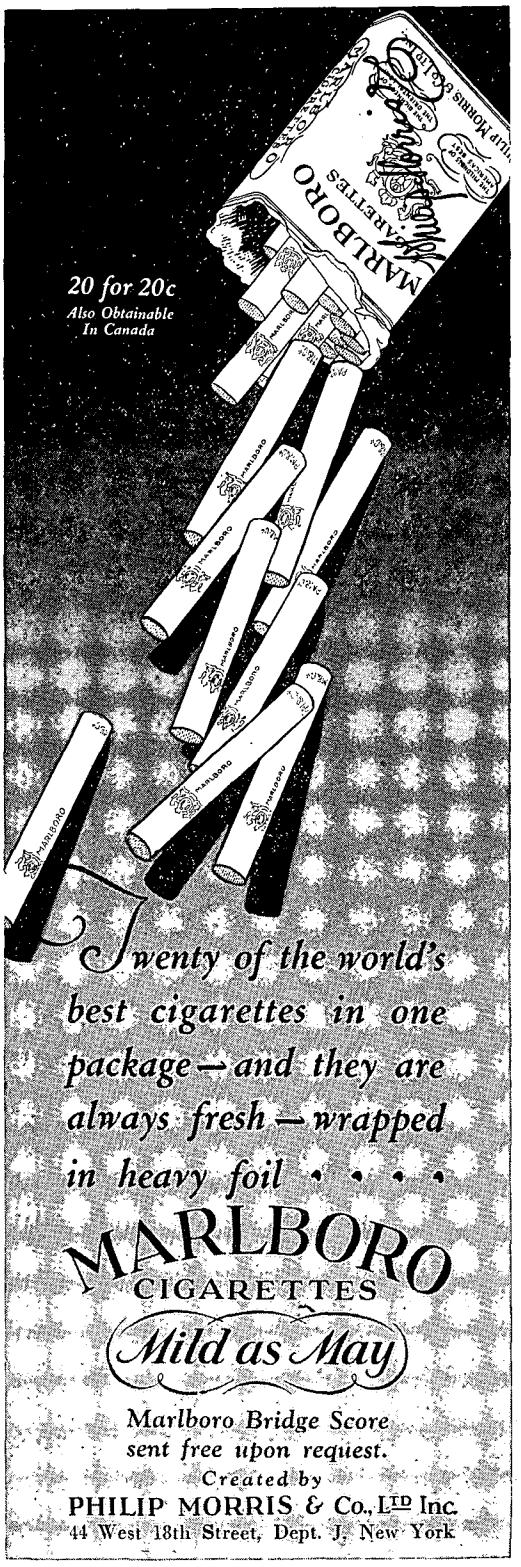
Those globe-trotting Americans who like to browse around ancient English towns may arm themselves with information by packing a copy of "Everyman's York", by Charles R. Swift, (Robert Scott, London. 3 shillings and 6 pence) in their trunk.

Even if you are a confirmed sit-by-the-fire you can stroll vicariously through drowsy, crooked, cobblestone streets, sip your ale in imagination at inns tucked away in corners out of Dickens, or take your ghostly stand beneath the tall, lace-like spires of the great cathedral that dominates this rambling old town of leaning chimney pots, mouldering walls and crumbling castles.

In this age of the ubiquitous automobile, cyclists and pedestrians on country roads are a curiosity. "Touring England", by Sydney R. Jones, (Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.75) should encourage a renaissance of wheelmen and walkers.

The author's plea is for leisurely exploration by byways and hedges. The bicycle may enter lanes and the foot-farer cut across meadows, while the poor circumscribed motorist has to keep to the wide road. And the little volume will educate the too patriotic American into an appreciation of the loveliness of rural England — little villages peeping out from the green heart of the woods, tiny winding rivers, rolling moorland.

Into his itinerary Jones has thoughtfully woven mention, in passing, of the history, architecture, scenery and industry of the country traversed along his twenty selected routes. He has evidently crossed and crisscrossed England to be able to present his material. But it is not a spotless ramble on which he would have you enter. Advertising signs and service stations are spoiling some of the charm of such trips. The cold meat and pickles of the inns for moderate purses he frankly deplores. Still, he favors back roads, and you can always picnic under the shade of a tree in fine weather.



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(*Continued from page XIV*)

as a life of the Governor. Harcourt, Brace are also publishing a new novel, *Black Stream*, by Nathalie Sedgewick Colby, whose first novel, *Green Forest*, was so well received last season.

The comical Donald Ogden Stewart has been parodying and satirizing again and has written *An American Comedy*, a sort of reverse of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, which Harper & Bros. announce for early fall publication, along with a new book by H. G. Dwight, who has broken a silence of fifteen years with *Potomac Packet*, a book not about Stamboul this time but about Washington, D. C.

Walter Edwin Peck's *Shelley: His Life and Work*, which Houghton, Mifflin Company announce for this month, is said to contain as much new material about Shelley as Amy Lowell's life of Keats contained about Keats. It will be issued in two volumes. Sabatini fans will be pleased with the news that he will have a new novel out this month called, *The Nuptials of Corbigny*, which has the French Revolution for background.

One of the big biographical events of the fall season will be the publication this month by Little, Brown & Co. of a translation of Emil Ludwig's *Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter*. That firm also announces for this month a new novel by Dale Collins, *The Sentimentalists*, which is the story that should not disappoint the readers of *Ordeal*, for the setting is that of an ugly black brig, with a coarse brute of a sea captain, and other characters include a white baby mysteriously found adrift in a Malay river canoe, an unconventional girl, the girl's sweetheart, and the baby's widowed mother.

Lippincott announce *Napoleon and His Women Friends*, by Gertrude Aretz, described as "more than a study of Napoleon's relation to womanhood" — for the author, while utterly sincere and unbiased, makes some startling, almost sensational disclosures that threw new light on Napoleon's character. Lippincott's also announce *The Cap of Youth*, a biographical romance of the love life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by John A. Steuart. Stevenson once wrote a story of his passion for a Highland girl, but destroyed it, and it is this story that Mr. Steuart has imagined in the form of fiction.

Probably the outstanding item on the opulent Knopf list for fall is publication this month of Dorothy Bussy's translation of *The Counterfeiters*, by André Gide. Since the death of Marcel Proust, Gide has been the outstanding French novelist, although he maintains that this is his "first novel" inasmuch as his other "novels" were not purged of those elements which do not strictly belong to the novel. Another important item on the Knopf list for September is the translation of Miguel de Unamuno's *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, According to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Expounded with Comment.*

The Macaulay Company is expanding the scope of its publications and announces a number of important books for the fall. Chief of these, perhaps, is *The American Caravan*, edited by Paul Rosenfeld and Alfred Kreymborg, which contains over fifty original stories, poems, plays, novelettes, and essays by as many contributors, including Eugene O'Neill, Edmund Wilson, Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Louis Untermeyer, and Mark Van Doren. *The American Caravan* has been chosen by the Literary Guild as its book for October and has ordered 14,000 copies for its subscribers. The Macaulay company also announce *Latest Contemporary Portraits*, by Frank Harris, and a translation of Henri Barbusse's *Jesus*.

The Defenders, by Stella G. S. Perry, a novel of romance and action in New Orleans in 1814–15, is announced by Frederick H. Stokes & Company for this month; also *The Gay Dreamers*, an idyl of Paris, by Roger Devigne, translated by Frederick Tabor Cooper.

Meade Minnegerode, author of "*The Fabulous Forties*", has almost secured a proprietary right upon the biographies of the

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later figures in Nineteenth Century America. It is a pleasure to record, then, that Putnam's have announced for early publication *Certain Rich Men*, in which Mr. Minnegerode writes of the careers of such wealthy men as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Jim Fiske. Putnam's have also become Cosmo Hamilton's publishers and announce a new novel by him called *Scandal*.

Minton, Balch & Company announce for early October a novel of the war period, *The Gilded Caravan*, by Alice Woods, and also a new book by Shelby Little, wife of Richard Henry Little of the "Line o'Type or Two" column in the Chicago Tribune. Mrs. Little has had the collaboration of 180 celebrities in getting out a book of entertainment to be called *This to That*. Wayne B. Wheeler and Emily Post are among Mrs. Little's collaborators.

Macy-Masius announce that Herbert Asbury, who sprang into prominence by writing a story "Hatrack" which caused The American Mercury to be suppressed in Boston, has written a detective story, *The Devil of Poi-Ling*, to be issued as we go to press. The same company has recently published a novel by Martin Feinstein, winner of The Nation's poetry prize in 1922. Mr. Feinstein's novel is called *Drums of Panic*, and, according to the publisher's announcement, "it is not concerned with the war itself. It is not even concerned with the soldiers who went to war. It tells the tale of the effect upon an American family of the return of a soldier from the war."

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the Sylvanora Edition of the Works of Henry Van Dyke, all bound in blue cloth with a special cover design, at $1 the volume. On the Scribner list there is a new author, writing under the pseudonym S. S. Van Dine, about the identity of whom there has been much speculation. Mr. Van Dine is a writer of detective stories who obviously is writing fiction as a hobby. His latest work is *The Canary Murder Case*.

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The BOOK MART

NO event in the book collecting world has so stirred the wealthy collectors of America in recent years as the announcement that Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach had purchased the most valuable portion of Sir George Holford's library, long known as one of the finest private libraries in England. Sir George Holford, who was equerry to King Edward and who holds the same position under King George of England, acquired by inheritance a magnificent library, to which he has added judiciously. Dr. Rosenbach, on his last visit to England, quietly purchased the block books, early printing, Americana, early English literature and Shakespeareana from this library, valued at two million dollars, and the remainder is to be sold at auction in England. The contents of the art gallery, consigned to Christie's, are said to be worth $6,000,000. The bringing of these rare books to America probably will wring with anguish the British heart, although they have become somewhat accustomed to seeing their literary treasures crossing the ocean within the last decade. This, however, is one of the severest blows.

The Holford books are not for poor clerks of Oxford or anywhere else. The Burdett-Coutts First Folio of Shakespeare brought the record price of $43,000, and the Holford copy is said to be the finest in existence, being absolutely clean and crisp, and in the original binding. Then there are twenty-one Shakespeare Quartos, among them the "Much Adoe About Nothing", of which the Clawson copy brought $21,000 at auction sale two years ago; the only uncut copy known of a Shakespeare quarto published in the poet's lifetime, the first edition of "Troylus and Cresseida" and a second edition of "Venus and Adonis", for the fourth edition of which the late Henry E. Huntington paid $76,500 in competition with H. C. Folger. The four perfect block books in the Holford collection were printed before the invention of movable types, and there are first printed editions of nearly all the classical authors. Many of the early books are the special copies printed on vellum. Then there are the first printed Bible with a date (1462); the first dated books printed in Italy and in Paris; the first book printed by Caxton, England's first printer; and the first printed Bible in the English language. In English literature there is a first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in original binding; the first five editions of Walton's "Complete Angler"; the only known presentation copy of Chapman's Homer, presentation copies of Edward Benlowes' "Theophila", Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto and Captain John Smith's "General Historie of Virginia", with King Edward IV's copy of "Godfrey of Boloyne" printed by Caxton, Pope Sixtus' Jenson Bible of 1478 and other association books. With such trophies as these, it is little to be wondered that the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Rosenbach's alma mater, has conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts for his "encouragement of literature".

(*Continued on page XXXII*)

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(*Continued from page XXVIII*)

London book sales continue much later in the season than do those in this country, and the later sales in the London auction rooms brought out some interesting material. In an autograph sale at Sotheby's were two letters written by George Bernard Shaw, which lost no time in finding their way to market. Both were addressed to Maurice Leahy, Esq. One written last April, in regard to joining a church, elicits this answer: "Lots of people pray for me; & I have never been any the worse for it. . . . The only valid argument against it is the Glasite one that God knows his own business without any prompting; but this at best overlooks the good it does to people to pray for others. . . . I cannot very well join any separate Church because a dramatist must be impartial". The other letter says: "I am only too familiar with the unscrupulousness of religious societies when there is a chance of replenishing their treasuries; but really I am surprised at your proposing such a piece of pure intellectual mischief-making from your point of view as a debate with G. K. C. . . . I refuse absolutely".

The late Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich had a deep interest in the books from her husband's library which occupy an important place in the Harvard University Library Treasure Room. These books were the gift of her son, Talbot Aldrich, and she planned to complete the memorial by her own contribution of a catalogue which should be a worthy record of these valuable association volumes and the poet who owned them. Only a few days before her death she was at the library arranging the details of the publication. A corner of the Treasure room is to be devoted to another special collection, recently presented by Rev. Francis G. Peabody. This is a collection of "Utopias", which includes not only forty-two titles of editions of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia", but represents more than a hundred different schemes of reaching the Perfect Social State to which the name "utopian" is generally applied. There are about 350 volumes in this valuable collection.

Every book collector and anybody who has to do with libraries, knows that applications come continually from entire strangers asking for special information (sometimes enclosing a stamp). A. Edward Newton, who is continually bothered by people who are writing to ask him the value of old books which they have in their possession, has had a letter to correspondents printed, in which he emphatically declines to act as appraiser of other people's books and gives some valuable hints to would-be book collectors — or would-be booksellers. The Yale University library, like every other large library, continually gets requests for information, many of which are of no scholarly significance, but the answer to which might enable the inquirer to join some patriotic society or settle an estate. Appraisals are of course refused, but a university cannot do what an individual can, and accordingly much time is spent in answering pertinent questions which affect only the inquirer. To remedy this situation an anonymous Yale graduate has given a fund of $2,500 to make it possible to answer such questions, and has promised to add to the endowment from time to time.

The offer of $1,000 as a prize for the best three poems dealing with the flight of Charles Lindbergh to Paris started up a host of versifiers. Mitchell Kennerley, president of the Anderson Galleries, who offered the prize, believes that the competition will result in disclosing some real poet among the thousand of writers. As he discovered Edna St. Vincent Millay as the result of a similar competition which he conducted while in the publishing business, the outlook is more hopeful than it might otherwise seem.

Dr. George Watson Cole, former librarian for Henry E. Huntington, has had the highest honors in the bibliographical world bestowed upon him by being unanimously elected an honorary member of The Bibliographical Society of London. In transmitting notice of this action Secretary Alfred W. Pollard intimated that if The Bibliographical Society had any higher honors to give it would have bestowed them.

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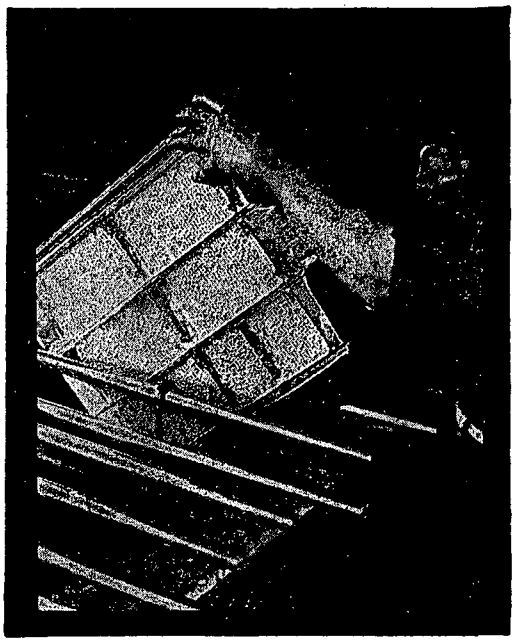

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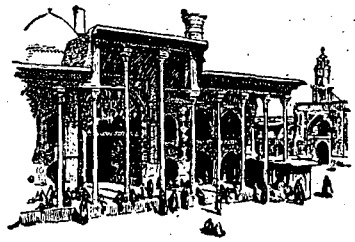

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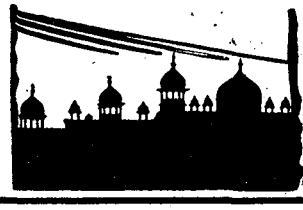

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